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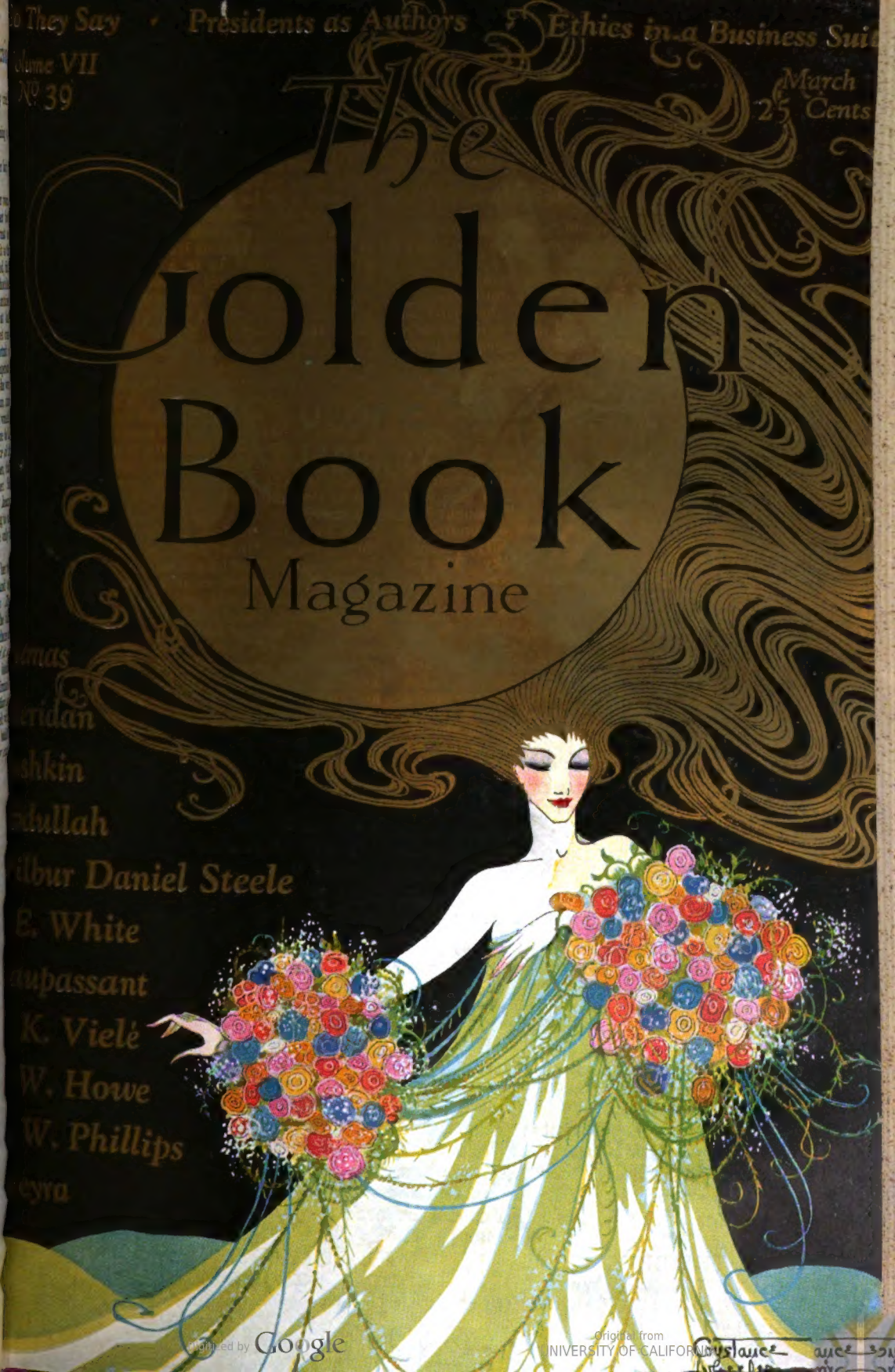

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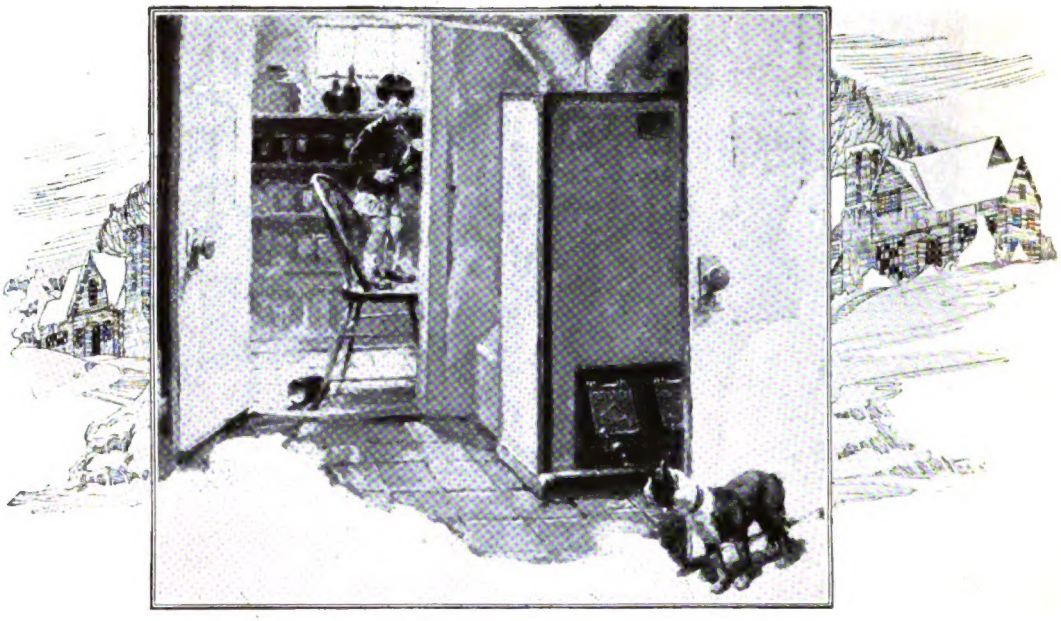

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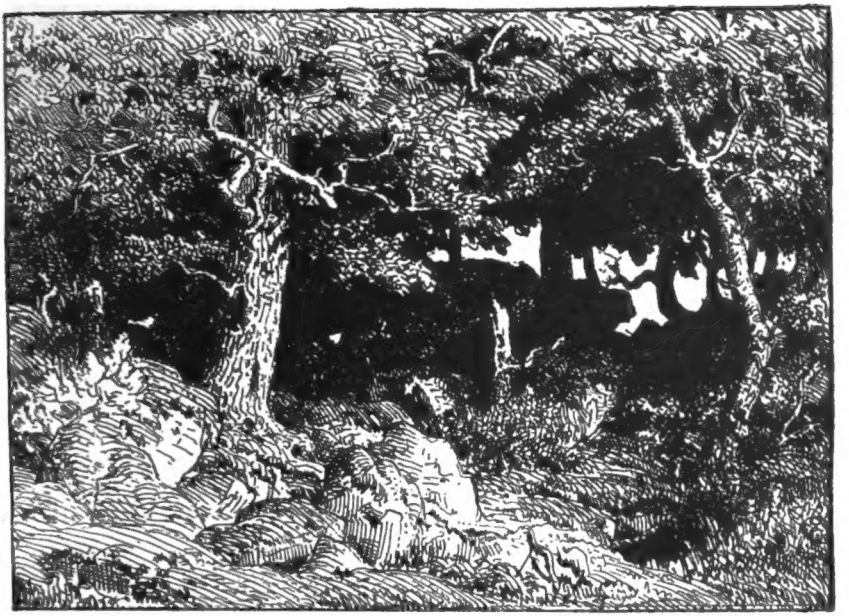

From an etching by Théodore Rousseau

The End of a Quiet Day

By E. W. HOWE

SO LITTLE that is really exciting or worth while has happened in my life that I am greatly interested in Jim and Dan Ayres, who run the restaurant. Something really happened to them; I never before heard of boys going anywhere and finding excitement as great as they expected.

When they were boys they lived on a farm in Virginia; I have heard them say their post-office was Sudley Springs. One morning their father started them to Sunday school, and after they had loitered along the way a mile or two, Jim Ayres remarked a commotion over beyond what they called the Big Woods.

"What's that?" Jim asked, stopping.

It was getting late by this time, and Dan replied:

"I don't know, but we'd better hurry to Sunday school, or we'll get a whipping."

Then they hurried on, but the commotion over beyond the Big Woods broke out again; faintly, but it was very unusual, and Jim stopped and listened. He had never heard anything like it before, although he was a big boy twelve years old, and after listening a while, said:

"I'm going over there."

"Better not," Dan said. "You know father whips hard."

But the strange commotion continued, so Jim said he was going, whipping or no whipping. Dan followed, but kept saying they would catch it when they returned home.

They walked, and walked, and walked. All the time the commotion over beyond the Big Woods became more pronounced, but they couldn't tell what it was. They forded streams, and were chased by strange dogs, but kept on; from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. They had nothing to eat, and they didn't know that they could ever find their way back, because they were in a country strange to them. But they kept on, and a little after three o'clock, as a reward for their perseverance, they walked into the battle of Bull Run.

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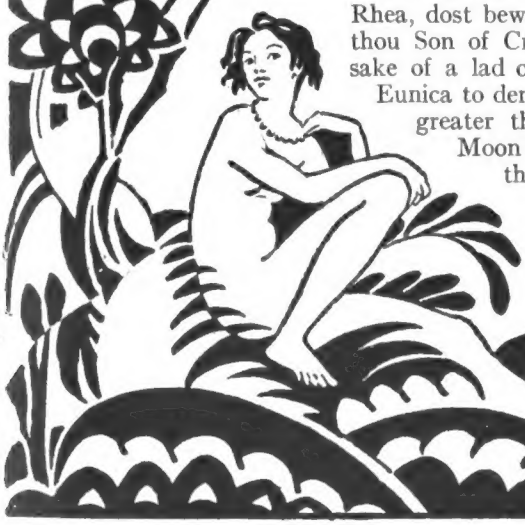
MARCH

WHEN I would have kissed her sweetly, Eunica fleered at me and flouted me, saying, "Go with a mischief! What? kiss me a miserable clown like thee? I never learned your countrified bussing; my kissing is in the fashion o' the town. I will not have such as thee to kiss my pretty lips, nay, not in his dreams. Lord, how you look! Lord, how you talk! Lord, how you antic! Your lips are wet and your hands black, and you smell rank. Hold off and begone, or you'll befoul me!" Telling this tale she spit thrice in her bosom, and all the while eyed me from top to toe, and mowed at me and leered at me and played the jade at me, and anon did right broadly, scornfully, and disdainfully laugh at me. Trust me, my blood boiled up in a moment, and my face went as red with the anguish of it as the rose with the dewdrops. And so she up and left me, but it rankles in my heart that such a filthy drab should cavil at a well-favoured fellow like me.

Tell me true, master Shepherds; see you not here a proper man, or hath some power taken and transmewed him? Marry, 'twas a sweet piece of ivy bloomed ere now on this tree, and a sweet piece of beauty put fringe to this lip; the hair o' these temples lay lush as the parsley; this forehead did shine me white above and these eyebrows black below; these eyes were beamy as the Gray-eyed Lady's, this mouth trim as a cream-cheese; and the voice which came forth o' this mouth was even as honeycomb. Sweet also is the music I make, be it o' the pipe, be it o' the babbling hautboy, be it o' the flute or the crossflute. And there's not a lass in the uplands but says I am good to look to, not one but kisses me, neither; but your city pieces, look you, never a kiss got I o' them, but they ran me by and would not listen because I herd cows.

Doth not the beautiful Dionysus ride a bull i' the dells? Wist she not Cypris ran mad after a neatherd and tended cattle i' th' Phrygian hills? And the same Cypris, loved she not Adonis in the woods and in the woods bewailed him? And what of Endymion? Was it not a neatherd the Lady Moon loved when he was at his labour, and came down from Olympus into Latmos vale to bow herself over him of her choice? Thou too, great Rhea, dost bewail a neatherd; and didst not e'en thou, thou Son of Cronos, become a wandering bird for the sake of a lad o' the kine? Nay, 'twas left to mistress Eunica to deny a neatherd her love, this piece that is a greater than Cybelè and Cypris and the Lady Moon! Wherefore I beseech thee, sweet Cypris, the same may never more whether in upland or in lowland come at the love of her leman, but may lie lone and sleep sole for the rest of her days.

THEOCRITUS (EDMONDS).



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1 March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of storms that enkindle the season they smite. SWINBURNE.

2 (Lord's Day). With my mind much eased talking long in bed with my wife about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2,000, that is, be a knight, and keep my coach, which pleased her.
PEPYS.

3 Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh! WILLIAM MORRIS.

4 I don't believe in the twin-soul theory of marriage. There are plenty of men any one of whom she might have married and lived with happily, and simpler men than I am. Methinks there are large tracts could be sliced off my character and she would scarcely feel the want of them. BARBELLION.

5 Cattle die,
kindred die,
we ourselves also die;
but the fair fame
never dies
of him who has earned it.
Elder Edda.

6 Brougham said of Wellington's despatches, "They will be remembered when I and others (mentioning some of the most eminent men) will be forgotten." Aberdeen told the Duke this, and he replied with the greatest simplicity, "It is very true; when I read them I was myself astonished, and I can't think how the devil I could have written them." GREVILLE.

7 The following notice was posted in a pleasure-boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir: "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated." MACDONOGH.

8 But I wretched, most wretched, in the very commencement of my early youth, had begged chastity of Thee, and said, "Give me chastity and continency, only not yet." ST. AUGUSTINE.

9 Which is the more perilous, to meet the tempting of Eve, or to pique her?
MEREDITH.

10 Self-criticism is the corrosive of all oratorical or literary spontaneity. The thirst to know turned upon the self is punished like the curiosity of Psyche, by the flight of the thing desired. AMIEL.

11 Lo now! Love like a smith has smitten me with a great hammer and soused me in the chill stream.
ANACREON.

12 A parent gives life, but, as parent, gives no more. A murderer takes life, but his deed stops there. A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops. HENRY ADAMS.

13 You are more fair than a summer moon
On a winter night, you are more fair.
I said when I saw your falling hair:
"Night's black fain wing is hiding day."
"A cloud, but lo! the moon is there,"
You, rose child, found to say.
Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

14 Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockies for me!" COLERIDGE.

15 Month of March—great is the forwardness of the birds,
Severe is the cold wind upon the headlands;
Serene weather will be longer than the crops;
Longer continues anger than grief;
Every one feels dread;
Every bird wings to its mate,
Every thing springs through the earth;
But the dead, strong is his prison.
ANEURIN (*Welsh, 7th Century*).

16 On a true philosophy . . . there is no luck or ill-luck except wisdom and the reverse. GRACIAN.

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17 We came (near Innishannon) to a tall comfortable house in a plantation; opposite to which was a stone castle, in its shrubberies on the other side of the road. The tall house in the plantation shot the opposite side of the road in a duel, and nearly killed him; on which the opposite side of the road built this castle *in order to plague* the tall house. They are good friends now; but the opposite side of the road ruined himself in building his house. I asked, "Is the house finished?"— "*A good deal of it is.*" THACKERAY.

18 Behold there is no profession that is not under rule;
Only the man of learning ruleth himself.
DAUF (*Egypt, perhaps 3000 B. C.*).

19 The art of living has more resemblance to that of the wrestler than that of the dancer, inasmuch as the chief requisite in both is the power of standing firm and ready for any unforeseen onset.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

20 If men should rise from the dead and read their own epitaphs, many would think they had got into the wrong graves. JOHN FLAVEL (*17th Century*).

21 A yerd she had, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich without-oute,
In which she had a cok, hight Chauntecleer,
In al the land of crowing n'as his peer.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon
On messe-days that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge
Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge.
By nature knew he ech ascencioun
Of equinoxial in thilke town. CHAUCER.

22 That beautiful young lady the Morning now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills. FIELDING.

23 Make use of youth and beauty while they flourish:
Time never sleeps;
Though it but creeps
It still gets forward. DONNE.

24 It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.
WORDSWORTH.

25 But that man (Hector) was gentler than mulberries are soft.
ÆSCHYLUS.

26 Children who hain't learnin' nothin' at ther mother's knee these days can't blame the knee.
"ABE MARTIN" (KIN HUBBARD).

27 The spring is in the air,
Already the slim crocus stirs the snow,
And soon yon blanched fields will bloom again. WILDE.

28 A married woman commonly falls in love with a man as unlike her husband as possible; but a widow very often marries a man extremely resembling the defunct. The reason is obvious. WM. MAGINN.

29 O nightingale,
If it were not for your voice
How would the mountain village
Where the snow is still unmelted
Know that Spring has come?
NAKATSUKASA (WALEY).

30 Eh! eh! that word happiness, unhappily, seems to us to mean something absolute, a delusion which sets so many wiseacres inquiring what happiness is. A very clever woman said that "happiness is where you choose to put it." BALZAC.

31 Gold tassel upon March's bugle-horn,
Whose blithe reveille blows from hill to hill
And every valley rings—O Daffodil.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

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The Golden Book Magazine

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The Man Who Saw Through Heaven

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

PEOPLE have wondered (there being obviously no question of romance involved) how I could ever have allowed myself to be let in for the East African adventure of Mrs. Diana in search of her husband. There were several reasons. To begin with, the time and effort and money weren't mine; they were the property of the wheel of which I was but a cog, the Society through which Diana's life had been insured, along with the rest of that job lot of missionaries. The "letting in" was the firm's. In the second place, the wonderers have not counted on Mrs. Diana's capacity for getting things done for her. Meek and helpless. Yes, but God was on her side. Too meek, too helpless to move mountains herself, if those who happened to be handy didn't move them for her then her God would know the reason why. Having dedicated her all to making straight the Way, why should her neighbour cavil at giving a little? The writer for one, a colonial governor-general for another, railway magnates, insurance managers, *safari* leaders, the ostrich farmer of Ndua, all these and a dozen others in their turns have felt the hundred-ton weight of her thin-lipped meekness—have seen her in metaphor sitting grimly on the doorsteps of their souls.

A third reason lay in my own troubled conscience. Though I did it in innocence, I can never forget that it was I who personally conducted Diana's party to the Observatory on that fatal night in Boston before it sailed. Had it not been for that kindly intentioned "hunch" of mine, the astounded eye of the Rev. Hubert Diana would never have gazed through the floor of Heaven, and he would never have undertaken to measure the Infinite with the foot-rule of his mind.

It all started so simply. My boss at the shipping-and-insurance office gave me the word in the morning. "Bunch of missionaries for the *Platonic* to-morrow. They're

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on our hands in a way. Show 'em the town." It wasn't so easy when you think of it: one male and seven females on their way to the heathen; though it was easier in Boston than it might have been in some other towns. The evening looked the simplest. My friend Krum was at the Observatory that semester; there at least I was sure their sensibilities would come to no harm.

On the way out in the street car, seated opposite to Diana and having to make conversation, I talked of Krum and of what I knew of his work with the spiral nebulæ. Having to appear to listen, Diana did so (as all day long) with a vaguely indulgent smile. He really hadn't time for me. That night his life was exalted as it had never been, and would perhaps never be again. To-morrow's sailing, the actual fact of leaving all to follow Him, held his imagination in thrall. Moreover, he was a bridegroom of three days with his bride beside him, his nerves at once assuaged and thrilled. No, but more. As if a bride were not enough, arrived in Boston, he had found himself surrounded by a very galaxy of womanhood gathered from the four corners; already within hours one felt the chaste tentacles of their feminine dependence curling about the party's unique man; already their contacts with the world of their new lives began to be made through him; already they saw in part through his eyes. I wonder what he would have said if I had told him he was a little drunk.

In the course of the day I think I had got him fairly well. As concerned his Church he was at once an asset and a liability. He believed its dogma as few still did, with a simplicity, "the old-time religion." He was born that kind. Of the stuff of the fanatic, the reason he was not a fanatic was that, curiously impervious to little questionings, he had never been aware that his faith was anywhere attacked. A self-educated man, he had accepted the necessary smattering facts of science with a serene indulgence, as simply so much further proof of what the Creator could do when He put His Hand to it. Nor was he conscious of any conflict between these facts and the fact that there existed a substantial Heaven, geographically up, and a substantial Hot Place, geographically down.

So, for his Church, he was an asset in these days. And so, and for the same reason, he was a liability. The Church must, after all, keep abreast of the times. For home consumption, with modern congregations, especially urban ones, a certain streak of "healthy" skepticism is no longer amiss in the pulpit; it makes people who read at all more comfortable in their pews. A man like Hubert Diana is more for the Cause than a hundred. But what to do with him? Well, such things arrange themselves. There's the Foreign Field. The blacker the heathen the whiter the light they'll want, and the solider the conception of a God the Father enthroned in a Heaven of which the sky above them is the visible floor.

And that, at bottom, was what Hubert Diana believed. Accept as he would with the top of his brain the fact of a spherical earth zooming through space, deep in his heart he knew that the world lay flat from modern Illinois to ancient Palestine, and that the sky above it, blue by day and by night festooned with guiding stars for wise men, was the nether side of a floor on which the resurrected trod.

I shall never forget the expression of his face when he realized he was looking straight through it that night. In the quiet dark of the dome I saw him remove his eye from the eyepiece of the telescope up there on the staging and turn it, in the ray of a hooded bulb, on the demon's keeper, Krum.

"What's that, Mr. Krum? I didn't get you!"

"I say, that particular cluster you're looking at——"

"This star, you mean?"

"You'd have to count awhile to count the stars describing their orbits in that 'star,' Mr. Diana. But what I was saying—have you ever had the wish I used to have as a boy—that you could actually look back into the past? With your own two eyes?"

Diana spoke slowly. He didn't know it, but it had already begun to happen; he was already caught. "I have often wished, Mr. Krum, that I might actually look back into the time of our Lord. Actually. Yes."

Krum grunted. He was young. "We'd have to pick a nearer neighbour than *Messier 79* then. The event you see when you put your eye to that lens is happening much too far in the past. The light-waves thrown off by that particular cluster on the day, say, of the Crucifixion—*you* won't live to see them. They've hardly started yet—a mere twenty centuries on their way—leaving them something like eight hundred and thirty centuries yet to come before they reach the earth."

Diana laughed the queerest catch of a laugh. "And—and there—there won't be any earth here, then, to welcome them."

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"*What?*" It was Krum's turn to look startled. So for a moment the two faces remained in confrontation, the one, as I say, startled, the other exuding visibly little sea-green globules of sweat. It was Diana that caved in first, his voice hardly louder than a whisper.

"W-w-will there?"

None of us suspected the enormousness of the thing that had happened in Diana's brain. Krum shrugged his shoulders and snapped his fingers. Deliberately. *Snap!* "What's a thousand centuries or so in the cosmic reckoning?" He chuckled. "We're just beginning to get out among 'em with *Messier*, you know. In the print room, Mr. Diana, I can show you photographs of clusters to which, if you cared to go, travelling at the speed of light——"

The voice ran on; but Diana's eye had gone back to the eyepiece, and his affrighted soul had re-entered the big black tube sticking its snout out of the slit in the iron hemisphere. . . . "At the speed of light!" . . . That unsuspected, that wildly chance-found chink in the armour of his philosophy! The body is resurrected and it ascends to Heaven instantaneously. At what speed must it be borne to reach instantaneously that city beyond the ceiling of the sky? At a speed inconceivable, mystical. At, say (as he had often said to himself), *the speed of light*. . . . And now, hunched there in the trap that had caught him, black rods, infernal levers and wheels, he was aware of his own eye passing vividly through unpartitioned emptiness, *eight hundred and fifty centuries at the speed of light!*

"And still beyond these," Krum was heard, "we begin to come into the regions of the spiral nebulæ. We've some interesting photographs in the print room, if you've the time."

The ladies below were tired of waiting. One had "lots of packing to do." The bride said, "Yes, I do think we should be getting along, Hubert, dear; if you're ready——"

The fellow actually jumped. It's lucky he didn't break anything. His face looked greener and dewier than ever amid the contraptions above. "If you—you and the ladies, Cora—wouldn't mind—if Mr.—Mr.—(he'd mislaid my name) would see you back to the hotel—" Meeting silence, he began to expostulate. "I feel that this is a rich experience. I'll follow shortly; I know the way."

In the car going back into the city Mrs. Diana set at rest the flutterings of six hearts. Being unmarried, they couldn't understand men as she did. When I think of that face of hers, to which I was destined to grow only too accustomed in the weary, itchy days of the trek into Kavirondoland, with its slightly tilted nose, its irregular pigmentation, its easily inflamed lids, and long moist cheeks, like those of a hunting dog, glorying in weariness, it seems incredible that a light of coyness could have found lodgment there. But that night it did. She sat serene among her virgins.

"You don't know Bert. You wait; he'll get a perfectly wonderful sermon out of all that to-night, Bert will."

Krum was having a grand time with his neophyte. He would have stayed up all night. Immured in the little print room crowded with files and redolent of acids, he conducted his disciple "glassy-eyed" through the dim frontiers of space, holding before him one after another the likenesses of universes sister to our own, islanded in immeasurable vacancy, curled like glimmering crullers on their private Milky Ways, and hiding in their wombs their myriad "coal-pockets," star-dust fœtuses of which —their quadrillion years accomplished— their litters of new suns would be born, to bear their planets, to bear their moons in turn.

"And beyond these?"

Always, after each new feat of distance, it was the same. "And beyond?" Given an ell, Diana surrendered to a pop-eyed lust for nothing less than light-years. "And still beyond?"

"Who knows?"

"The mind quits. For if there's no end to these nebulæ——"

"But supposing there is?"

"An end? But, Mr. Krum, in the very idea of an ending——"

"An end to what we might call this particular category of magnitudes. Eh?"

"I don't get that."

"Well, take this—take the opal in your ring there. The numbers and distances inside that stone may conceivably be to themselves as staggering as ours to us in our own system. Come! that's not so far-fetched. What are we learning about the structure of the atom? A nucleus (call it a sun) revolved about in eternal orbits by electrons (call them planets, worlds). Infinitesimal; but after all what are bigness and littleness but matters of comparison? To eyes on one of those electrons (don't be too sure there aren't any) its tutelary sun may flame its way across a heaven a comparative ninety

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million miles away. Impossible for them to conceive of a boundary to their billions of atomic systems, molecular universes. In that category of magnitudes its diameter is infinity; once it has made the leap into our category and become an opal it is merely a quarter of an inch. That's right, Mr. Diana, you may well stare at it: between *now* and *now* ten thousand histories may have come and gone down there. . . . And just so the diameter of our own cluster of universes, going over into another category, may be——"

"May be a—a ring—a little stone—in a—a—a—ring."

Krum was tickled by the way the man's imagination jumped and engulfed it.

"Why not? That's as good a guess as the next. A ring, let's say, worn carelessly on the—well, say the tentacle—of some vast organism—some inchoate creature hob-nobbing with its cloudy kind in another system of universes—which in turn——"

It is curious that none of them realized next day that they were dealing with a stranger, a changed man. Why he carried on, why he capped that night of cosmic debauch by shaving, eating an unremarkable breakfast, packing his terrestrial tooth-brush and collars, and going up the gang-plank in tow of his excited convoy to sail away, is beyond explanation—unless it was simply that he was in a daze.

It wasn't until four years later that I was allowed to know what had happened on that ship, and even then the tale was so dis-jointed, warped, and opinionated, so darkly seen in the mirror of Mrs. Diana's ortho-doxy, that I had almost to guess what it was *really* all about.

"When Hubert turned irreligious . . ." That phrase, recurrent on her tongue in the meanderings of the East African quest to which we were by then committed, will serve to measure her understanding. Ir-religious! Good Lord! But from that sort of thing I had to reconstruct the drama. Evening after evening beside her camp fire (appended to the Mineral Survey Expedi-tion Toward Uganda through the kindness —actually the worn-down surrender—of the Protectorate government) I lingered a while before joining the merrier engineers, watched with fascination the bumps grow-ing under the mosquitoes on her forehead, and listened to the jargon of her mortified meekness and her scandalized faith.

There had been a fatal circumstance, it seems, at the very outset. If Diana could but have been seasick, as the rest of them were (horribly), all might still have been well. In the misery of desired death, along with the other contents of a heaving midriff, he might have brought up the assorted universes of which he had been led too rashly to partake. But he wasn't. As if his wife's theory was right, as if Satan was looking out for him, he was spared to prowl the swooping decks immune. Four days and nights alone. Time enough to digest and assimilate into his being beyond remedy that lump of whirling magnitudes, and to feel himself surrendering with a strange new ecstasy to the drunkenness of liberty.

Such liberty! Given Diana's type, it is hard to imagine it adequately. The abrupt, complete removal of the toils of reward and punishment; the withdrawal of the sur-veillance of an all-seeing, all-knowing Eye; the windy assurance of being responsible for nothing, important to no one, no longer (as the police say) "wanted"! It must have been beautiful in those few days of its first purity, before it began to be discol-oured by his contemptuous pity for others, the mask of his inevitable loneliness and his growing fright.

The first any of them knew of it—even his wife—was in mid-voyage, the day the sea went down and the seven who had been sick came up. There seemed an especial Providence in the calming of the waters; it was Sunday morning and Diana had been asked to conduct the services.

He preached on the text: "For such is the kingdom of Heaven."

"If our concept of God means anything it means a God *all*-mighty, Creator of *all* that exists, Director of the *infinite*, cherish-ing in His Heaven the saved souls of *all space and all time.*"

Of course; amen. And wasn't it nice to feel like humans again, and real sunshine pouring up through the lounge ports from an ocean suddenly grown kind? . . . But —then—*what* was Diana *saying?*

Mrs. Diana couldn't tell about it co-herently even after a lapse of fifty months. Even in a setting as remote from that steamer's lounge as the equatorial bush, the ember-reddened canopy of thorn trees, the meandering camp fires, the chant and tramp somewhere away of Kikuyu porters dancing in honour of an especial largesse of fat zebra meat—even here her memory of that impious outburst was too vivid, too aghast.

"It was Hubert's look! The way he stared at us! As if you'd said he was licking his chops! . . . That '*Heaven*' of his!"

It seems they hadn't waked up to what

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he was about until he had the dimensions of his sardonic Paradise irreparably drawn in. The final haven of all right souls. Not alone the souls released from this our own tiny earth. In the millions of solar systems we see as stars how many millions of satellites must there be upon which at some time in their histories conditions suited to organic life existed? Uncounted hordes of wheeling populations! Of men? God's creatures at all events, a portion of them reasoning. Weirdly shaped perhaps, but what of that? And that's only to speak of our own inconsiderable cluster of universes. That's to say nothing of other systems of magnitudes, where God's creatures are to our world what we are to the worlds in the atoms in our finger rings. (He had shaken *his*, here, in their astounded faces.) And all these, all the generations of these enormous and microscopic beings harvested through a time beside which the life span of our earth is as a second in a million centuries: all these brought to rest for an eternity to which time itself is a watch tick—all crowded to rest pellmell, thronged, serried, packed, packed to suffocation in layers unnumbered light-years deep. This must needs be our concept of Heaven if God is the God of the Whole. If, on the other hand——

The other hand was the hand of the second officer, the captain's delegate at divine worship that Sabbath day. He at last had "come to."

I don't know whether it was the same day or the next; Mrs. Diana was too vague. But here's the picture. Seven women huddled in the large stateroom on B-deck, conferring in whispers, aghast, searching one another's eye obliquely even as they bowed their heads in prayer for some light—and of a sudden the putting back of the door and the in-marching of the Reverend Hubert. . . .

As Mrs. Diana tried to tell me, "You understand, don't you, he had just taken a bath? And he hadn't—he had forgotten to——"

Adam-innocent there he stood. Not a stitch. But I don't believe for a minute it was a matter of forgetting. In the high intoxication of his soul release, already crossed (by the second officer) and beginning to show his zealot claws, he needed some gesture stunning enough to witness to his separation, his unique rightness, his contempt of match-flare civilizations and infinitesimal taboos.

But I can imagine that stateroom scene: the gasps, the heads colliding in aversion, and Diana's six weedy feet of birthday suit towering in the shadows, and ready to sink through the deck, I'll warrant, now the act was irrevocable, but still grimly carrying it off.

"And if, on the other hand, you ask me to bow down before a God peculiar to this one earth, this one grain of dust lost among the giants of space, watching its sparrows fall, profoundly interested in a speck called Palestine no bigger than the quadrillionth part of one of the atoms in the ring here on my finger——"

Really scared by this time, one of the virgins shrieked. It was altogether too close quarters with a madman.

Mad? Of course there was the presumption: "Crazy as a loon." Even legally it was so adjudged at the *Platonic's* first port of call, Algiers, where, when Diana escaped ashore and wouldn't come back again, he had to be given over to the workings of the French Law. I talked with the magistrate myself some forty months later, when, "let in" for the business as I have told, I stopped there on my way out.

"But what would you?" were his words. "We must live in the world as the world lives, is it not? Sanity? Sanity is what? Is it, for example, an intellectual clarity, a balanced perception of the realities? Naturally, speaking out of court, your friend was of a sanity—of a sanity, sir—" Here the magistrate made with thumb and fingers the gesture only the French can make for a thing that is matchless, a beauty, a transcendent instance of any kind. He himself was Gallic, rational. Then, with a lift of shoulder: "But what would you? We must live in the world that seems."

Diana, impounded in Algiers for deportation, escaped. What after all are the locks and keys of this pinchbeck category of magnitudes? More remarkable still, there in Arab Africa he succeeded in vanishing from the knowledge and pursuit of men. And of women. His bride, now that their particular mission had fallen through, was left to decide whether to return to America or to go on with two of the company, the Misses Brookhart and Smutts, who were bound for a school in Smyrna. In the end she followed the latter course. It was there, nearly four years later, that I was sent to join her by an exasperated and wornout Firm.

By that time she knew again where her husband-errant was—or where, at least, from time to time in his starry dartings

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over this our mote of dust, he had been heard of, spoken to, seen.

Could we but have a written history of those years of his apostolic vagabondage, a record of the towns in which he was jailed or from which he was kicked out, of the ports in which he starved, of the ships on which he stowed away, presently to reveal himself in proselyting ardour, denouncing the earthlings, the fatelings, the dupes of bugaboo, meeting scoff with scoff, preaching the new revelation red-eyed, like an angry prophet! Or was it, more simply, like a man afraid?

Was that the secret, after all, of his prodigious restlessness? Had it anything in common with the swarming of those pale worms that flee the Eye of the Infinite around the curves of the stone you pick up in a field? Talk of the man without a country! What of the man without a universe?

It is curious that I never suspected his soul's dilemma until I saw the first of his mud-sculptures in the native village of Ndua in the province of Kasuma in British East. Here it was, our objective attained, we parted company with the government *safari* and shifted the burden of Way-straightening to the shoulders of Major Wyeside, the ostrich farmer of the neighbourhood.

While still on the *safari* I had put to Mrs. Diana a question that had bothered me: "Why on earth should your husband ever have chosen this particular neck of the woods to land up in? Why Kavirondo-land?"

"It was here we were coming at the time Hubert turned irreligious, to found a mission. It's a coincidence, isn't it?"

And yet I would have sworn Diana hadn't a sense of humour about him anywhere. But perhaps it *wasn't* an ironic act. Perhaps it was simply that, giving up the struggle with a society blinded by "a little learning" and casting about for a virgin field, he had remembered this.

"I supposed he was a missionary," Major Wyeside told us with a flavour of indignation. "I went on that. I let him live here—six or seven months of it—while he was learning the tongue. I was a bit non-plussed, to put it mildly, when I discovered what he was up to."

What things Diana had been up to the Major showed us in one of the huts in the native kraal—a round dozen of them, modeled in mud and baked. Blackened blobs of mud, that's all. Likenesses of nothing under the sun, fortuitous masses sprouting haphazard tentacles, only two among them showing postules that might have been experimental heads. . . . The ostrich farmer saw our faces.

"Rum, eh? Of course I realized the chap was anything but fit. A walking skeleton. Nevertheless, whatever it is about these beasties, there's not a nigger in the village has dared set foot inside this hut since Diana left. You can see for yourselves it's about to crash. There's another like it he left at Suki, above here. Taboo, no end!"

So Diana's "hunch" had been right. He had found his virgin field indeed, fit soil for his cosmic fright. A religion in the making, here before our eyes.

"This was at the very last before he left," Wyeside explained. "He took to making these mud pies quite of a sudden; the whole lot within a fortnight's time. Before that he had simply talked, harangued. He would sit here in the doorway of an evening with the niggers squatted around and harangue 'em by the hour. I knew something of it through my house-boys. The most amazing rot. All about the stars to begin with, as if these black baboons could half grasp *astronomy!* But that seemed all proper. Then there was talk about a something a hundred times as big and powerful as the world, sun, moon, and stars put together—some perfectly enormous, stupendous, awful being—but knowing how mixed the boys can get, it still seemed all regular—simply the parson's way of getting at the notion of an Almighty God. But no, they insisted, there wasn't any God. That's the point, they said; there *is no* God. . . . Well, that impressed me as a go. That's when I decided to come down and get the rights of this star-swallowing monstrosity the beggar was feeding my labour on. And here he sat in the doorway with one of these beasties—here it is, this one—waving it furiously in the niggers' benighted faces. And do you know what he'd done?—you can see the mark here still on this wabble-leg, this tentacle-business—he had taken off a ring he had and screwed it on just here. His finger ring, my word of honour! And still, if you'll believe it, I didn't realize he was just daft. Not until he spoke to me. 'I find,' he was good enough to enlighten me, 'I find I have to make it somehow concrete.' . . . 'Make what?' . . . 'Our wearer.' 'Our *what*, *where?*' . . . 'In the following category.' . . . His actual words, honour bright. I was going to have him sent down-

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country where he could be looked after. He got ahead of me, though. He cleared out. When I heard he'd turned up at Suki I ought, I suppose, to have attended to it. But I was having trouble with leopards. And you know how things go."

From there we went to Suki, the Major accompanying. It was as like Ndua as one flea to its brother, a stockade inclosing round houses of mud, wattles, and thatch, and full of naked heathen. The Kavirondo are the nakedest of all African peoples and, it is said, the most moral. It put a great strain on Mrs. Diana; all that whole difficult anxious time, as it were detachedly, I could see her itching to get them into Mother Hubbards and cast-off Iowa pants.

Here too, as the Major had promised, we found a holy of holies, rather a dreadful of dreadfuls, "taboo no end," its shadows cluttered with the hurlothrumbos of Diana's artistry. What puzzled me was their number. Why this appetite for experimentation? There was an uncertainty; one would think its effect on potential converts would be bad. Here, as in Ndua, Diana had contented himself at first with words and skyward gesticulations. Not for so long, however. Feeling the need of giving his concept of the cosmic "wearer" a substance much earlier, he had shut himself in with the work, literally—a fever of creation. We counted seventeen of the nameless "blobs," all done, we were told, in the seven days and nights before their maker had again cleared out. The villagers would hardly speak of him; only after spitting to protect themselves, their eyes averted, and in an undertone, would they mention him: "He of the Ring." Thereafter we were to hear of him only as "He of the Ring."

Leaving Suki, Major Wyeside turned us over (thankfully, I warrant) to a native who told us his name was Charlie Kamba. He had spent some years in Nairobi, running for an Indian outfitter, and spoke English remarkably well. It was from him we learned, quite casually, when our modest eight-load *safari* was some miles on its way, that the primary object of our coming was non-existent. Hubert Diana was dead.

Dead nearly five weeks—a moon and a little—and buried in the mission church at Tara Hill.

Mission church! There was a poser for us. *Mission church?*

Well then, Charlie Kamba gave us to know that he was paraphrasing in a large way suitable to our habits of thought. We wouldn't have understood *his* informant's "wizard house" or "house of the effigy."

I will say for Mrs. Diana that in the course of our halt of lugubrious amazement she shed tears. That some of them were not tears of unrealized relief it would be hardly natural to believe. She had desired loyally to find her husband, but when she should have found him—what? This problem, sturdily ignored so long, was now removed.

Turn back? Never! Now it would seem the necessity for pressing forward was doubled. In the scrub-fringed ravine of our halt the porters resumed their loads, the dust stood up again, the same caravan moved on. But how far it was now from being the same.

From that moment it took on, for me at least, a new character. It wasn't the news especially; the fact that Diana was dead had little to do with it. Perhaps it was simply that the new sense of something aimfully and cumulatively dramatic in our progress had to have a beginning, and that moment would do as well as the next.

Six 'villages: M'nann, Leika, Leikapo, Shamba, Little Tara, and Tara, culminating in the apotheosis of Tara Hill. Six stops for the night on the road it had cost Diana as many months to cover in his singular pilgrimage to his inevitable goal. Or in his flight to it. Yes, his stampede. Now the pipers at that four-day orgy of liberty on the *Platonic's* decks were at his heels for their pay. Now that his strength was failing, the hosts of loneliness were after him, creeping out of their dreadful magnitudes, the hounds of space. Over all that ground it seemed to me we were following him not by the word of hearsay but, as one follows a wounded animal making for its earth, by the droppings of his blood.

Our progress had taken on a pattern; it built itself with a dramatic artistry; it gathered suspense. As though it were a story at its most breathless places "continued in our next," and I a reader forgetting the road's weariness, the dust, the torment of insects never escaped, the inadequate food, I found myself hardly able to keep from running on ahead to reach the evening's village, to search out the inevitable repository of images left by the white stranger who had come and tarried there awhile and gone again.

More concrete and ever more concrete. The immemorial compromise with the human hunger for a symbol to see with the eyes, touch with the hands. Hierarchy

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after hierarchy of little mud effigies—one could see the necessity pushing the man. Out of the protoplasmic blobs of Ndua, Suki, even M'nann, at Leikapo Diana's concept of infinity (so pure in that halcyon epoch at sea), of categories nested within categories like Japanese boxes, of an over-creature wearing our cosmos like a trinket, unawares, had become a mass with legs to stand on and a real head. The shards scattered about in the filth of the hut there (as if in violence of despair) were still monstrosities, but with a sudden stride of concession their monstrousness was the monstrousness of lizard and turtle and crocodile. At Shamba there were dozens of huge-footed birds.

It is hard to be sure in retrospect, but I do believe that by the time we reached Little Tara I began to see the thing as a whole—the fœtus, working out slowly, blindly, but surely, its evolution in the womb of fright. At Little Tara there was a change in the character of the exhibits; their numbers had diminished, their size had grown. There was a boar with tusks and a bull the size of a dog with horns, and on a tusk and on a horn an indentation left by a ring.

I don't believe Mrs. Diana got the thing at all. Toward the last she wasn't interested in the huts of relics; at Little Tara she wouldn't go near the place; she was "too tired." It must have been pretty awful, when you think of it, even if all she saw in them was the mud-pie play of a man reverted to a child.

There was another thing at Little Tara quite as momentous as the jump to boar and bull. Here at last a mask had been thrown aside. Here there had been no pretense of proselyting, no astronomical lectures, no doorway harangues. Straightway he had arrived (a fabulous figure already, long heralded), he had commandeered a house and shut himself up in it and there, mysterious, assiduous, he had remained three days and nights, eating nothing, but drinking gallons of the foul water they left in gourds outside his curtain of reeds. No one in the village had ever seen what he had done and left there. Now, candidly, those labours were for himself alone.

Here at last, in Tara, the moment of that confession had overtaken the fugitive. It was he, ill with fever and dying of nostalgia—not these naked black baboon men seen now as little more than blurs—who had to give the Beast of the Infinite a name and a shape. And more and more, not only a shape, but a *shapeliness*. From the instant when, no longer able to live alone with nothingness, he had given it a likeness in Ndua mud, and perceived that it was intolerable and fled its face, the turtles and distorted crocodiles of Leikapo and the birds of Shamba had become inevitable, and no less inevitable the Little Tara boar and bull. Another thing grows plain in retrospect: the reason why, done to death (as all the way they reported him), he couldn't die. He didn't dare to. Didn't dare to close his eyes.

It was at Little Tara we first heard of him as "Father Witch," a name come back, we were told, from Tara, where he had gone. I had heard it pronounced several times before it suddenly obtruded from the native context as actually two English words. That was what made it queer. It was something they must have picked up by rote, uncomprehending; something, then, they could have had from no lips but his own. When I repeated it after them with a better accent they pointed up toward the north, saying "Tara! Tara!"—their eagerness mingled with awe.

I shall never forget Tara as we saw it, after our last blistering scramble up a gorge, situated in the clear air on a slope belted with cedars. A mid-African stockade left by some blunder in an honest Colorado landscape, or a newer and bigger Vermont. Here at the top of our journey, black savages, their untidy *shambas*, the very Equator, all these seemed as incongruous as a Gothic cathedral in a Congo marsh. I wonder if Hubert Diana knew whither his instinct was guiding him on the long road of his journey here to die. . . .

He had died and he was buried, not in the village, but about half a mile distant, on the ridge; this we were given to know almost before we had arrived. There was no need to announce ourselves, the word of our coming had outrun us; the populace was at the gates.

"Our Father Witch! Our Father Witch!" They knew what we were after; the funny parrot-wise English stood out from the clack and clatter of their excited speech. "Our Father Witch! Ay! Ay!" With a common eagerness they gesticulated at the hilltop beyond the cedars.

Certainly here was a change. No longer the propitiatory spitting, the averted eyes, the uneasy whispering allusion to him who had passed that way: here in Tara they would shout him from the housetops, with a kind of civic pride.

We learned the reason for this on our way

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up the hill. It was because they were his chosen, the initiate.

We made the ascent immediately, against the village's advice. It was near evening; the return would be in the dark; it was a bad country for goblins; wouldn't tomorrow morning do? . . . No, it wouldn't do the widow. Her face was set. . . . And so, since we were resolved to go, the village went with us, armed with rattles and drums. Charlie Kamba walked beside us, sifting the information a hundred were eager to give.

These people were proud, he said, because their wizard was more powerful than all the wizards of all the other villages "in the everywhere together." If he cared to he could easily knock down all the other villages in the "everywhere," destroying all the people and all the cattle. If he cared to he could open his mouth and swallow the sky and the stars. But Tara he had chosen. Tara he would protect. He made their mealies to grow and their cattle to multiply.

I protested, "But he is *dead* now!"

Charlie Kamba made signs of deprecation. I discerned that he was far from being clear about the thing himself.

Yes, he temporized, this Father Witch was dead, quite dead. On the other hand he was up there. On the other hand he would never die. He was longer than forever. Yes, quite true, he was dead and buried under the pot.

I gave it up. "How did he die?"

Well, he came to this village of Tara very suffering, very sick. The dead man who walked. His face was very sad. Very eaten. Very frightened. He came to this hill. So he lived here for two full moons, very hot, very eaten, very dead. These men made him a house as he commanded them, also a stockade. In the house he was very quiet, very dead, making magic two full moons. Then he came out and they that were waiting saw him. He had made the magic, and the magic had made him well. His face was kind. He was happy. He was full fed. He was full fed, these men said, without any eating. Yes, they carried up to him very fine food, because they were full of wonder and some fear, but he did not eat any of it. Some water he drank. So, for two days and the night between them, he continued sitting in the gate of the stockade, very happy, very full fed. He told these people very much about their wizard, who is bigger than everywhere and longer than forever, and can, if he cares to, swallow the sky and stars. From time to time, however, ceasing to talk to these people, he got to his knees and talked in his own strange tongue to Our Father Witch, his eyes held shut. When he had done this just at sunset of the second day he fell forward on his face. So he remained that night. The next day these men took him into the house and buried him under the pot. On the other hand Our Father Witch is longer than forever. He remains there still. . . .

The first thing I saw in the hut's interior was the earthen pot at the northern end, wrong-side-up on the ground. I was glad I had preceded Mrs. Diana. I walked across and sat down on it carelessly, hoping so that her afflicted curiosity might be led astray. It gave me the oddest feeling, though, to think of what was there beneath my nonchalant sitting-portion—aware as I was of the Kavirondo burial of a great man—up to the neck in mother earth, and the rest of him left out in the dark of the pot for the undertakings of the ants. I hoped his widow wouldn't wonder about that inverted vessel of clay.

I needn't have worried. Her attention was arrested otherwheres. I shall not forget the look of her face, caught above me in the red shaft of sundown entering the western door, as she gazed at the last and the largest of the Rev. Hubert Diana's gods. That long, long cheek of hers, buffeted by sorrow, startled now and mortified. Not till that moment, I believe, had she comprehended the steps of mud-images she had been following for what they were, the steps of idolatry.

For my part, I wasn't startled. Even before we started up the hill, knowing that her husband had dared to die here, I could have told her pretty much what she would find.

This overlord of the cosmic categories that he had fashioned (at last) in his own image sat at the other end of the red-streaked house upon a bench—a throne?—of mud. Diana had been no artist. An ovoid two-eyed head, a cylindrical trunk, two arms, two legs, that's all. But indubitably man, man-size. Only one finger of one of the hands had been done with much care. It wore an opal, a two-dollar stone from Mexico, set in a silver ring. This was the hand that was lifted, and over it the head was bent.

I've said Diana was no artist. I'll take back the words. The figure was crudeness itself, but in the relation between that bent head and that lifted hand there was something which was something else. A

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sense of scrutiny one would have said no genius of mud could ever have conveyed. An attitude of interest centered in that bauble, intense and static, breathless and eternal all in one—penetrating to its bottom atom, to the last electron, to a hill upon it, and to a two-legged mite about to die. Marking (yes, I'll swear to the incredible) the sparrow's fall.

The magic was made. The road that had commenced with the blobs of Ndua—the same that commenced with our hairy ancestors listening to the night-wind in their caves—was run.

And from here Diana, of a sudden happy, of a sudden looked after, "full fed," had walked out——

But no; I couldn't stand that mortified sorrow on the widow's face any longer. She had to be made to see what she wanted to see. I said it aloud:

"From here, Mrs. Diana, your husband walked out——"

"He had sunk to idolatry. *Idolatry!*"

"To the bottom, yes. And come up its whole history again. And from here he walked out into the sunshine to kneel and talk with 'Our Father which——'"

She got it. She caught it. I wish you could have seen the light going up those long, long cheeks as she got it:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name!"

We went down hill in the darkness, protected against goblins by a vast rattling of gourds and beating of goat-hide drums.

Aztec Hymn to the Sun God

Translated by John Hubert Cornyn

[*This poem is from a manuscript written down, between 1532 and 1550, from an oral version which was ancient at the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico in 1521.*

Like most of the vast body of literature belonging to the service of the Aztec religion, it is didactic, for among the ancient Mexicans poetry was ever the handmaiden of teaching. Imagine the priest of the Sun declaiming it to his audience, pupils or masses of people, in the temple, in the presence of the great golden image of the Sun, shining in the light of the Sun himself, on the temple wall. All the powers and attributes of the Creator God he weaves into a noble hymn.

A literal translation would be as follows:

Tonatiuh (tona, *he shines;* ti, *makes;* uh (auh), *foes*); *he who goes on shining, Lord of Shining; The Sun.*

quauh-tle-huamitl, *eagle-fire-arrows'-owner, possessor, —literally, Eagle-fire-owner-arrows.*

Xip (*Xipe*), *The Sun as the master goldsmith was called* Xipe.

pilli, *great lord, prince, lord over all.*

teutl, *noble master, great lord.*

tona, (*he*) *shines.*

tla-nex-tia, *far (and much) light-makes.*

mo-tona-meyo-tia:

mo-tona, *self-shines; shines by his own power.*

meyo-tia, (*he*) *makes (golden) arrows; as he shines by his own might, he makes golden arrows.*

to-tonqui, *he is greatly heated constantly.*

te-tlati, (*he*) *people-burns;* te *is the indef. pron. they, them, standing for person or persons unknown or unexpressed.*

te-tla-tlati, (*he*), *people-burns-burns, that is, he burns fiercely and constantly.*

te-ytoni, (*he*), *people-sweat-makes, he makes people sweat.*

te-ix-tlil-euh, (*he*), *people-faces-dark-makes; he darkens faces.*

te-ix-tlil-lo, *people-faces-darkened-are.*

te-ix-caputzo, *people-faces-turned-to-blackness, the faces become completely black.*

te-ix-tle-ca-leuh, (*he*), *people-faces-fire-with-raised. His work is now done and as a result, the faces of the people are raised into wrinkles by his fiery heat.* *J. H. C.*]

THERE the Lord of Fiery Arrows,
Lord of Eagle-fiery Arrows,
He, the Wondrous Master Goldsmith,
Prince of Princes, noble master.
Lightens all the face of nature;
Downward shoots his golden arrows;
Sends his burning fierceness earthward.
Ofttimes when the Sun uprises
Red as crimson blood his face is;
Crimson as the crimson pepper;
Ruddy coloured as the ruby.
Then once more his colour changing,
White as whitened salt his face is:
Or there overspreads his countenance,
Like a pale and sickly pallor,
Misty water-bearing cloudlets,
Clouds with banners far extending,
Misty cloudlets, vari-coloured.

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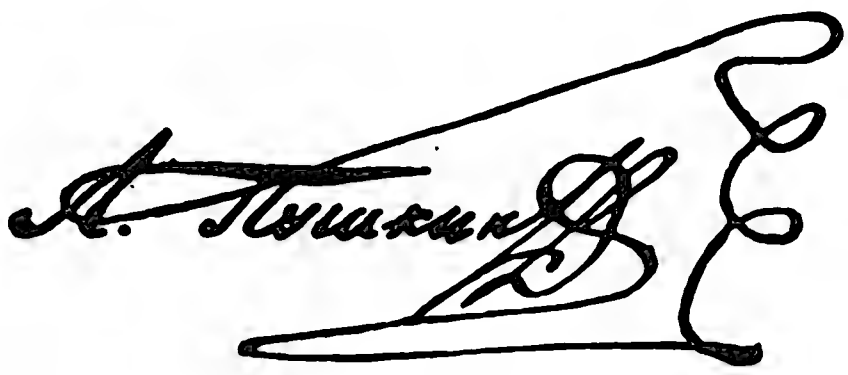
The Queen of Spades

By ALEXANDER S. PUSHKIN



Translated by Prosper Mérimée

I

A GAME of cards was going on at Naroumof's, a lieutenant in the Guards. The long winter night had gone by without anyone noticing it, and it was five o'clock in the morning before supper was served. The winners sat down and filled their plates in great spirits, while the losers looked gloomily on. But by degrees, with the help of champagne, the talk became animated and everyone joined in.

"How did you make out to-day, Sourine?" asked the master of the house of one of his friends.

"I have lost as usual; I really have no luck at all. You know how cool I am at cards; I never change my way of playing and I never win."

"Do you mean to say that through the whole evening, you never once put on the red? Well, such persistence is beyond me."

"What do you think of Hermann?" said one of the guests, pointing to a young officer of Engineers. "Never in his life has that fellow staked anything on a card, and still he can sit and watch us playing till five in the morning."

"The game interests me," said Hermann, "but I am not in a position to risk my small means on the chance of making more than I really need."

"Hermann is a German and consequently economical," cried Tomski; "but speaking of cards, one who is really astonishing is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedotovna."

"Why so?" asked his friends.

"Have you not noticed," continued Tomski, "that she never plays?"

"That is so," said Naroumof, "and for a woman of eighty not to touch a card is very unusual."

"You do not know why?"

"No. Is there a reason for it?"

"Yes, listen and I will tell you. You must know that sixty years ago, my grandmother went to Paris and created a furor. People ran after her carriage to see the Venus of Moscow, as she was called. Richelieu courted her, and my grandmother vows that he nearly blew his brains out one night, because she was so distant with him. In those days women played faro, and one night at court she lost to the Duke of Orleans a very large sum of money. On reaching home, she took off her patches, divested herself of her frills and furbelows, and in this tragical undress went to my grandfather's room to tell him of her ill-luck and ask him to give her the money with which to pay her debt. My grandfather, who is now dead, had control of her money, and although he stood very much in awe of her, still, when she mentioned the sum she wanted, he jumped to his feet. He stormed and swore, and after making a rough calculation of the sums she had had in the last six months, he showed her that she had spent half a million. He told her he had not his villages of the districts of Moscow and Saratef at his disposal in Paris, and finally ended by refusing point-blank to give her the amount she asked. You can perhaps imagine how furious my grandmother was—she struck him in the face and vowed she would never speak to him again. But the next morning she

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thought better of it and for the first time in her life she actually brought herself to plead and argue with him. It was in vain that she told him that there were debts and debts, that one could not treat a prince like a tradesman; all her eloquence was thrown away on him; he was obdurate and would not give in. My grandmother was at a loss to know what to do, when she suddenly remembered that there was a very celebrated man to whom she might appeal. You have heard, no doubt, of the Count de Saint Germain, of whom such wonderful tales are told. You know that he was a sort of Wandering Jew, the possessor of the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Some people made fun of him and called him a quack; Casanova in his memoirs calls him a spy. However, notwithstanding the mysterious life he led, Saint Germain was sought after by the very best people, and was certainly a charming man. To this day, my grandmother, who was very fond of him, will fly in a rage if anyone speaks disrespectfully of him in her presence. Thinking he might advance her the sum she needed, she wrote him a note asking him to call and see her. The old wizard came immediately and found her in the depths of despair. In a few words she related her troubles, telling him of her husband's hard-heartedness, adding that her only hope now lay in his being able to help her. After a few minutes of deep thought, Saint Germain said: 'Madam, I could easily advance you the money you require, but I know that you would not be happy until you had returned it to me, and I don't want to help you out of one scrape to get you into another. There is one way by which you can settle your debt, and that is to win back the money. . . .' 'But, my dear Count,' answered my grandmother, 'I have just told you that I have not a penny of my own. . . .' 'You don't need any,' continued Saint Germain, 'just listen to me.' And there and then he told her a secret which each one of you fellows would give a great deal to know."

The officers all listened attentively. Tomski stopped to fill and relight his pipe, and continued in this way:

"That very night my grandmother played at Versailles, at a card party given by the Queen. The Duke of Orleans was banker, and she told him some plausible story to explain her delay in settling her debt, after which she sat down and took three cards. The first one won; she doubled her stake on the second, which won again, doubled once more on the third and finally came out a very large winner."

"Sheer luck!" said one of the officers.

"A fairy tale!" cried Hermann.

"Were the cards arranged beforehand, then?" said a third.

"I don't think so," answered Tomski quietly.

"What!" cried Naroumof, "you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and you have not succeeded in coaxing her to tell you what they are?"

"Oh! there is the rub," answered Tomski. "She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three of them were inveterate gamblers and not one of them could ever win from her this secret which, Heaven knows, would have been so useful to them and to me also. But listen to what my uncle, the Count Ivan Ilitch, told me, and this on his word of honour. You know Tchaplitzki—the one who died in penury after squandering millions—well, one day in his youth, he lost to Zoritch something like three hundred thousand rubles. He was in despair about it, and went to his mother, who was anything but forbearing with young men's escapades, but somehow she always was more indulgent with Tchaplitzki than with any of her other sons. She told him of three cards to stake on, one after the other, exacting from him a solemn promise never again to touch a card while he lived. Tchaplitzki sought Zoritch immediately and asked him for a chance to win back his money. On the first card, he put fifty thousand rubles; he won, doubled his stakes and won again. Finally with his three cards he settled his debt and even had something to the good. . . . But here it is six o'clock! Don't you think it is high time we all went to bed."

Each man emptied his glass and went home.

II

THE old Countess Anna Fedotovna was in her dressing-room, seated before a looking-glass. Three maids hovered about her; one held a rouge pot, another a box of pins, and the third was adjusting an enormous lace cap, trimmed with flaming coloured ribbons. The Countess could not now lay claim to any beauty, but she still persisted in keeping up the habits of her youth, decking herself in styles of fifty years ago, and taking as much pains with her dress as did any painted woman of the past century. Her *demoiselle de*

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compagnie was seated at the window, working on a piece of embroidery.

"Good-morning, Grandmamma," said a young officer entering the dressing-room. "How do you do, Mademoiselle Lisa. Grandmamma, I have come to ask you a favour."

"What is it, Paul?"

"Will you allow me to present one of my friends to you, and may I ask you to give him an invitation to your ball?"

"Bring him to my ball, and you can introduce him then. Did you go to the Princess ——'s reception last night?"

"Of course, and we had a delightful evening. We danced until daylight, and Miss Eletzki was simply exquisite."

"Well, my dear boy, I must say that you are not hard to please. You should have seen her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrovna. She was a beauty. But tell me, she must be pretty old, Princess Daria?"

"What do you mean?" cried Tomski thoughtlessly. "Why, she had been dead these seven years."

The Countess's companion looked up from her work and made the young man a sign. He remembered immediately that orders had been given for no one to mention the death of any of the old lady's contemporaries in her presence. He could have bitten his tongue for forgetting; however, she received the news of her old friend's death with the greatest composure.

"Dead?" she said. "Strange that I never heard of it. We were appointed ladies-in-waiting together, and when we were presented to the Empress . . ."

The old Countess related for the hundredth time some anecdote of her youth.

"Paul," she said when through with her story, "help me to get up. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?"

And followed by her three maids, she disappeared behind a screen to complete her toilet. Tomski remained alone with Lisa.

"Who is this gentleman you wish to present to the Countess," she asked in low tones.

"Naroumof. Do you know him?"

"No. Is he in the army?"

"Yes."

"In the Engineers?"

"No, in the Horse Guards. What made you think he was in the Engineers?"

The young girl smiled, but did not answer.

"Paul," cried the Countess from behind the screen, "send me a new novel, anything, only be sure it is not in the modern style."

"How must it be, then, Grandmamma?"

"A novel in which the hero does not strangle either his father or mother, and where no one gets drowned. Nothing terrifies me more than drowning people."

"Where do you suppose I can find a novel of that kind? Would you like a Russian novel?"

"Pshaw! Are there Russian novels? Then send me one; you will not forget, will you?"

"I will be sure to remember. Good-by, Grandmamma, I am in a great hurry. Good-by, Lisabeta Ivanovna. What made you think Naroumof was in the Engineers?" And with that he went out.

Lisabeta Ivanovna, being left alone, went back to her sewing near the window. She was no sooner seated than there appeared at the corner of the street a young officer. His presence made the girl blush; she lowered her eyes and pretended to be very busy with her work. The old Countess entered at that moment, dressed for the street.

"Lisanka," said she, "order the carriage, we will go for a drive."

Lisa rose immediately and began putting her work away.

"Well! What is the matter? Are you deaf? Go and tell them to harness immediately."

"I am going," answered the companion.

And she ran into the hall.

A servant entered carrying books sent by Prince Paul Alexandrovitch.

"Many thanks. Lisanka! Lisanka! Where has she gone to?"

"I was going to get my hat, Madam."

"We have plenty of time. Sit down here, take the first of these books and read to me."

The girl took up a book and read a few lines.

"Louder!" said the Countess. "What is the matter with you? Are you hoarse? Wait a minute, bring that stool nearer; now sit there and go on."

Lisabeta Ivanovna read on a couple of pages, the Countess yawning meanwhile.

"Throw away that tiresome book," said she. "What trash! Send them all back to Prince Paul with my thanks. . . . And that carriage, will it never come?"

"Here it is," answered Lisabeta Ivanovna, looking out of the window.

"Well! and you are not ready? Will you never cease to keep me waiting?—it is simply unbearable."

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Lisabeta ran to her room. She had not been there more than a minute or two when the Countess rang the bell furiously; her three maids came in at one door, while a footman entered by another.

"Does no one hear me in this house?" cried the Countess. "Let one of you go and tell Lisabeta Ivanovna that I am waiting for her."

The companion entered at this moment dressed for the street

"At last, mademoiselle," said the Countess, "but what means this elaborate costume? Who is going to see you? Tell me what kind of day is it. Windy, is it not?"

"No, your Excellency," said the footman, "on the contrary, it is quite mild."

"You never know what you are saying. Open the window. . . . It is just as I said; it is blowing a hurricane and is bitterly cold besides. I will not need the carriage. Lisanka, my dear, we will not go out. You need not have gone to all the trouble of dressing up."

"What a life!" muttered the companion under her breath.

And, in truth, Lisabeta Ivanovna was a very unhappy girl.

"Thou shalt know by experience," said Dante, "how salt the savour is of other's bread and how sad a path it is to climb and descend another's stairs."

But who can depict the troubles of a young girl who is a companion to an old lady in high life? It was not that the Countess was wicked, but she possessed all the whims and fancies of a once pampered and fashionable woman. She was miserly, rude and as selfish as one can be who feels she is gradually being set aside by the world. She never missed a ball, and she would sit in a corner all powdered and painted and look like a death's-head at a feast. Every one of her guests, as they came in, bowed profoundly before her, but this ceremony over, no one ever spoke to her again. She entertained the whole town, according to the etiquette of that day, but she never could call people by their right names. Her numerous servants, grown old and fat in her service, did pretty much as they pleased and pilfered to their hearts' content, as if death had already entered the house. As for Lisabeta Ivanovna, she lived a life of misery. When she poured the tea, she was accused of wasting the sugar, when she read a novel to the Countess, the old lady held her responsible for all the author's vagaries, and when out walking with her, she was blamed for the uneven pavements or the state of the weather. Her salary, which was very small, was never paid regularly, and still she was expected to dress well, "like everybody else," which meant in a way very few people could afford. When going out in society, her position was still more pitiful. She was known to everyone but nobody ever noticed her. She sometimes danced of an evening, but only when she was needed to fill up a set. Ladies would take her hand and lead her away with them when they needed someone to rearrange their dress. She was very proud and felt her position keenly. She lived on patiently, in the hope that some day a lover would break her fetters for her; but young men who did not object to a mild flirtation took good care that their attentions were not noticed, though Lisabeta Ivanovna was ten times prettier and sweeter than some of the forward or stupid girls to whom they devoted their time. More than once, overcome by the luxury and loneliness of her surroundings, she had left the drawing-room and retired to her own little room, barely furnished with a wooden bed, an old screen, a torn carpet and an old bureau with a small mirror. There, by the light of a solitary candle, she would cry her heart out.

One morning, two days after the evening at Naroumof's and about a week before the scene just described, Lisabeta was seated near the window, as usual, working at her embroidery, when, happening to look out, she saw a young officer of Engineers standing on the corner looking at her. She lowered her eyes and went on working with renewed energy. After a few minutes she raised her eyes once more and saw that the officer was still looking at her. Not being in the habit of flirting with the young men who passed her window, she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on her work for more than two hours, until someone came to say that dinner was ready. Then, having to rise and put away her work, she looked out and the young officer was still standing in the same place. This rather puzzled her. After dinner she drew her chair to the window, with some trepidation, but the officer was gone, and after a while she forgot all about him.

Two days later, when about to enter the carriage with the Countess, she saw him once more standing near the door. His fur collar was turned up, and she could only see his bold black eyes looking intently at her. Lisabeta felt frightened without

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knowing why, and took her seat in the carriage in fear and trembling.

On her return to the house, she flew to the window, her heart beating wildly; the officer was in his usual place, gazing at her with ardent glances. She drew back immediately, a prey to curiosity, and wondered at the strange feeling in her whole being, which she experienced for the first time in her life.

After this not a day went by without the officer appearing in the street, and very soon there was a mute understanding between them. Seated at the window, she could feel his presence, and every time she looked up she allowed her glance to rest on him a little longer. The young fellow seemed very grateful for such an innocent favour; she noticed with the quick perception of youth that a deep glow suffused his brow every time their eyes met. By the end of a week, she smiled.

When Tomski asked his grandmother to be allowed to present one of his friends, the poor girl's heart beat to suffocation, and when she heard that Naroumof was in the Horse Guards, she knew he could not be the officer she meant, and she regretted deeply having compromised her secret by letting a hare-brained fellow like Tomski share it.

Hermann was the son of a German, who had settled in Russia and had left him a small patrimony. Determined to be independent, Hermann had made it a point never to touch his income, and so he lived on his pay and never allowed himself the slightest luxury. He was reserved and ambitious, his reticence rarely giving his comrades a chance to make fun of him. Under an assumed calmness, he hid violent passions and a vivid imagination, but he was always master of himself and had avoided, so far, the erring ways of the average youth. A born gambler, he never touched a card, because he knew that in his position he could not risk losing his small inheritance for a possible gain at play; and still he would sit at the gaming tables, night after night, watching the rapid changes of the game with a feverish anxiety.

The queer story of the Count de Saint Germain's three winning cards had left a deep impression on his mind, and he thought of it all night long. "If only," he kept saying to himself while walking through the streets of St. Petersburg the following night, "the old lady could be persuaded to tell me her secret, if she would only name the three cards! I must be presented to her, maybe I could win her confidence, I might make love to her. . . . True, she is eighty-seven years old! She may die this week . . . to-morrow, perhaps. . . . And after all, is there any truth in that story? No; economy, frugality and work, these must be my three winning cards. With them, I will double, I will increase my capital tenfold. They alone will give me independence and comfort."

Musing in this way, he found he had wandered into one of the fashionable quarters of the city, and was then at the door of a rather ancient looking house. The streets were filled with carriages, each one stopping in its turn before a brilliantly lighted mansion. He could see, through the open carriage doors, sometimes the small foot of a woman or the riding-boot of a general; an open-worked stocking or the dress-shoe of a diplomat. Fur capes or coats passed in succession before the magnificent footman at the door. Hermann stopped and asked a night watchman, huddled in his sentry-box:

"Whose house is that?"

"The Countess ——'s."

It was that of Tomski's grandmother.

Hermann started and recalled to mind the story of the three cards. He kept walking to and fro in front of the house, thinking of the woman who occupied it, of her wealth and her mysterious power. After reaching his barely furnished room, it was a long time before he could get to sleep, and when he did, visions of cards, of a green cloth, heaps of gold coins and bank-bills floated before his closed eyes. He dreamed how, staking on one card after the other, he kept winning incessantly, winning at every turn, pocketing gold coins and filling his pockets with bank-notes. On awaking, he sighed at not finding his imaginary treasure, and to divert his thoughts from this dream, he walked out once more in the direction of the Countess's house, which he reached in a short time. There was an irresistible attraction about it and he stopped to look up at the windows. In one of them he saw a young girl with black hair, bending gracefully over a book or maybe a piece of embroidery. She looked up and he beheld a fresh young face, whose pretty dark eyes attracted him. That moment decided his fate.

III

Lisabeta Ivanovna was about to take her coat and hat off, when the Countess

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sent for her. She had ordered that the horses be harnessed again. While two sturdy footmen were helping the old lady into the carriage, Lisabeta, who was standing near, noticed that the young officer was close by; she felt him take her hand and put a paper into it, and before she could recover from her surprise, he had disappeared around the corner. She immediately hid the note in her glove, but during the whole drive, she neither heard nor saw what was going on. When out driving, the Countess was in the habit of asking endless questions.

"Who is the man who just bowed to us? What is this bridge called? What does that sign say?"

Lisabeta answered at random and was sharply reproved for her mistakes.

"What ails you to-day? What are you thinking of? Do you hear me? or is it that you think I am in my dotage and do not know what I am saying?"

But Lisabeta was not paying the slightest attention to the old lady's rambling talk. On returning to the house, she ran to her room and drew the note from her glove. It was not sealed and so there was no excuse for not reading it. It was full of protestations of love; affectionate, but very respectful. It had been translated word for word from a German novel, but as Lisabeta did not know a word of German, she was quite pleased with it. Notwithstanding this, she felt very ill at ease, because it was the first time in her life that she had had anything to hide. She shuddered at the thought of being in correspondence with an unknown young man; and regretting her indiscretion she was at a loss to know what to do.

Should she cease to work near the window and by studied coolness discourage the young officer in his attentions—should she send back his note or answer it in a very decided manner, leaving no doubt as to her feelings in the matter? What should she do? Having no friend from whom she could seek advice, she finally decided to answer his note.

She sat down to write, drew some paper toward her and remained in deep thought. More than once she began a sentence, but tore up the paper before it was half completed. Sometimes she thought the wording was too blunt, and again she felt she was wanting in reserve. At last, after much deliberation, she managed to compose a few lines to her satisfaction.

"I think," she wrote, "that your intentions are those of a gentleman, that you are sincere in what you write and are not trying to mislead me by your conduct, but you must know that our acquaintance can not proceed in this way. I am returning your letter, hoping you will not give me cause to regret my trust in you."

Next morning, as soon as she saw Hermann, she left her work, went into the drawing-room and, opening the window, threw the letter in the street, confident that the young officer would not let it go astray. And she was right, for Hermann picked it up immediately and went into a pastry shop to read it. Not finding anything discouraging in the letter, he went home, rather pleased that this amorous intrigue should begin so well.

A few days later, a young girl with rather saucy looks asked to speak to Mademoiselle Lisabeta, saying she had been sent by a certain milliner. Lisabeta received her with some trepidation, fearing an unsettled bill; but she was greatly surprised, on opening the paper handed to her, to recognize Hermann's handwriting.

"This is a mistake, the letter is not for me."

"I beg your pardon," answered the young girl, smiling in a mischievous way, "but would you be so kind as to read it?"

Lisabeta glanced and saw that Hermann begged her to meet him.

"It is impossible!" she cried, frightened at the request itself and at the way it had been delivered. "I tell you this letter is not for me."

And with that, she tore it into bits.

"If that letter is not for you, Mademoiselle, then why did you tear it up?" continued the milliner's apprentice. "You should have sent it back to the one for whom it was intended."

"Oh! forgive me, dear child," said Lisabeta in dismay; "I beg of you never to bring me any more letters, and tell him who sent you that he ought to be ashamed of himself."

But Hermann was not a man to be easily discouraged. Every day Lisabeta received a letter in some way or other, and these were not German translations either. Hermann wrote under the stimulus of an ardent passion, and spoke a language with which he was familiar. Lisabeta could not hold out very long before this flood of eloquence. She eventually received the letters with pleasure and before long answered them. Each day the answers grew longer and were more affectionate. Finally, one day, she

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threw him at the window the following note:

"There is to be a ball at the Ambassador's to-night. The Countess is going, and we will remain there until about two in the morning. This is how you can see me alone. As soon as the Countess leaves the house, about eleven o'clock, the servants will retire. The footman alone will be in the hall, and he is sure to be sleeping. Be here as soon as we leave and walk right in. If by any ill-luck you should meet anyone in the house, ask for the Countess and you will be told that she is not at home. In that case, you will have to leave, but in all probability you will not see anyone. The maids will all be in their rooms at the back of the house. After reaching the hall, turn to the left and walk straight ahead until you reach the Countess's bedroom. In there, behind a screen, you will find two doors; the one on the right is a dark closet, the other opens into a passageway, at the end of which is a small winding staircase that leads to my room."

Hermann, like a tiger scenting his prey, stood impatiently waiting for the appointed hour. At ten o'clock he was already there. The night was stormy, the wind blowing a hurricane and the snow falling heavily. The street lamps gave very little light and the thoroughfares were empty. Now and then, a cab came in view, the driver whipping up his poor horse while peering through the storm in the hope of finding a belated passenger. Clad in a thin overcoat, Hermann felt neither the wind nor the cold. At last the Countess's carriage appeared and he saw two robust footmen lift the old lady by the arms and place her in the cushioned carriage, where she sat wrapped in a fur cape. A minute later, in a thin cloak and with natural flowers entwined in her hair, Lisabeta hurried in after her. The door shut to and the carriage rolled away noiselessly over the soft snow. The footman closed the door of the house, the lights went out and everything was quiet once more, Hermann meanwhile walking up and down in the street. After a while, he looked at his watch and found it was twenty minutes of eleven. Leaning against a lamp-post, his eyes glued on the hands of his timepiece, he waited with impatience for the hour to come. Exactly at eleven o'clock, Hermann walked up the steps and, opening the door of the house, found to his joy that the hall was well lighted and that no one was in sight. With firm and quick steps, he entered the anteroom and found a footman fast asleep in a deep armchair. Hermann went by him softly and, passing through the dining-room and the drawing-room, which were not lighted, he finally reached the Countess's bedroom, the reflection from the hall lamp being sufficient to guide his footsteps. A golden lamp was burning before a shrine filled with holy pictures. Gilt armchairs and divans, whose cushions were still soft though faded as to colour, were placed symmetrically along the walls, hung with China silk. Two large pictures, painted by Mme. Lebrun, attracted his attention on entering the room. One represented a man about forty years of age, stout and fair in looks, dressed in a light-green coat and wearing a medal on his breast. The other was that of a fashionable young woman with delicate features, whose powdered hair, in which nestled a rose, was raised high above her brow. All about the room were numerous porcelain figures, vases of every description, clocks galore, baskets, fans and a hundred small toys, used by ladies of the last century, representing Montgolfier's balloons and the magnets discovered by Mesmer. Hermann went behind the screen, where he perceived the two doors; to the right that of the dark closet and to the left the one opening into the passage, which led to the poor companion's little room. He opened this latter door, but closed it again and entered the dark cabinet.

Time went by very slowly. An intense stillness reigned in the house. The clock in the drawing-room struck twelve and everything was quiet once more. Hermann was standing leaning against a cold stove. He was quite calm, his heart beating evenly, like that of a man who is determined to brave any dangers he may have to meet, knowing them to be inevitable. He heard the clock strike one, then two; and very shortly after came the distant rumbling of a carriage. For the first time that evening he felt his calm manner deserting him. The carriage drew nearer and finally stopped. Then there was quite a commotion in the house; the servants running hither and thither, their voices intermingling in a confused murmur; all the lights went up, the three maids entered the bedroom together, and the Countess, a walking mummy, was helped in and deposited in a huge armchair. Hermann saw Lisabeta pass close to him

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and heard her hurried steps down the passageway. In his inmost heart, he felt something very much like remorse, but he heeded it not, hardening his heart against it.

The Countess began to undress before a mirror; her maids took off her crown of roses, removing the powdered wig and revealing her own closely cropped white hair. The pins fell in showers about her, and her yellow dress, trimmed with silver, slipped down to her misshapen and swollen feet. Hermann, much against his will, was made to witness a very unattractive night toilette. When the Countess was finally dressed in her nightgown and cap, she looked far less hideous in this costume, which was more suitable to her age, than she did in her gorgeous brocades.

Like most elderly people she suffered much from insomnia, and after being undressed, she settled herself in her armchair, drawn up to the fireplace, ordered the lights put out and dismissed her attendants.

The Countess, wrinkled and yellow, with pendulous lips muttering, rocked herself to and fro for a little while, the lamp burning before the shrine shedding a dim light about her. There was a lack of intelligence in her sunken eyes, and she seemed to move not so much by her own accord as if by some hidden mechanism.

Suddenly her face changed, her lips ceased muttering and her eyes opened wide. Before her stood a stranger—it was Hermann.

"Do not be afraid, Madam," said Hermann in a low voice, but emphasizing each word. "For God's sake, don't look like that. I will not hurt you. On the contrary I have come to ask a favour of you."

The old lady looked at him in silence as if she did not understand. Thinking she might be deaf, he leaned toward her and repeated what he had said. But still she remained speechless.

"You can, in a few words," continued Hermann, "make me supremely happy for the remainder of my life, and that without any cost to you. I know that you can tell me of three cards which. . . ."

Hermann stopped. The Countess evidently understood what was wanted of her and seemed to be thinking of an answer:

"It was only a joke, I swear to you, nothing but a joke."

"No, Madam," answered Hermann in a hard voice. "Remember Tchaplitzki and how he won through you."

The Countess looked frightened, and for a minute her face twitched, but her features soon relaxed into a stupid stare.

"Will you not," said Hermann, "tell me the three winning cards?"

The Countess remained silent, and he continued:

"For whom do you keep this secret? For your grandsons? They will be rich without it. They do not know the value of money, and they are spendthrifts. He who cannot keep his inheritance will want some day, were he to have the power of the devil himself at his command. I am not a spendthrift. I know the value of money, and the three winning cards will not be wasted on me."

He stopped, trembling in every limb, and waited for her answer.

He knelt down.

"If your heart has ever known love, if you can remember its raptures, if you ever smiled on your first-born, if there is any human feeling in your breast, I beg of you, by the love you gave your husband and children, by all that you have held sacred, do not refuse my prayer; tell me your secret. Come now!—perhaps it is linked with a crime of your past life? Did you make a compact with the devil? Think well, you are very old, you may not have long to live. I will take all your sins on my conscience and will answer for them before God!—Tell me your secret!—Think how the happiness of one man lies in your power; not only mine, but that of my children and my grandchildren. We will honour you and bless your memory."

But the old lady never answered a word.

Hermann rose.

"Curse you, you old hag!" he cried, gnashing his teeth. "I know a way to make you speak." And with that he drew a revolver from his pocket.

At the sight of the weapon, the Countess, for the second time, showed some fear. She shook violently and put out a hand as if to ward off a blow, then suddenly falling back in her chair, she remained quite still.

"Come now, no more of this," cried Hermann, taking her hand. "I ask you for the last time, will you tell me what are the three cards, yes or no?"

There was no answer, and Hermann realized that the Countess was dead.

IV

Lisabeta Ivanovna, still in her ball dress, was seated in her room, wrapped in deep thought. On returning home, she

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had told her maid she would not need her, and hurried to her room, afraid to find Hermann there, wishing in her heart he had not come. At a glance, she saw he was not in the room, and she felt relieved that he had not succeeded in entering the house after all. She sat down, quite oblivious of the hour, and tried to recall the most trivial circumstances of the beginning of this intrigue, which in such a short time had led her so far. Barely three weeks had gone by since she had first seen the young officer from her window, and she had already written to him, had even gone so far as to promise him a rendezvous at night. She knew his name, but that was all. She had received a number of letters, but he had never spoken to her; she did not even know the sound of his voice. Until that very evening, strange to say, she had not even heard of him in any way. But at the ball that night, Tomski, who was devoted to the young Princess Pauline, thinking that she was flirting too much with one of her numerous admirers, decided to try and make her jealous. So with this end in view, he asked Lisabeta for an endless mazurka. He teased her unmercifully about her partiality for young officers in the Engineers, and while pretending to know a great deal more than he really did, it happened, once or twice, that his remarks went home and Lisabeta began to think that her secret had been discovered.

"But tell me," she said smilingly, "where did you hear all this?"

"From a friend of this officer in question, a queer character."

"And what is the name of this queer fellow?"

"He is called Hermann."

Lisabeta did not answer but she grew cold with fright.

"Hermann is a romantic fellow," continued Tomski. "He has the profile of Napoleon and the soul of Mephistopheles. I think he had at least three crimes on his conscience. But what makes you so pale?"

"I have a headache. But tell me, did this Mr. Hermann—is that his name?—tell you anything else?"

"Hermann is very much annoyed with the officer we are speaking of. He says that in his place he would act differently. To my mind, Hermann is in love with you himself, for he listens with unusual interest to his friend's confidences about you."

"But where has he seen me?"

"At church, perhaps; out driving, or maybe some night in your room while you were asleep. He would dare do anything."

Just then, three ladies came forward, according to the rules of the mazurka, and, bowing profoundly before him, asked him to choose between *forgetfulness* or *regret*,[1] thereby interrupting a conversation which had roused Lisabeta's curiosity to a pitiful degree.

The lady whom the lottery of the mazurka assigned as a partner to Tomski, happened to be the Princess Pauline. A long explanation took place between them during the repeated evolutions of the dance and the slow returning of his lady love to her seat. On rejoining his former partner, Tomski had forgotten all about Hermann and Lisabeta Ivanovna. She tried in vain to resume the conversation where they had left off, but the mazurka ended just then and the old Countess rose to leave.

Tomski's mysterious phrases were such as any man might use to keep up a conversation during a dance, but the Countess's companion had taken them to heart. The picture he drew of Hermann seemed to her remarkably true, and she was just romantic enough to see in what was really an insignificant face something that both charmed and frightened her.

She was drawing off her gloves, the flowers in her hair drooping over her bare shoulders, when suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She started.

"Where were you?" she asked him tremblingly.

"In the Countess's bedroom," answered Hermann. "I have just left her; she is dead."

"My God!" she cried, "what are you saying!"

"And I am afraid," he continued, "that I have been the cause of her death."

Lisabeta looked at him aghast and recalled the phrase Tomski had used when speaking of him: "He has at least three crimes on his conscience." Hermann deliberately sat down by the window and told her what had happened.

She listened in horror. Could it be possible that that bold and determined wooing, those passionate letters and endearing terms were not inspired by love, but that money alone was his motive? She had only her heart to give—and how could

[1] Each of these words represents one of the ladies. The gentleman pronounces one of them and has to dance with the one to whom the word belongs.

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she expect to make him happy? Poor child! She understood now that she had been the tool of a thief, of the murderer of her old benefactress, and she wept bitterly in an agony of remorse. Hermann sat in silence looking at her, but neither the tears of the unfortunate woman nor even her beauty, which was enhanced by her grief, could appeal to this man of steel. He felt no sorrow or regret at the death of the Countess, his one and only thought being that with her had died the secret which was to have made his fortune.

"You are a monster!" cried Lisabeta, after a while.

"I did not mean to kill her," he answered. "My revolver was not even loaded."

They remained silent for some time, not even looking at each other. Day was breaking. Lisabeta blew out the candle which had burned down to its socket, and gradually the room grew lighter. She wiped her eyes, swollen with tears, and looked at Hermann. He was standing at the window with his arms folded, frowning. In that attitude he reminded her forcibly of Napoleon and the resemblance startled her.

"How will I ever get you out of the house?" she said at last. "I meant to show you the secret stairway, but to do that I must pass the Countess's room, and I am too terrified. . . ."

"Just tell me where to find the stairway, and I can manage the rest."

She rose and looked in a drawer; she found a key, which she handed to Hermann, giving him the necessary instructions. He took her cold hand in his, kissed her lightly on the forehead and left the room.

He went down the spiral staircase and entered the Countess's room once more. She lay in her chair, her body quite stiff but her features somewhat relaxed. He stood and looked long at her to make sure of the horrible reality; then, entering the dark cabinet, he groped along the wall and found a small door opening on a staircase. While going down, strange thoughts came into his head: "Down this staircase," he was saying to himself, "about sixty years ago, at this hour, I daresay some gallant long since buried could have been seen leaving this bedroom. I can picture him in embroidered coat, a cocked hat held close under his arm, and now, after all these years, the heart of his mistress has also ceased to beat."

At the foot of the staircase, he found another door which he opened with his key. It led to a passageway which ended at the street.

V

THREE days after this fatal night, at nine in the morning, Hermann entered the convent where lay the remains of the old Countess. He experienced no remorse, and still he could not but feel that he was the murderer of that poor woman. Having no faith, he was, as is usually the case, very superstitious. Firmly convinced that the dead Countess could exert an evil influence over his life, he imagined he could appease her wrath by attending her funeral.

The church was crowded and he found it difficult to secure a seat. The body was lying in state on a rich catafalque under a velvet canopy. The Countess lay in her coffin with hands crossed on her breast, dressed in a white satin gown and lace cap. Around the bier the family was assembled; the servants in black, and with ribbons on their shoulders bearing the family coat-of-arms, stood with lighted tapers in their hands. Although the relatives, the children, grandchildren and even the great-grandchildren were all in deepest mourning, still not one amongst them shed a tear—it would have looked too much like affectation on their part. The Countess was so old that no one was surprised at her death, and for a long time now she had been considered dead, so far as the world was concerned.

A celebrated preacher pronounced the funeral oration. In a few simple words, he spoke of the final end of the just who have been preparing for the last summons by living a good and pure life: "The angel of death took her away," said the orator. "While she was in the midst of pious meditations, he came like a thief in the night." The service ended in silence, after which the relatives drew near to look at the body for the last time. Following them the invited guests came, each in turn, to bow once more before her who had been for so many years a sort of death's-head at their feasts. The servants were last, and one old woman of the same age as the Countess was led to the bier by two serving-women. She had not the strength to kneel, but tears rolled down her cheeks when she kissed her old mistress's hand.

Hermann also came forward and knelt for a moment on the flagstone strewn with

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pine. Then rising, as pale as death, he mounted the step leading to the catafalque and bowed . . . when suddenly it seemed to him that the dead woman was looking at him in a mocking way, and he actually believed that she winked at him. He fell back in horror, and someone helped him down. At that moment Lisabeta Ivanovna dropped down in a faint on the church floor. This incident disturbed the quiet of the funeral services for a few minutes; the assistants whispered amongst themselves, and a chamberlain, who was a near relative of the Countess, said to an Englishman standing near him: "That young officer is a son of the Countess—left-handed, of course." To which the Englishman answered: "Indeed!"

All day long Hermann felt very unhappy. In the quiet restaurant where he usually took his meals he drank a great deal in the hope of steadying his nerves, but the wine only increased his perturbation, giving free rein to his troubled thoughts. He returned home early and, without undressing, threw himself on his bed and fell into a heavy sleep.

When he woke it was night and the rays of the moon lit up his room. He looked at the time; it was a quarter of three. He could not go to sleep again, so he sat on his bed thinking of the old Countess.

Just then some one passed in the street and drawing near the window looked in, but Hermann paid no attention. A minute later, the door of the anteroom opened. He thought it was, no doubt, his servant, drunk as usual, when suddenly he realized that those were not his footsteps and that someone was coming. He heard the sound of slippered feet on the floor. The door opened and a woman in white came into the room. Hermann looked up, expecting to see his old nurse and wondering at the same time what could have brought her at this hour of the night, when the white figure crossing the room rapidly reached the foot of his bed, and he recognized the Countess.

"I come to you against my will," said she in a firm voice. "I am compelled to accede to your wish. Three—seven—ace—these cards played one after the other will win a fortune for you; but you must not play more than one card at a time in twenty-four hours, and for the rest of your life you must never touch a card again. I will forgive you my death, on condition that you marry my companion, Lisabeta Ivanovna."

After saying these words, she walked to the door and went out, still dragging her slippers after her. Hermann heard her close the door of the anteroom, and a minute later, a white figure passed in the street beneath his window and stopped for an instant as if to look in, then disappeared.

For some time Hermann sat dumfounded. Then rising, he walked into the anteroom to find his servant fast asleep on the floor, dead drunk. He found it hard to wake him, and then he could get no explanation from him. The door of the anteroom was locked. Hermann went back to his room and wrote down the circumstances of his vision.

VI

Two fixed ideas cannot exist in the mind at the same time any more than two physical bodies can occupy the same space at the same moment. Three—seven—ace soon blotted out the death of the Countess from Hermann's mind. Three — seven — ace never left his thoughts and were on his lips every minute of the day. Did he meet a pretty girl on the street: "What a fine figure," he would say, "She looks like a three of hearts." Did anyone ask him the time, he would answer: "Half-past seven of diamonds." All stout men reminded him of an ace. Three—seven—ace followed him in dreams and appeared to him under different forms. The threes blossomed out like magnolias; while sevens opened like doors of Gothic architecture, and aces hung from ceilings like enormous spiders. Each and every one of his thoughts was centred on the one idea: How to utilize this secret bought so dearly. If he asked for leave to travel a while, he kept saying to himself he would surely find a gaming table in Paris, where he could make his fortune in three strokes. As it happened, luck came his way.

There was in Moscow a club of rich gamblers, headed by the well-known Tchekalinski, who had spent the greater part of his life at the gaming-tables; he was very rich, as he raked in bank-bills and never risked anything higher than a silver coin. His magnificent house, his excellent table and his fascinating manner had won him a host of friends and the esteem of people in general. He came to live in St. Petersburg and the youth of the town thronged his rooms, neglecting the balls and dances for the nights at cards, preferring the excitement of the green cloth to the at-

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tractions of coquettes. Hermann was brought to Tchekalinski by Naroumof.

They crossed a seemingly endless suite of rooms through which eager and polite servants guided them. The place was crowded. Generals and judges were playing whist while young men sitting on divans sipped ices or smoked long pipes. In the principal drawing-room in front of a long table, where crowded about twenty players, the master of the house held the bank at faro. He was a man about sixty years of age with a gentle and noble bearing and with hair as white as snow. On his round, pleasant face, one could read goodnature and kindness—his eyes were forever smiling. When Naroumof introduced Hermann, Tchekalinski immediately held out his hand and bade him welcome, adding that he hoped he would make himself quite at home in his house, and then, resuming his seat, he went on shuffling.

The playing proceeded for some time; there were stakes on more than thirty cards at once. At each turn, Tchekalinski stopped to give the winners time to double their stakes, paid, listened courteously to any claim, and still with greater courtesy corrected the mistakes made by some heedless young fellows.

Finally the game ended. Tchekalinski shuffled the cards and began a new one.

"Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching a hand over a very stout man occupying much space on that side of the table.

Tchekalinski, smiling graciously, bowed in acquiescence. Naroumof congratulated Hermann on putting an end to his rigid rule of conduct, wishing him much luck for his début at cards.

"All right!" said Hermann, after writing a figure on the back of his card.

"How much?" asked the banker, his eyes blinking. "Pardon me, but I cannot see from here."

"Forty-seven thousand rubles," said Hermann.

At this, all heads went up and every glance was directed toward Hermann.

"He has gone crazy," thought Naroumof.

"Allow me to tell you, sir," said Tchekalinski, with his everlasting smile, "that your play is a little high. No one here has ever staked more than two hundred and seventy-five rubles on a single card."

"Very likely," said Hermann, "but will you take my stake, yes or no?"

Tchekalinski bowed in assent.

"I merely wished to say," he added, "that though I am quite sure of my friends, still I do not care to deal out a card except on money down. I am satisfied that your word is sufficient, but for the regularity of the game and to facilitate the counting of the stakes, I would thank you to put up your money."

Hermann drew a note from his pocket and handed it to Tchekalinski, who, after glancing at it, laid it on the card.

He dealt out a ten to the right and a three to the left.

"I win," said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment ran through the room. For a moment, the banker's brows contracted, but immediately his habitual smile reappeared on his face.

"Will I pay you now?" he asked of the winner.

"If you will be so kind."

Tchekalinski took some bank-notes from his safe and paid immediately. Hermann pocketed his winnings and left the table. Naroumof gazed at him in amazement. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and went home.

The following night he came back to Tchekalinski's house, and found the latter was still banker. Hermann drew near the table and this time the players made room for him and Tchekalinski bowed in a pleasant way.

Hermann waited for a new deal, then taking a card, he placed his forty-seven thousand rubles on it, adding besides the gains of the evening before.

Tchekalinski dealt out the cards. A jack came out on the right, a seven to the left.

Hermann showed a seven.

At this there was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski looked decidedly ill at ease, but he counted out ninety-four thousand rubles and handed them to Hermann, who, taking them coolly, rose and quietly left the room immediately.

He appeared once more the following night, at the usual hour. Everybody was waiting for him; the generals and judges forsook their whist to watch such extraordinary play, the young officers deserted their divans. In fact, the whole house crowded into the room. They all surrounded Hermann when he entered, and the other players stopped betting, so impatient were they to see him fight it out with the banker, who, though pale, still smiled when he saw him nearing the table prepared to play alone against him. Each one opened a pack of cards at the same time. Hermann cut; then taking a card, he covered it with bank-notes. Such a profound

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silence reigned in the room that one might have thought these were the preliminaries of a duel instead of a game.

Tchekalinski began to shuffle, his hands trembling noticeably. To the right came out a queen, to the left an ace.

"Ace wins," said Hermann, turning up his card.

"Your queen loses," said Tchekalinski in a soft voice.

Hermann shuddered. Instead of an ace he had a queen of spades before him. He could not believe his eyes, at a loss to understand how he could have made such a mistake.

With his eyes glued to the fatal card, he fancied that the queen of spades looked at him mockingly. He even saw a strange resemblance between it and the dead Countess. . . .

"Damn you, you old hag!" he cried in horror.

Meanwhile Tchekalinski, with a sweep of his rake, gathered in all the money. Hermann sat motionless for some time, and when he finally left the table, he turned to the other men and broke out into a loud laugh. "A wonderful game!" said all the players. Tchekalinski shuffled the cards and the play went on.

Hermann has become insane. He is in the Asylum d'Oboukhof—number seventeen. He never answers any question put to him but mutters forever: "Three—seven—ace!——three—seven—queen!"

Lisabeta Ivanovna has just been married to the son of the Countess's business agent. He has a fine position and is a good fellow besides. Lisabeta has taken a young girl, a poor relative, to live with her and superintends her education.

Tomski is now Major of Cavalry. He is married to Princess Pauline.

The Indifferent

By JOHN DONNE

I CAN love both faire and browne,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who maskes and plaies,
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out others?
Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
Oh we are not, be not you so,
Let mee, and doe you, twenty know.
Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them. who'are false to you.

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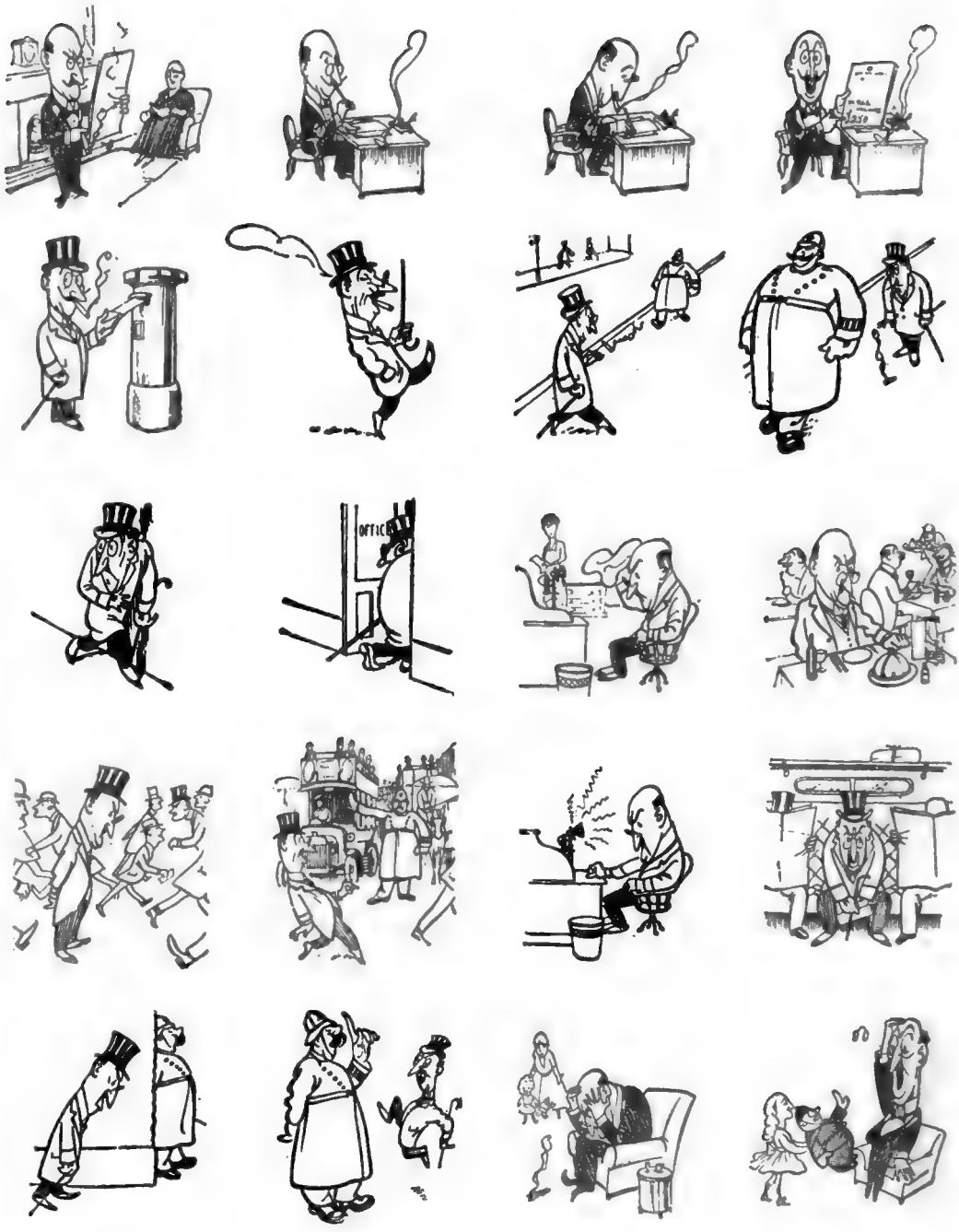

The Man Who Rendered

A motion picture series of

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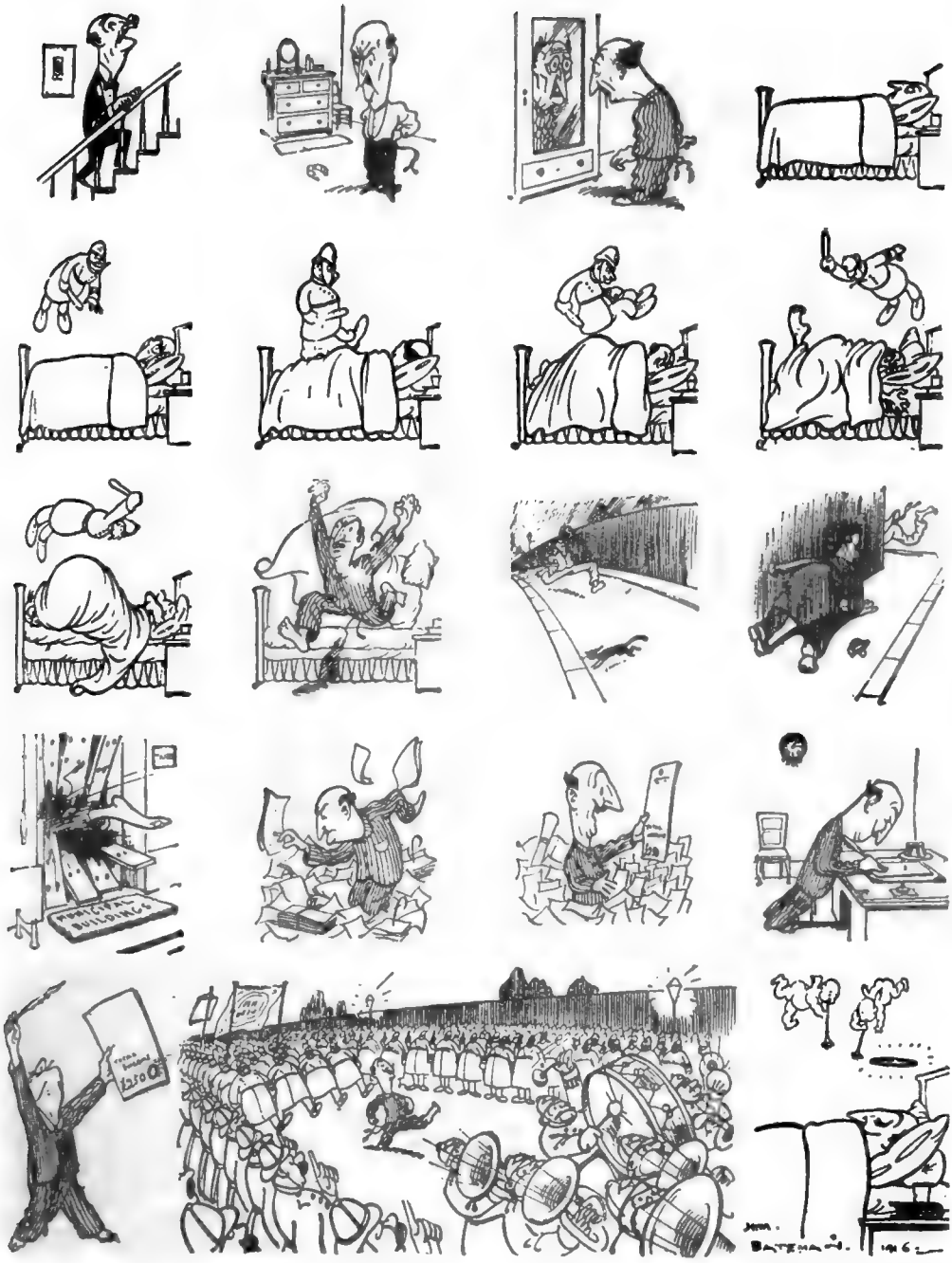

a False Income Tax Statement

drawings by H. M. Bateman

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Children and Parents

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

Havelock Ellis

THE twentieth century, as we know, has frequently been called "the century of the child." When, however, we turn to the books of Ellen Key, who has most largely and sympathetically taken this point of view, one asks oneself whether, after all, the child's century has brought much to the child. Ellen Key points out, with truth, that, even in our century, parents may for the most part be divided into two classes: those who act as if their children existed only for their benefit and those who act as if they existed only for their children's benefit, the results, she adds, being alike deplorable. For the first group of parents tyrannize over the child, seek to destroy its individuality, exercise an arbitrary discipline too spasmodic to have any of the good effects of discipline, and would model him into a copy of themselves, though really, she adds, it ought to pain them very much to see themselves exactly copied. The second group of parents may wish to model their children not after themselves, but after their ideals, yet they differ chiefly from the first class by their over-indulgence, by their anxiety to pamper the child by yielding to all his caprices and artificially protecting him from the natural results of those caprices, so that instead of learning freedom he has merely acquired self-will. These parents do not indeed tyrannize over their children but they do worse; they train their children to be tyrants. Against these two tendencies of our century Ellen Key declares her own Alpha and Omega of the art of education. Try to leave the child in peace; live your own life beautifully, nobly, temperately, and in so living you will sufficiently teach your children to live.

It is not my purpose here to consider how far this conception of the duty of parents towards children is justified, and whether or not peace is the best preparation for a world in which struggle dominates. All these questions about education are rather idle. There are endless theories of education but no agreement concerning the value of any of them, and the whole question of education remains open. I am here concerned less with the duty of parents in relation to their children than with the duty of children in relation to their parents, and that means that I am not concerned with young children, to whom that duty still presents no serious problems, since they have not yet developed a personality with self-conscious individual needs. Certainly the one attitude must condition the other attitude. The reaction of children against their parents is the necessary result of the parents' action. So that we have to pay some attention to the character of parental action.

We cannot expect to find any coherent or uniform action on the part of parents. But there have been at different historical periods different general tendencies in the attitude of parents towards their children. Thus if we go back four or five centuries in English social history we seem to find a general attitude which scarcely corresponds exactly to either of Ellen Key's two groups. It seems usually to have been compounded of severity and independence; children were first strictly compelled to go their parents' way and then thrust off to their own way. There seems a certain hardness in this method, yet it is doubtful whether it can fairly be regarded as more unreasonable than either of the two modern methods deplored by Ellen Key. On the contrary it had points for admiration. It was primarily a discipline, but it was regarded, as any fortifying discipline should be regarded, as a preparation for freedom, and it is pre-

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cisely there that the more timid and clinging modern way seems to fail.

We clearly see the old method at work in the chief source of knowledge concerning old English domestic life, the *Paston Letters*. Here we find that at an early age the sons of knights and gentlemen were sent to serve in the houses of other gentlemen: it was here that their education really took place, an education not in book knowledge, but in knowledge of life. Such education was considered so necessary for a youth that a father who kept his sons at home was regarded as negligent of his duty to his family. A knowledge of the world was a necessary part, indeed the chief part, of a youth's training for life. The remarkable thing is that this applied also to a large extent to the daughters. They realised in those days, what is only beginning to be realized in ours,[1] that, after all, women live in the world just as much, though differently, as men live in the world, and that it is quite as necessary for the girl as for the boy to be trained to the meaning of life. Margaret Paston, towards the end of the fifteenth century, sent her daughter Ann to live in the house of a gentleman who, a little later, found that he could not keep her as he was purposing to decrease the size of his household. The mother writes to her son: "I shall be fain to send for her and with me she shall but lose her time, and without she be the better occupied she shall oftentimes move me and put me to great unquietness. Remember what labour I had with your sister, therefore do your best to help her forth"; as a result it was planned to send her to a relative's house in London.

It is evident that in the fifteenth century in England there was a wide prevalence of this method of education, which in France, a century later, was still regarded as desirable by Montaigne. His reason for it is worth noting; children should be educated away from home, he remarks, in order to acquire hardness, for the parents will be too tender to them. "It is an opinion accepted by all that it is not right to bring up children in their parents' laps, for natural love softens and relaxes even the wisest."[2]

In old France, indeed, the conditions seem similar to those in England. The great serio-comic novel of Antoine de la Salle, *Petit Jean de Saintré*, shows us in detail the education and the adventures, which certainly involved a very early introduction to life, of a page in a great house in the fifteenth century. We must not take everything in this fine comedy too solemnly, but in the fourteenth-century *Book of the Knight of the Tour-Landry* we may be sure that we have at its best the then prevailing view of the relation of a father to his tenderly loved daughters. Of harshness and rigour in the relationship it is not easy to find traces in this lengthy and elaborate book of paternal counsels. But it is clear that the father takes seriously the right of a daughter to govern herself and to decide for herself between right and wrong. It is his object, he tells his girls, "to enable them to govern themselves." In this task he assumes that they are entitled to full knowledge, and we feel that he is not instructing them in the mysteries of that knowledge; he is taking for granted, in the advice he gives and the stories he tells them, that his "young and small daughters, not, poor things, overburdened with experience," already possess the most precise knowledge of the intimate facts of life, and that he may tell them, without turning a hair, the most outrageous incidents of debauchery. Life already lies naked before them: that he assumes; he is not imparting knowledge, he is giving good counsel.[3]

It is clear that this kind of education and this attitude towards children must be regarded as the outcome of the whole mediæval method of life. In a state of society where roughness and violence, though not, as we sometimes assume, chronic, were yet always liable to be manifested, it was necessary for every man and woman to be able to face the crudest facts of the world and to be able to maintain his or her own rights against them. The education that best secured that strength and independence was the best education, and it necessarily involved an

[1] This was illustrated in England when women first began to serve on juries. The pretext was frequently brought forward that there are certain kinds of cases and of evidence that do not concern women, or that women ought not to hear. The pretext would have been more plausible if it had also been argued that there are certain kinds of cases and of evidence that men ought not to hear. As a matter of fact, whatever frontier there may be in these matters is not of a sexual kind. Everything that concerns men ultimately concerns women, and everything that concerns women ultimately concerns men. Neither women nor men are entitled to claim dispensation.

[2] Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. I., ch. 25.

[3] If the Knight went to an extreme in his assumption of his daughters' knowledge, modern fathers often go to the opposite and more foolish extreme of assuming in their daughters an ignorance that would be dangerous even if it really existed. In *A Young Girl's Diary* (translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul), a work that is highly instructive for parents, and ought to be painful for many, we find the diarist noting at the age of thirteen that she and a girl friend of about the same age overheard the father of one of them—both well brought up and carefully protected, one Catholic and the other Protestant—referring to "those innocent children." "We did laugh so, we and *innocent children!!!* What our fathers really think of us; we innocent!!! At dinner we did not dare look at one another or we should have exploded." It need scarcely be added that, at the same time, they were more innocent than they knew.

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element of hardness. We must go back earlier than Montaigne's day, when the conditions were becoming mitigated, to see the system working in all its vigou .

The lady of the day of the early thirteenth century has been well described by Luchaire in his scholarly study of French Society in the time of Philip Augustus. She was, he tells us, as indeed she had been in the preceding feudal centuries, often what we should nowadays call a virago, of violent temperament, with vivid passions, broken in from childhood to all physical exercises, sharing the pleasures and dangers of the knights around her. Feudal life, fertile in surprises and in risks, demanded even in women a vigorous temper of soul and body, a masculine air, and habits also that were almost virile. She accompanied her father or her husband to the chase, while in wartime, if she became a widow or if her husband was away at the Crusades, she was ready, if necessary, to direct the defences of the lordship, and in peace time she was not afraid of the longest and most dangerous pilgrimages. She might even go to the Crusades on her own account, and, if circumstances required, conduct a war to come out victoriously.

We may imagine the robust kind of education required to produce people of this quality. But as regards the precise way in which parents conducted that education, we have, as Luchaire admits, little precise knowledge. It is for the most part only indirectly, by reading between the lines, that we glean something as to what it was considered befitting to inculcate in a good household, and as what we thus learn is mostly from the writings of Churchmen it is doubtless a little one-sided. Thus Adam de Perseigne, an ecclesiastic, writes to the Countess du Perche to advise her how to live in a Christian manner; he counsels her to abstain from playing games of chance and chess, not to take pleasure in the indecent farces of actors, and to be moderate in dress. Then, as ever, preachers expressed their horror of the ruinous extravagance of women, their false hair, their rouge, and their dresses that were too long or too short. They also reprobated their love of flirtation. It was, however, in those days a young girl's recognized duty, when a knight arrived in the household, to exercise the rites of hospitality, to disarm him, give him his bath, and if necessary massage him to help him to go to sleep. It is not surprising that the young girl sometimes made love to the knight under these circumstances, nor is it surprising that he, engaged in an arduous life and trained to disdain feminine attractions, often failed to respond.

It is easy to understand how this state of things gradually became transformed into the considerably different position of parents and child we have known, which doubtless attained its climax nearly a century ago. Feudal conditions, with the large households so well adapted to act as seminaries for youth, began to decay, and as education in such seminaries must have led to frequent mischances both for youths and maidens who enjoyed the opportunities of education there, the regret for their disappearance may often have been tempered for parents. Schools, colleges, and universities began to spring up and develop for one sex, while for the other home life grew more intimate, and domestic ties closer. Montaigne's warning against the undue tenderness of a narrow family life no longer seemed reasonable, and the family became more self-centred and more enclosed. Beneath this, and more profoundly influential, there was a general softening in social respects, and a greater expansiveness of affectional relationships, in reality or in seeming, within the home, compensating, it may be, the more diffused social feeling within a group which characterized the previous period.

So was cultivated that undue tenderness, deplored by Montaigne, which we now regard as almost normal in family life, and solemnly label, if we happen to be psychoanalysts, the Œdipus-complex or the Electra-complex. Sexual love is closely related to parental love; the tender emotion, which is an intimate part of parental love, is also an intimate part of sexual love, and two emotions which are each closely related to a third emotion cannot fail to become often closely associated to each other. With a little thought we might guess beforehand, even while still in complete ignorance of the matter, that there could not fail to be frequently a sexual tinge in the affection of a father for his daughter, of a mother for her son, of a son for his mother, or a daughter for her father. Needless to say, that does not mean that there is present any physical desire of sex in the narrow sense; that would be a perversity, and a rare perversity. We are here on another plane than that of crude physical desire, and are moving within the sphere of the emotion. But such emotions are often strong, and all the stronger because conscious of their own absolute rectitude and often masked under the shape of Duty. Yet when prolonged

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beyond the age of childhood they tend to become a clog on development, and a hindrance to a wholesome life. The child who cherishes such emotion is likely to suffer infantile arrest of development, and the parent who is so selfish as to continue to expend such tenderness on a child who has passed the age of childhood, or to demand it, is guilty of a serious offence against that child.

That the intimate family life which sometimes resulted—especially when, as frequently happened, the seeming mutual devotion was also real—might often be regarded as beautiful and almost ideal, it has been customary to repeat with an emphasis that in the end has even become nauseous. For it was usually overlooked that the self-centred and enclosed family, even when the mutual affection of its members was real enough to bear all examination, could scarcely be more than partially beautiful, and could never be ideal. For the family represents only one aspect, however important an aspect, of a human being's functions and activities. He can not, she can not, be divorced from the life of the social group, and a life is beautiful and ideal, or the reverse, only when we have taken into our consideration the social as well as the family relationship. When the family claims to prevent the free association of an adult member of it with the larger social organization, it is claiming that the part is greater than the whole, and such a claim can not fail to be morbid and mischievous.

The old-world method of treating children, we know, has long ago been displaced as containing an element of harsh tyranny. But it was not perceived, and it seems, indeed, not even yet to be generally recognized, that the system which replaced it, and is only now beginning to pass away, involved another and more subtle tyranny, the more potent because not seemingly harsh. Parents no longer whipped their children even when grown up, or put them in seclusion, or exercised physical force upon them after they had passed childhood. They felt that that would not be in harmony with the social customs of a world in which ancient feudal notions were dead. But they merely replaced the external compulsion by an internal compulsion which was much more effective. It was based on the moral assumption of claims and duties which were rarely formulated because parents found it quite easy and pleasant to avoid formulating them, and children, on the rare occasions when they formulated them, usually felt a sense of guilt in challenging their validity. It was in the nineteenth century that this state of things reached its full development. The sons of the family were usually able, as they grew up, to escape and elude it, although they thereby often created an undesirable divorce from the home, and often suffered, as well as inflicted, much pain in tearing themselves loose from the spiritual bonds—especially, perhaps, in matters of religion—woven by long tradition to bind them to their parents. It was on the daughters that the chief stress fell. For the working class, indeed, there was often the possibility of escape into hard labour, if only that of marriage. But such escape was not possible, immediately or at all, for a large number. During the nineteenth century many had been so carefully enclosed in invisible cages, they had been so well drilled in the reticences and the duties and the subserviences that their parents silently demanded of them, that we can never know all the tragedies that took place. In exceptional cases, indeed, they gave a sign. When they possessed unusual power of intellect, or unusual power of character and will, they succeeded in breaking loose from their cages, or at least in giving expression to themselves. This is seen in the stories of nearly all the women eminent in life and literature during the nineteenth century, from the days of Mary Woolstonecraft onwards. The Brontës, almost, yet not quite, strangled by the fetters placed upon them by their stern and narrow-minded father, and enabled to attain the full stature of their genius only by that brief sojourn in Brussels, are representative. Elizabeth Barrett, chained to a couch of invalidism under the eyes of an imperiously affectionate father until with Robert Browning's aid she secretly eloped into the open air of freedom and health, and so attained complete literary expression, is a typical figure. It is only because we recognize that she is a typical figure among the women who attained distinction that we are able to guess at the vast number of mute inglorious Elizabeth Barretts who were never able to escape by their own efforts and never found a Browning to aid them to escape.

It is sometimes said that those days are long past and that young women, in all the countries which we are pleased to call civilized, are now emancipated; indeed, rather too much emancipated. Critics come forward to complain of their undue

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freedom, of their irreverent familiarity to their parents, of their language, of their habits. But there were critics who said the very same things, in almost the same words, of the grandmothers of these girls! These incompetent critics are as ignorant of the social history of the past as they are of the social significance of the history of the present. We read in *Once a Week* of sixty years ago (10th August, 1861), the very period when the domestic conditions of girls were the most oppressive in the sense here understood, that these same critics were about at that time, and as shocked as they are now at "the young ladies who talk of 'awful swells' and 'deuced bores,' who smoke and venture upon free discourse, and try to be like men." The writer of this anonymous article, who was really (I judge from internal evidence) so distinguished and so serious a woman as Harriet Martineau, duly snubs these critics, pointing out that such accusations are at least as old as Addison and Horace Walpole; she remarks that there have no doubt been so-called "fast young ladies" in every age, "varying their doings and sayings according to the fopperies of the time." The question, as she pertinently concludes, is, as, indeed, it still remains to-day: "Have we more than the average proportion? I do not know." Nor to-day do we know.

But while to-day, as ever before, we have a certain proportion of these emancipated girls, and while to-day, as perhaps never before, we are able to understand that they have an element of reason on their side, it would be a mistake to suppose that they are more than exceptions. The majority are unable, and not even anxious, to attain this light-hearted social emancipation. For the majority, even though they are workers, the anciently subtle ties of the home are still, as they should be, an element of natural piety, and, also, as they should not be, clinging fetters which impede individuality and destroy personal initiative.

We all know so many happy homes beneath whose calm surface this process is working out. The parents are deeply attached to their children, who still remain children to them even when they are grown up. They wish to guide them and mould them and cherish them, to protect them from the world, to enjoy their society and their aid, and they expect that their children shall continue indefinitely to remain children. The children, on their side, remain, and always will remain, tenderly attached to their parents, and it would really pain them to feel that they are harbouring any unwillingness to stay in the home even after they have grown up, so long as their parents need their attention. It is, of course, the daughters who are thus expected to remain in the home and who feel this compunction about leaving it. It seems to us—although, as we have seen, so unlike the attitude of former days—a natural, beautiful, and rightful feeling on both sides.

Yet, in the result, all sorts of evils tend to ensue. The parents often take as their moral right the services which should only be accepted, if accepted at all, as the offering of love and gratitude, and even reach a degree of domineering selfishness in which they refuse to believe that their children have any adult rights of their own, absorbing and drying up that physical and spiritual life-blood of their offspring which it is the parents' part in Nature to feed. If the children are willing there is nothing to mitigate this process; if they are unwilling the result is often a disastrous conflict. Their time and energy are not their own; their tastes are criticized and so far as possible crushed; their political ideas, if they have any, are treated as pernicious; and—which is often on both sides the most painful of all—differences in religious belief lead to bitter controversy and humiliating recrimination. Such differences in outlook between youth and age are natural and inevitable and right. The parents themselves, though they may have forgotten it, often in youth similarly revolted against the cherished doctrines of their own parents; it has ever been so, the only difference being that to-day, probably, the opportunities for variation are greater. So it comes about that what James Hinton said half a century ago is often true to-day: "Our happy Christian homes are the real dark places of the earth."

It is evident that the problem of the relation of the child to the parent is still incompletely solved even in what we consider our highest civilization. There is here needed an art in which those who have to exercise it can scarcely possess all the necessary skill and experience. Among trees and birds and beasts the art is surer because it is exercised unconsciously, on the foundation of a large tradition in which failure meant death. In the common procreative profusion of those forms of life the frequent death of the young was a matter of little concern, but biologically there was never any sacrifice of the offspring to the

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well-being of the parents. Whenever sacrifice is called for it is the parents who are sacrificed to their offspring. In our superior human civilization, in which quantity ever tends to give place to quality, the higher value of the individual involves an effort to avoid sacrifice which sometimes proves worse than abortive. An avian philosopher would be unlikely to feel called upon to denounce nests as the dark places of the earth, and in laying down our human moral laws we have always to be aware of forgetting the fundamental biological relationship of parent and child to which all such moral laws must conform. To some would-be parents that necessity may seem hard. In such a case it is well for them to remember that there is no need to become parents, and that we live in an age when it is not difficult to avoid becoming a parent. The world is not dying for lack of parents. On the contrary, we have far too many of them—ignorant parents, silly parents, unwilling parents, undesirable parents—and those who aspire to the high dignity of creating the future race, let them be as few as they will—and perhaps at the present time the fewer the better—must not refuse the responsibilities of that position, its pains as well as its joys.

In our human world, as we know, the moral duties laid upon us—the duties in which, if we fail, we become outcasts in our own eyes or in those of others or in both—are of three kinds: the duties to oneself, the duties to the small circle of those we love, and the duties to the larger circle of mankind to which ultimately we belong, since out of it we proceed, and to it we owe all that we are. There are no maxims, there is only an art, and a difficult art, to harmonize duties which must often conflict. We have to be true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. To that extent George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver was undoubtedly right. But the renunciation of the self is not the routine solution of every conflict, any more than is the absolute failure to renounce. In a certain sense the duty towards the self comes before all others, because it is the condition on which duties towards others possess any significance and worth. In that sense, it is true according to the familiar saying of Shakespeare,—though it was only Polonius, the man of maxims, who voiced it,—that one cannot be true to others unless one is first true to oneself, and that one can know nothing of giving aught that is worthy to give unless one also knows how to take.

We see that the problem of the place of parents in life, after their function of parenthood has been adequately fulfilled, a problem which offers no difficulties among most forms of life, has been found hard to solve by Man. At some places and periods it has been considered most merciful to put them to death; at others they have been almost or quite deified and allowed to regulate the whole lives of their descendants. Thus in New Caledonia aged parents, it is said by Mrs. Hadfield, were formerly taken up to a high mountain and left with enough food to last a few days; there was at the same time great regard for the aged, as also among the Hottentots, who asked: "Can you see a parent or a relative shaking and freezing under a cold, dreary, heavy, useless old age, and not think, in pity of them, of putting an end to their misery?" It was generally the opinion of the parents themselves, but in some countries the parents have dominated and overawed their children to the time of their natural death and even beyond, up to the point of ancestor worship, as in China, where no man of any age can act for himself in the chief matters of life during his parents' life-time, and to some extent in ancient Rome, whence an influence in this direction which still exists in the laws and customs of France.[1] Both extremes have proved compatible with a beautifully human life. To steer midway between them seems to-day, however, the wisest course. There ought to be no reason, and under happy conditions there is no reason, why the relationship between parent and child, as one of mutual affection and care, should ever cease to exist. But that the relationship should continue to exist as a tie is unnatural and tends to be harmful. At a certain stage in the development of the child the physical tie with the parent is severed, and the umbilical cord cut. At a later stage in development, when puberty is attained and adolescence is feeling its way towards a complete adult maturity, the spiritual tie must be severed. It is absolutely essential that the young spirit should begin to essay its own wings. If its energy is not equal to this adventure, then it is the part of a truly loving parent to push it over the edge of the nest. Of course there are dangers and risks. But the worst dangers and risks come of the failure to adventure, of the refusal to face the tasks of the world and to assume the full

[1] The varying customs of different peoples in this matter are set forth by Westermarck, *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideals*, Ch. XXV.

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function of life. All that Freud has told of the paralyzing and maiming influence of infantile arrest or regression is here profitable to consider. In order, moreover, that the relationship between parents and children may retain its early beauty and love, it is essential that it shall adapt itself to adult conditions and the absence of ties so rendered necessary. Otherwise there is little likelihood of anything but friction and pain on one side or the other, and perhaps on both sides.

The parents have not only to train their children: it is of at least equal importance that they should train themselves. It is desirable that children, as they grow up, should be alive to this necessity, and consciously assist in the process, since they are in closer touch with a new world of activities to which their more lethargic parents are often blind and deaf. For every fresh stage in our lives we need a fresh education, and there is no stage for which so little educational preparation is made as that which follows the reproductive period. Yet at no time—especially in women, who present all the various stages of the sexual life in so emphatic a form—would education be more valuable. The great burden of reproduction, with all its absorbing responsibilities, has suddenly been lifted; at the same time the perpetually recurring rhythm of physical sex manifestations, so often disturbing in its effect, finally ceases; with that cessation, very often, after a brief period of perturbation, there is an increase both in physical and mental energy. Yet, too often, all that one can see is that a vacuum has been created, and that there is nothing to fill it. The result is that the mother—for it is most often of the mother that complaint is made—devotes her own new-found energies to the never-ending task of hampering and crushing her children's developing energies. How many mothers there are who bring to our minds that ancient and almost inspired statement concerning those for whom "Satan finds some mischief still"! They are wasting, worse than wasting, energies that might be profitably applied to all sorts of social service in the world. There is nothing that is so much needed as the "maternal in politics," or in all sorts of non-political channels of social service, and none can be better fitted for such service than those who have had an actual experience of motherhood and acquired the varied knowledge that such experience should give. There are numberless other ways, besides social service, in which mothers who have passed the age of forty, providing they possess the necessary aptitudes, can more profitably apply themselves than in hampering, or pampering, their adult children. It is by wisely cultivating their activities in a larger sphere that women whose chief duties in the narrower domestic sphere are over may better ensure their own happiness and the welfare of others than either by fretting and obstructing, or by worrying over, their own children who are no longer children. It is quite true that the children may go astray even when they have ceased to be children. But the time to implant the seeds of virtue, the time to convey a knowledge of life, was when they were small. If it was done well, it only remains to exercise faith and trust. If it was done ill, nothing done later will compensate, for it is merely foolish for a mother who could not educate her children when they were small to imagine that she is able to educate them when they are big.

So it is that the problem of the attitude of the child to its parents circles round again to that of the parents to the child. The wise parent realizes that childhood is simply a preparation for the free activities of later life, that the parents exist in order to equip children for life and not to shelter and protect them from the world into which they must be cast. Education, whatever else it should or should not be, must be an inoculation against the poisons of life and an adequate equipment in knowledge and skill for meeting the chances of life. Beyond that, and no doubt in the largest part, it is a natural growth and takes place of itself.

Epigram—By ERNEST DOWSON

BECAUSE I am idolatrous and have besought,
With grievous supplication and consuming prayer,
The admirable image that my dreams have wrought
Out of her swan's neck and her dark abundant hair:
The jealous gods, who brook no worship save their own,
Turned my live idol marble and her heart to stone.

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The Way of the Gray Hills

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

TUGLUK KHAN was off to his own country. Up the long northern trail he went, his rough, wadded sheepskin coat folded across the small of his back to give free play to his lungs, while his arms, sleeves rolled to the elbows, moved rhythmically up and down. He walked with the stammering, suspicious step of the hill-bred who reckons with inequalities of ground, lifting his rope-soled sandals gingerly over slippery timber falls and crumbling granite slides; putting on extra speed when he crossed a wide spread of rust-brown bracken that lay like a scarf athwart the summer hue of the slope; again warily slowing as he forded swift little streams bordered with scented, wild peppermint and spiky wormwood and stiff, starry, azure gentian and, betwixt water-rounded pebbles, tufts of moss yellow as topaz or red as ruby, and here and there an edging of ferns green as a spring wind.

South and east he left the towering, tortured Himalaya peaks, the Roof of the World, where three great countries—British India, China, and Russian Central Asia—link frontiers and swap trade goods and trade lies and, occasionally, a steely, bluffing crackle of threats; and he kept as straight as the road would let him towards a dun-coloured village which was perched on a flat, circular mountain top, called *The Wrath of the Thunder Gods* in the Afghan tongue.

There the Zakka Khel, his native tribe, garnered their meager crops and herded their small, shaggy goats among the purple rhododendrons. Below, a narrow valley cleft the hills, and beyond was a second mountain top, called for a reason long forgotten *The Neighing of the Black Horse* and inhabited by another tribe, the Momand Khel, his own clan's ancient enemies.

Not that there had ever been blood feud.

For blood feud means an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. A life for a life it means, with rifles cracking from ambush, and knives leaping crimson through the black of the night, and a killing even of women and little children when they go to the brook to fetch water for the evening meal.

Blood feud was proper and honourable for the tribes of the South, near the Indian border, that counted their fighting men by the thousands. But here, in the high, bitter hills of the North where lean birch met stunted pine and pine met eternal snow and snow met the naked wind of Allah, the clans were small—not more than a hundred families to each—and nobody would be the gainer by blood feud except, belike, the slinking, gray wolves and the circling carrion-hawks.

Still, there had always been the enmity, the bickering hate and turgid, churlish jealousy; and never intermarriage which would have brought peace: and often, when Zakka Khel met Momand Khel, an exchange of rich, salty abuse, an angry shaking and threatening of hairy fists, and at times a hurling of stones and thorn sticks.

Tugluk Khan, thinking of home, recalled a day seven years earlier, a week or two before he had gone south to Kabul to seek service in the Amir's army.

He had been a boy of fifteen, though in the mountains they reckoned him almost a man, and he had descended into the valley, driving his father's goats so that they might eat their greedy fill of the rich, blossoming spring herbage. He had met there a girl of the Momand Khel, a few years younger than he, and very lovely she had seemed to him with pale gold for her skin and ebony for her hair, with the velvety red of rowan berries for the curve of her lips and shiny, fearless steel for the gray of her eyes. So, in his stilted peasant speech, he had said to her:

"*Benjam-i-shuma*—by your life and mine! But yours is the fine beauty to the seeing of my eyes. . . ."

"And the quick fist," she had interrupted, "and the unerring aim!"

And she had picked up a jagged stone, had thrown it with all her young strength, hitting and bruising his forehead, and had

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leaped nimbly away, up the trail towards *The Neighing of the Black Horse.*

Then, from behind the safety of a granite boulder, she had called him a number of names which, while giving the lie to her sex and tender years, had been as emblematic of her tough, aggressive breed as ice is of winter. In shrill accents she had demanded by what right he, a Zakka Khel, thus "an abuser of the salt—a loathy beast with pig's ears—a creature of quite unmentionable begetting—an almost Hindu in lack of the nobler qualities!" dared as much as look at the shadow of a girl of the Momand Khel, and had wound up triumphantly:

"Pah! Brother of seventeen dogs! Be pleased to return to your kennel—at once!"

Tugluk Khan laughed at the memory.

He rubbed his forehead. A ragged scar was still there where her stone had struck him.

A wildcat, he thought. A biting, scratching wildcat. But—hayah!—those steel-gray eyes of hers—those red, red lips. And she would be seven years older now—no longer a child——

He wondered if she was married.

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

Married or not, she was a Momand Khel. Their tribes were enemies.

When, the next moon, he reached the higher mountains he opened wide his lungs and filled them with the snow-sharp air, as though to cleanse himself from the reek of that southern city of Kabul where he had lived seven years of his youth; where, a private, afterwards a sergeant in the Amir's army, he had learned to shoot straight, to embroider his earthy peasant speech with spiced, flowery metaphor, and to twirl his mustache and, perhaps, whisper the soft ghost of a word—"to-morrow at this time near the Kashmere caravanserai, O Mouth of Honey!"—when some supple Afghan woman, veiled after the manner of town-bred people, passed him in the bazaar with a clink-clonk of silver anklets and a brazen message in her black eyes.

This serving in the Amir's army, as freemen not conscripts, was a tribal custom of the Zakka Khel, as it was a tradition of the Momand Khel youths to spend certain years in wandering as wrestlers throughout Afghanistan, even crossing the western border into Persia and the southern into the yellow plains of India. Unlike the Zakka Khel, who were small-boned and lithe and wiry, the latter were a race of giants, with chests like deep drums and bodies made for crushing and crunching. For generations the wrestling craft, with a dozen shrewd tricks and twists, had descended from father to son until to-day, in all Central Asia, no gladiators were more famed or feared than they.

A week or two earlier—he had left Kabul that same day—Tugluk Khan had met one of these wrestlers, a certain Ali Yussef, the son of the Momand Khel's village priest.

Followed by a fawning, admiring, chattering rabble of city Afghans, Ali Yussef had come down the street, ogling the women, his right hand toying with a red rose which a dancing girl had tossed to him from a screened balcony. He had stalked along with a lumpish, ponderous strut and swagger, naked but for a loin-cloth and a gold bracelet set with enormous, off-colour diamonds that encircled one large wrist, his bronzed torso like a barrel, his arms and legs packed with a fantastic layer of muscle, his shoulders swaying heavily with every step of his broad feet, his short neck like a bull's and blending without break or curve into a bullet-shaped head that was close-shaven except for a single long, black scalp-lock in the center of his skull.

They had recognized each other. Momentarily they had stopped, had stared—the inherited, unreasoning hate of centuries surging up in their brains, causing the wrestler's fingers to curl murderously, while the soldier, being the weaker man, had reached instinctively for the crooked dagger in his uniform belt.

Then each passed on his way.

Enmity? Yes. But there was no blood feud between their clans.

That evening—perhaps seeing the other had been the illogical reason for it—homesickness had come to Tugluk Khan. Suddenly his heart had called back to the sharp, chill tang of the North. The longing had been upon his soul like a stinging brand, and, with the rapid decision typical of his race, he had gone straight to the *Koolar Aghassi*, the Colonel of his regiment.

"Sir," he had announced simply, "to-night I am returning to mine own people."

The *Koolar Aghassi*, a paunchy, red-bearded Durani noble, was a shrewd judge of human nature. There would be no holding this man, he had said to himself, except by an iron ball and chain. Besides, Tugluk Khan was a Zakka Khel, a freeman, not a gutter-bred rat of a Kabul conscript.

"Go in peace," he had said. "You have been a good soldier. Have you a brother?"

"Yes."

"How old?"

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"Fifteen—perhaps sixteen."

"Send him to take your place in the regiment."

"*Hookum hai*—it is an order!" Tugluk Khan had replied, salaaming.

He had been off to his own country within the hour, and two weeks later he found himself in the narrow valley that cleft the hills between *The Wrath of the Thunder Gods* and *The Neighing of the Black Horse.*

Above him he saw the stone huts of his tribe. Shapeless, dwarfed, huddled, they squatted among the jagged granite boulders, stretching on toward the North like a smudge of sooty gray beneath the glistening band of the eternal snows—the higher mountains limning ghostly out of the purple distance, offering their immense, stony stillness to the fiery face of the sun.

He was about to turn up the trail that led to his native village when he heard a stirring of leaves, a snapping of dry stalks, a herder's high-pitched call; "*Woh-ho! Y'ellah! Y'ellah!*"; and out of a rhododendron thicket came a flock of goats and, driving them with a pointed thorn stick, a young girl.

Tugluk Khan recognized her at once; recognized those fearless, steel-gray eyes, the lips red as rowan berries, the slim, strong hands.

Seven years had passed. Had passed her childhood. And now her slender body was budding into the promise of womanhood beneath the thin, fringed, brown and ochre striped fustian robe that covered her from her shoulders to just below her knees. Her ebony hair was braided with blue and saffron ribbons, and by this he knew, with a curious feeling of relief and elation, that she was not yet married.

She did not recognize him.

For a huge fur cap was pressed deeply over his forehead, and his face, with its short-cropped mustache, was no longer smooth and boyish. Under his sheepskin coat he wore his regimental uniform. Perhaps, she thought, he was one of the Amir's soldiers come to the hills to recruit among the tribes. She knew the breed: rowdyish, boisterous, quick at picking a quarrel, as quick at making love.

So she raised her stick threateningly, and Tugluk Khan laughed.

"O Hirfa," he said, calling her by name, "it seems that seven years have not changed you. Look!"—pushing back his cap and showing the ragged scar on his forehead—"once you greeted me with a stone—and to-day with a stick!"

Then she remembered. She joined in his laughter.

"Why did you leave Kabul?" she said mockingly. "Is it true what they say?"

"What do they say?"

"That you deserted because our lord the Amir is going on the war-path against the infidels, the British—and that more ready you are to scent your mustache delicately among the women than show your fine skin to flying lead."

"Quite true!" he replied calmly. "Let wolf fight gray wolf. I am a man of peace."

"Doubtless," she continued, "the girls of the Zakka Khel are already dyeing the palms of their hands with henna against your coming?"

"The one I long for is not of my own clan."

"No?"

"No!"

"Who is she, then?"

"A Momand Khel!"

"Oh . . . ?"

"Yourself, O Heart of Three Roses!"

He had meant to give her mockery for mockery, had said it with a laugh.

But all at once, as with the cracking of a whip, he felt that this jest of his lips had not been a jest of his heart. Seeing her there, vibrant with the promise of her soft, blossoming womanhood, with the proud beauty of her face so finely chiseled and the brave uptilt of her chin and the movements of her hands like music, he knew suddenly that there would be emptiness in the house where she was not. It was not as it might have been with a woman of the Kabul bazaars, a roughing it or flirting it for the sake of a kiss, quickly forgotten. Love it was; a thing, a fact, for the space of a man's life and a woman's; and life was serious—more serious than death.

So, before the riddle and the fear of it, he was silent, quite silent—until he heard her voice, coming as from a distance, with a faint tremor causing it to soar as a bird soars into the wind.

"*Allah-hadig*—may the Lord God lead you! You have said either too much—or too little. . . ."

"Too little, Hirfa!"

"Have they then cut out your tongue in Kabul that you cannot say the rest?" This time there was no tremor in her accents, but a high note, triumphant and clear, like the clashing of well-tempered blades.

"Which of the two in my soul do you wish to speak?" came his slow question.

"Two . . . ?" she echoed, wonderingly.

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"Yes. Two I am. And one is the Zakka Khel, your enemy, and the other is myself—Tugluk Khan, the creature of God's making. . . ."

He looked at her. He saw that her hands, plucking at her robe, were as unquiet as butterflies.

"Which of the two?" he insisted.

"Let Tugluk Khan speak!" she said in a slurred voice; and so he told her that he loved her—told her with that great epic sweep and surge which comes to Afghans in moments of overwhelming emotion:

"I love you—you who are all my dreams come true. When I look into your eyes, the sun rises, and the waters bring the call of the deep, and the boat of my life rocks on the dancing waves of your life. You have made your heart a prison for my heart, and you have tossed away the key into the turbulent whirlpool of my eternal love. . . ."

He stretched out a hand.

"O Hirfa . . ."

Their fingers touched.

Did he kiss her first—or she him . . . ? He did not know; nor did she. They only knew that they were kissing each other.

There was now no outside world. There was no sky, no sun, no valley. There was no Zakka Khel nor Momand Khel. There was only he and she—only a man and a woman who loved each other . . .

Suddenly a high, reedy yell startled them; drove them apart:

"*Y'ellah—y'ellah* . . ." a goatherd's call.

"To-morrow?" he whispered.

"To-morrow!"

"My love is greater than yours!"

"No, no! Mine is the greater. . . ."

"*Y'ellah!*" again the herder's call, coming nearer; and Tugluk Khan leaped up the trail toward the village, while Hirfa gathered her scattered goats and drove them through the thicket.

So the next morning came, and they met—and another morning, and still another.

They spoke of little except their love, with ever the feeling in their souls that they were reaching out to some amazing beauty of Fate which would sift the glory of gold and fire about life's drab, harsh ways.

Then one morning—an hour earlier his mother had begged him to marry and settle down, for: "Look, my son! Your father is dead—may he find Paradise!—and you are now the head of the house, and there is not a young girl among the Zakka Khel but would welcome the sound of your feet stepping into the bridal chamber!"—he spoke to Hirfa of the future.

He asked her to run away with him and become his wife.

She shook her head.

"No, no!"

"Child," he argued, "neither your tribe nor mine will allow us to marry."

"I know."

"So you see—we must go away."

"No, no!" she repeated.

"What else can we do?" And when she did not reply he went on: "There are other lands, north and east, where we can live. I am a soldier and—*hayah!*—a good soldier. I can find service in the army of the Amir of Bokhara or with one of the independent Turkoman chiefs who roam the Siberian steppes or . . ."

"There is my grandfather," she interrupted. "You know—my parents are dead, and he is alone except for me. Father and mother he has been to me. I love him."

"More than you love me?" he demanded jealously.

"Neither more nor less. But—oh—differently. He is old. I cannot break his heart."

"You are breaking mine."

"You are younger and stronger than he."

"Younger? Doubtless. But—by the red pig's bristles—perhaps not so very much stronger!" came silent, unspoken comment in a thick clump of *boorgooreh* bushes where Hirfa's grandfather, Aminullah Khan, was hiding not far from the lovers.

During the last week he had wondered at the haste with which, every day, she drove the flock to pasture; had wondered, too, why she took the long, steep trail down to the valley when she might have remained on a mountain top which had begun to flush green with the rich, late summer herbage. So this morning Aminullah Khan, still agile in spite of his age, had followed her, had hidden, had watched and listened—and now a smile spread over his wrinkled, bearded face.

He was different from the rest of the Momand Khel. In his youth he had been a wrestler, indeed the most famous wrestler of his generation, so that to this day, when fifty years had passed, they were still telling tales of his prowess.

Fantastic tales; homeric, incredible tales; but perfectly true tales.

He had traveled farther than any other Momand Khel, to Bombay, Pekin, Stamboul, even to Moscow, and had brought back not only a wealth of gold, but also a wealth of new ideas, a broader, fairer conception of life. But when he had tried to

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explain his new-found wisdom to the tribesmen he had run against a stone wall. Narrow, medieval, obstinate, typical mountaineers, they were bewitched within an invisible sweep of turgid tradition and superstitions, a magic circle which nothing could pierce. At last he had grown tired of their accusations that he had become a foreigner, that he had cast off the old ways, the good ways, the ways of his ancestors. He had locked up his ideas in his own soul.

So, to-day, his old heart exulted when he saw that his granddaughter, blood of his blood and bone of his bone, had taken a Zakka Khel for her lover and, by the same token, was rebelling against the obsolete, fanatical clan laws as he had rebelled fifty years earlier.

His first impulse was to step out and say to her:

"*Mbarak m'sud*—be blessed and lucky! Go away with this man since you love him!"

But he reconsidered.

By running away, these two, Tugluk Khan and Hirfa, would break the shackles of ancient prejudice—but only where they themselves were concerned. There would be gossip and scandal and rage in both villages. Then, after a while, Zakka Khel and Momand Khel would settle back in the stony, stupid groove of their bigotry as if nothing had happened. On the other hand, thought Aminullah Khan, suppose he found a way of using the love of these two young people so as to break the ancient shackles once and for all? He would wait and watch, then act. Thus, as a wrestler, had he won his most memorable victories; by waiting patiently for his chance, watching his opponent's weak points, then acting with a sudden, irresistible co-ordinating of sinew and brain. And the weak point in the armour of his tribesmen was—strangely—their respect for the laws of the hills. Here, too, would be his chance.

He tiptoed out of the sheltering bushes and took the trail to the village. Half an hour later, when Hirfa entered the low stone house, he greeted her with more than his usual affection. He kissed her, as it were she whom years ago he had called his wife:

"*Mahi-alum soz-i-mun*—O Moon of the World and Burner of my Heart!"

His chance came soon. For the next day Ali Yussef, the son of Mortazu, the village priest, returned from Kabul. His waist-shawl was swollen with gold, and on his lips were quite veracious stories of his exploits which caused the old men to exclaim that never—"by the teeth of Allah!"—had there been a greater gladiator among the Momand Khel, except one; the white-bearded giant who smiled with sardonic amusement as, that night, he watched the feast in honour of Ali Yussef.

The latter was a simple, rather bovine soul. Whereas in Kabul he had worn the traditional, scanty costume of a tribal wrestler, here on his native heath he was robed in the motley glory of a city dandy. He had stained his finger tips red with henna, had twisted a voluminous purple turban about his head, had perfumed his enormous body with pungent oil of geranium, had thrown about his wide shoulders a peach-coloured velvet *khalat* embroidered with an intricate Persian design.

He was enjoying himself hugely and ingenuously.

First there had been a splendid meal of a fat goat, well stuffed and spiced and roasted whole over an open fire. Then he had dipped large, generous hands into a tiger-skin bag and had tossed presents right and left. Presents for everybody. Daggers for the young men. Tobacco and Persian pipes for the old men. Sweetmeats and Indian dolls for the children. And for the women an abundance of silks and scents and filigree jewelry.

"*Manda na bash*—may your feet never grow weary nor your hearts, O my friends!" he had shouted.

"*Hai! Hai!*" came now his rumbling, rollicking laugh as, while the torches flared in a golden sea and the flutes wailed and the tomtoms throbbed, the young girls, their hair covered with the dower of hillside and forest, danced before him to do him honour—the fringes of their shawls jerking sideways to the swing of their supple hips, their bare feet slurring over the ground with a jingle of silver anklets.

The dance over, they gathered about him where he squatted cross-legged, like a gigantic idol, on a heap of pillows, and the stout, wise mothers looking on benignly and smiling broadly paid him extravagant compliments.

For was he not rich and famous? Was he not handsome with his immense, muscular bulk and his gorgeous finery? Would not his wife have the right to lord it over the other women?

They asked him a dozen questions.

Was it true that, single-handed, he had defeated three Tartar wrestlers in the service of the Amir?

True!

Was it true that the British, the unbe-

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lievers—Allah's curse on them!—had invited him to visit their homeland, there to exhibit his strength?

Quite true!

Was it true that he had challenged the copper-faced Manchu of whom the traveling traders and caravan-men told fabulous tales?

True, indeed!

"Tell us! *Aheel* Tell us! Seven foot tall the Manchu is—the saying goes. . . ?"

"Slightly over seven feet. And broad in proportion. But I tilted him upside down. I put him on his head and, with my hands about his ankles, twisted him as a child spins a top!"

"But," demanded little brown-eyed Kurjan, the daughter of Attila Gurah Khan, "is it true that seventy times seven women loved you in Kabul?"

"That, too, is true," he admitted naïvely. "Whenever I passed through the bazaars Afghan women and maids would look at me above close-meshed veil, and . . ."

He interrupted himself. Hirfa, whom he had not seen since his return, had come from the house. She loomed up in the golden ring of light shed by the torches.

"*Tawwul Ullah amraq, yah daif Ullah*—may your life be long, O Guest of God!" she greeted him pleasantly. She had always rather liked the artless youth.

He rose and walked up to her. He could hide his feelings no more than he could his strength.

"See what I brought you from Kabul," he said; and he drew from his second finger a ring set with a large star-sapphire which, until this very moment, he had intended solely and exclusively for his personal adornment.

She shook her head.

"No!" she said.

She turned. She looked away, across the valley, toward the village of the Zakka Khel.

Up on the mountain top of the Momand Khel there was during the next two weeks a good deal of gossip sifted through the sieve of eager, pursed lips when the old women met at the brook to draw water for the morning meal.

So to-day:

"Every day Ali Yussef begs her to marry him—and every day she refuses him."

"And he so rich—so famous—so handsome—so strong!"

"But not strong enough to tear the iron of desire from his own soul!"

"He has placed his head and his heart on the sill of the door of love, and Hirfa—*wah*—she yawns!"

"And what is she with her airs and graces? Her grandfather is rich. Yes. But otherwise she is nothing but a gray slip of a hill-girl. . . ."

"And that buffalo of an Ali Yussef salaams before her as if she were a princess out of China—one of these golden, round women with slender, red mouths and smiles like honey!"

"Yes, yes. It is the crimson passion turns a giant into a weakling!"

"What does he see in her?" shrilly demanded the mother of three unmarried daughters.

"*Shaitan belade*—the Devil alone knows."

"If she were my child I would give her the father and mother of a beating."

It was not that they really disliked Hirfa. But their souls had been stunted by the pitiless tribal customs that weighed upon their lives like a sodden, stifling blanket; and so, perhaps subconsciously, they envied the girl's savage independence.

"Nor," commented Ali Yussef, "is she so very young. Yesterday was her seventeenth birthday—and not yet married!"

"Aye! Almost a barren old spinster she is—for all the haughty stepping of her feet!"

"When I reproached her she laughed at me."

"The lawless whelp!"

"So was her grandfather lawless when he came back from the far places," exclaimed an aged man who joined the group. "*Aheel* The young ravens are beaked like the old."

And, with the mentioning of Aminullah Khan's name, the gossip took another turn:

"What can he be doing up there on the Salt Range day after day. . . ?"

"Allah! What *can* he be doing?"

For it had been noticed by everybody except Hirfa, who was too busy with her lover in the morning and with thinking of him in the afternoon, that recently Aminullah Khan was behaving in a strange manner.

Formerly, after age had whitened his beard and dimmed his eyes, he had hugged his own fireside. Seldom even—and this was counted against him—had he bothered to attend the *mejliss*, the weekly council where, under the leadership of the priest Mortazu, the Momand Khel debated communal matters and settled local quarrels. But, since Ali Yussef's return, every day at the shock of noon he took his rifle and went to the high hills, the hard-baked,

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shimmering snows of the Salt Range, "to shoot big-horn," as he explained.

Not that anybody believed him. For he never made a kill, nor was there ever so much as the muffled echo of a shot drifting down. But when, overcome, by curiosity, a tribesman had followed him one day, the old wrestler had turned.

"I am a bad marksman," he said, smiling as he might at a child. "Suppose I should aim at a big-horn—and hit you by mistake. . . ."

"You"—the other had stammered—"you would not kill me. . . ?"

"Not deliberately. But is it my fault that I am such a wretched marksman?"

Since then nobody had taken the risk of spying on him. But curiosity grew, and there was always the gliding gossip:

"What can he be doing there—day after day?"

"Allah! What *can* he be doing . . . ?"

It was on a Monday night that Mortazu summoned the tribal council for a secret session, and Wednesday morning he passed through the low, narrow entrance into the purple shadows of Aminullah Khan's house, murmuring courtly greetings:

"May the Lord God give you cattle and plenty!"

"I am your slave and your offering!" was the reply, equally courtly.

He smiled. He knew the priest for what he was: almost as simple and ingenuous as was his son Ali Yussef.

Through the darkness of the windowless room Mortazu felt the other's chilly eyes boring into his. It embarrassed him. He had always been afraid of the wrestler; formerly of his strength, then, when age had softened his muscles, of his caustic wit.

He spoke in a thin, flat voice:

"My son wants to marry your granddaughter." He stopped; sighed.

"I am sorry." Aminullah Khan felt a stirring of sympathy. "But Hirfa does not love him."

"Even should she hate him, he wants to. . . ."

"Foolish boy!"

"So I told him. But a heart flushed with passion does not listen to reason. A hungry belly has no ears."

"Nor has a stubborn mind ears to speak of. And Hirfa is stubborn. She is of my own blood."

"That is why, two nights ago, I appealed to the *mejliss*."

"Oh—did you?" The faintest flicker of a smile disturbed Aminullah Khan's composure. He knew that the *mejliss* had been summoned; had in fact glued a shameless ear to the thin back wall of the council hall; knew that the priest would call on him this morning, as well as the reason for the call; had already made certain preparations accordingly.

"What else could I do?" Mortazu spread apologetic hands. "My son is eating out his heart. So I spoke to the elders. They agreed when I quoted the ancient tribal law."

"Which one?" came the malicious question. "There are so many."

"The one which says that a girl who has passed her seventeenth year and is still unmarried, must accept as her husband the first man of her tribe who proposes to her, if he be of healthy mind and body, of decent family and honourable occupation. And my son——"

"Is that all you claim?"

"Ah—" Mortazu felt relieved—"then you submit to the decree of the *mejliss?*"

"None honours the ancient laws more than I," came the ironic reply. "I honour all of them—even the one which you seem to have forgotten."

"What do you mean?" Mortazu looked up, nervous, suspicious.

"When the *mejliss* decides a girl must marry against her will, she still has one more chance. For any man, even a foreigner, has the right to come here and challenge the prospective bridegroom to a wrestling bout. And—according to the ancient law which we both respect—the girl must marry the victor."

"There is such a law," admitted the priest. Doubtless the other was jesting. "But—" he laughed—"who in all the hills can stand up against my son?"

"There is one who will try. He will be here at the noon hour. Bid your son be ready."

Aminullah Khan seemed perfectly serious, and the priest stared at him.

"You cannot mean it!" he exclaimed.

"I do."

"But who . . . ?"

"Wait and see."

Again Mortazu laughed. Some rash youth of the Momand Khel, he thought; perhaps one of the half dozen who even now were in training to show their wrestling skill in Kabul.

"There will be this day a grand twisting of legs and breaking of arms," he said. "To beat my son . . ." his laughter peaked to a high note of derision. . . . "Allah!

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Allah! What arrogance! What conceit! Like the fat bird that bastes itself!"

He left; and when shortly before noon Hirfa returned from the valley the village was humming like a beehive. The girls were neglecting their flocks; the men their crude husbandry; the women their spinning wheels and their *semilas*, the bloated milk skins which they rocked upon their knees till the butter rolled yellow and frothy.

Hirfa listened. She entered the house, her eyes somber and gleaming like a starry winter night.

Of late she had been bitter at the world, and chiefly at Tugluk Khan. For the latter, since the morning when he had begged her to run away with him, had not again mentioned the subject. And while she had made up her mind to refuse as often as he should ask her, still—with a superb feminine contempt for logic—she blamed him for not urging her against her will. So for days she had been the victim of a smouldering, sulky resentment, and now it broke into flame.

"Is it true what those leaky-tongues are babbling outside?" she demanded of her grandfather who was smoking his water-pipe.

"Quite true."

"Why don't you stop it?"

"How can I, O Very Small Thing? I myself suggested the bout."

"You did, eh?" Hirfa's rage rose in crimson waves. "What am I? Am I a slave, a goat, a thing without rights or soul, that two men—the Devil take them both!—should fight—and I the prize—without being consulted or asked or . . . ?"

"It is the ancient law," came her grandfather's slurred voice as he choked his laugh into the snake of his pipe so that the water bubbled and gurgled like an ill-natured camel.

"And since when are you, O father of my mother, so submissive to the laws of the hills?"

"Age has made me obedient."

"Pah! You are like the tom-cat—that stole a thousand chickens—then went on pilgrimage to Mecca!"

Momentarily her rage gave way to curiosity.

"Who is this man who has challenged Ali Yussef?" she asked. Somehow, though she hated to admit it to herself, the thought was flattering.

Her grandfather did not reply. He continued pulling at his pipe.

"Who is he?" she repeated, stamping her foot. "Tell me! Tell me!"

Aminullah Khan laughed.

"You must have been in a hurry this morning—that you did not hear him follow you!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look!" He pointed through the open door. "Here he comes—the man ready to risk his limbs and neck for the sake of your kisses!"

And Hirfa, following the direction of his finger, saw Tugluk Khan climb up the trail and emerge in front of the village mosque where a small square lay bathed in the cold, golden sunlight of the mountains.

She rushed to the door.

"Oh . . . "

Her cry of astonishment was drowned in a growling, guttural chorus as the Momand Khel gathered about Tugluk Khan.

"A Zakka Khel!" came the savage cries. "A Zakka Khel!"

"What seek you here?"

"Go back to your own people, O cow-maiming jackal-spawn!"

"Ah—may pigs defile your mother's grave!"

More men and women gathering; more insults and threats; stones and thorn sticks raised; while Tugluk Khan waited, a slight smile on his lips, until the storm had subsided a little.

"I am here," he announced, in a high, clear voice, "to give battle to your champion Ali Yussef for the soul and body of Hirfa, granddaughter of Aminullah Khan."

The latter had come from his house, Hirfa clinging to his arm, asking excited questions:

"Why did you not tell me? Why did you let him come? Do you want him killed—crushed by this buffalo of an Ali Yussef . . . ?"

The old wrestler looked down at her.

"Child!" he said rather sternly. "Have you so little faith in the man you love—or in me?"

And suddenly Hirfa became calm. Her eyes met Tugluk Khan's and exchanged a world of silent messages.

By this time, while the people had given way, clearing a space, Ali Yussef, accompanied by his father, had come out on the square.

There were no preliminaries, no ceremonies, no grand mouthing of boasts and challenges, of proper pomp and circumstance. Such would have been the way in Kabul. But it was not the way of the gray hills.

Ali Yussef removed the white, silken robe

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he was wearing, untwisted his gorgeous turban, and handed both to an admiring youth. He kicked away his sandals. There was the dramatic appearance of an immense torso, bare but for a loin-cloth, of legs like oaks and arms like columns of granite.

Tugluk Khan followed suit. Tall, just a little under six foot, lithe and wiry though of a fair sweep of shoulders and knotting of muscles, he seemed almost a child compared to Ali Yussef's fantastic bulk.

The latter smiled. There was no malevolence in the giant's guileless heart. He looked at Tugluk Khan with amused tolerance and shook his head.

"No, no," he said. "I do not care to wrestle with you."

"Are you afraid?" demanded the other.

The tribesmen roared with laughter.

"A reckless lad, this Zakka Khel!" shouted one.

"Aye! A lad with tearing, ripping passion that he is willing to step between Ali Yussef and Hirfa—between the bear and its fodder!"

"The wee sweet sound the breaking of his neck will be when our Ali twists it—as he would a bird's!"

Ali Yussef turned on the last speaker.

"Shut your lips," he said, "lest your teeth catch cold. This is a brave man." And gently, to Tugluk Khan: "I shall not hurt you much."

He felt sorry for his opponent. But he had to do this. He loved Hirfa. Very well. He would make the bout short. There was no glory in it, and the outcome was inevitable.

He moved forward with a shambling gait. Then he dropped into a crouch. His hands jerked out like the paws of a bear, trying to draw the other into a crushing embrace.

There are no wrestling rules in the hills. There are no forbidden holds, no fouls of any sort. The fists, the kicking foot—all is permitted. It is not the question of who is right; Anglo-Saxon or Asiatic. The fact remains that, with the latter, the game is not to pin the opponent's shoulders to the ground, but to twist or wrench or smash him into unconsciousness, whatever the means.

So, when Ali Yussef's hands jerked out, Tugluk Khan remembered a certain lesson he had learned—had learned patiently, wearily, these last two weeks, up on the Salt Range. He jumped sideways. He fell flat on his back, making no attempt to rise, almost as if he were motionless with fear.

Hirfa breathed hissingly, and her grandfather caressed her hair.

"Don't be afraid!" he whispered. "Watch!"

The crowd was laughing. So was Ali Yussef. It would be over in a moment. With great legs broadly straddled, he stood above the prostrate man. He reached down with his enormous, muscle-packed arms. He would pick up this little man and smash him on the hard earth until he fainted or cried for mercy.

He shrugged his shoulders apologetically. One felt that he hated to do this.

But, as, absolutely sure of himself and forgetful of his defences, he reached down—with an immense, ponderous certainty, slowly, too slowly!—suddenly, viciously, Tugluk Khan raised, bent, straightened his legs, sending them home into the other's chest just below the heart.

Ali Yussef groaned. He trembled. He gave a cry like a hurt dog.

Then he fell with an immense crash. He lay unconscious, while a long, shuddering sob rose from the crowd.

The foreigner had won. But no fists were raised. No threats were muttered. It was the way of the gray hills. It was the ancient law. They respected it.

A sluicing of cold water brought Ali Yussef back to consciousness. He staggered to his feet, scratched his bullet-shaped head, and smiled sheepishly.

"Only once have I been beaten," he said without the slightest ill-feeling, but thoroughly puzzled, as he looked down at Tugluk Khan from his towering, bulky height. "And beaten by you—Allah!—forgive me—I mean no offence—by you!"

"And the man who beat me," laughed Aminullah Khan, "was even smaller than Tugluk Khan!"

"Eh?" Ali Yussef was astonished. "You—beaten? When? Where? How? Why—I thought that . . ."

"I have never told a soul. But years ago when I was in Pekin a little brown rat of a Mongol beat me by the same trick which—" again he laughed—"these last two weeks up in the Salt Range—*hayah!* but my old bones are black and blue with it—I taught our Tugluk Khan."

"Oh"—exclaimed Hirfa indignantly. "And you let me worry! You never told me! Why didn't you?"

"Am I a fool?" smiled her grandfather. "Would I tell a woman a secret? Would I keep cheese on trust with a mouse?"

He turned to the priest, who stood there,

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silent, morose. "Mortazu," he said, "friendship is better than enmity. Did not the Prophet Mohammed himself—on Him the salute!—say so? Hereafter seed of Zakka Khel and Momand Khel will mingle. . . ."

"It will indeed!" interrupted Ali Yussef.

Already he had regained his naïve self-esteem. Already he was beginning to forget Hirfa. He had lost her. It was a sending of Fate. Who could avoid what was written on the forehead by the Angel of the Scrolls?

He turned to walk down the narrow trail that led into the valley.

"I hear that there are pretty girls among the Zakka Khel," he said. "I shall take my pick while they still believe me the greatest wrestler in the hills—before loose tongues babble to them the tale of my defeat!"

And late that evening Tugluk Khan and Hirfa sat side by side on the threshold of Aminullah Khan's house.

Dreamily they looked across the valley. It was bathed in a mist of silver and blue: the silver of promise and the blue of hope.

There was a breeze that brought to them the chill, clean snow tang of the hills, and the blurred noises of the night were to them as the happy voices of little children.

The Interpreters — By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

I

DAYS dawn on us that make amends for many
Sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
Man's rhymes.

Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held
His peace.

Had Sappho's self not left her word thus long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II

And yet these days of subtler air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light—

The gift they give of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn—

Clouds, beams, and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living—
What were they did no spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

III

Dead air, dead fire, dead shapes and shadows, telling
Time nought;
Man gives them sense and soul by song, and dwelling
In thought.

In human thought their being endures, their power
Abides:
Else were their life a thing that each light hour
Derides.

The years live, work, sigh, smile, and die, with all
They cherish;
The soul endures, though dreams that fed it fall
And perish.

IV

In human thought have all things habitation:
Our days
Laugh, lower, and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.

But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.

Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's,
Their glory.

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So They Say

WILLIAM COWAN:
an Ayrshire caddie, charged at Birmingham Police Court with being drunk and disorderly

"I was talking broad Scotch, and the constable thought it was bad language."

GEORGE ARLISS: *and* **WILLARD MACK:**
discuss what has "happened" to the stage in the last ten years

"Actors are better than ever, but playwrights in the last ten years have not given them full opportunities."

"All the people in New York who appreciate a good play could be put into three theaters."

MRS. HENRIETTA WEHDE:
elderly ex-waitress, says a minister's son "with a golden voice" got her $700 savings by his suavity

"He talked to me like honey, offering me 10 per cent. a month."

MME. ELIZABETH RETHBERG:
German soprano, arrives from Europe minus ten trunks delayed at the French frontier, and a maid detained by the immigration officials

"All I had when I arrived on the *Columbus* was a toothbrush and my two dogs."

MISS ELISABETH MARBURY:
play-broker and political leader, on the "revolt of woman"

"If there is any revolt it ought to come from the other sex. The women have 75 per cent. of the good, anyway."

A JUNIOR MISS:
discussing clothes with several friends

"Oh, mother's got just one idea about my clothes: she wants me to be the ideal schoolgirl."

A SCHOOL-GIRL:
to a group of companions

"It's nice to have ancestors: we could be counts. And we've got another coat of arms or something—something to do with smuggling."

C. J. BULLIET:
author

"An apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a Madonna by Raphael."

A CORRESPONDENT:
of the Associated Press in China

"At least fourteen bobbed-haired girls and women have been shot down by anti-Red troops. Bobbed-hair is considered to be the sign of a female Communist in China."

STACY AUMONIER:
in the "London Evening Standard"

"The fact is—and this it is childish to deny—the Americans as a race have more vitality than we have. They do everything with greater zeal and concentration."

MRS. WILL ROGERS:
sends a message to her humorist-husband in Mexico

"Stay as long as you wish." (*"That means 'come home at once,'" Mr. Rogers decided.*)

WALTER H. CRAFTS:
wins divorce when he tells the judge—

"My wife thinks I am a mere worm of the dust."

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL:
owner of a chain of coffee houses

"It's not doing without the bare necessities of life that is the hardest; it's never having a penny extra to buy the tiniest luxury. I know, because I've been there."

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LACONIC CUSTOMER:
ordering a chocolate ice-cream soda with chocolate cream

"All black."

KU HUNG MING:
Counselor of Marshal Chang Tso Lin in North China, and a Celestial of the old school

"The United States sends us too many of its own pests—what I call the three P's: patriots, politicians, and professors."

WALDO FRANK:
American essayist

"A critical attitude may be as fatuous as the self-adulation it reacts from."

BENNETT J. DOTY:
of Biloxi, Miss., explains why he deserted from the Foreign Legion

"Just got tired of hearing French and walked off."

DR. WILLIAM J. MAYO:
surgeon and founder of a famous hospital

"Surgery has become so specialized that there are a number of operations I would not attempt to perform myself except under the most pressing emergency. I might add that I am not one of the five that I would allow to operate on members of my own family."

FERENC MOLNAR:
Hungarian playwright

"What you call sophistication is in my eyes a mixture of skepticism and self-irony, and it is absolutely necessary to counterbalance the flood of artificial sentimentalism that is being turned upon us by people devoid of conscience."

DR. WILL C. DURANT:
professor and writer

"A man past thirty is incapable of the full flame of love."

SIGN:
in an American restaurant

"We sell Near Beer Here Because There is no Real Beer Near here."

JEANNE DE CASALIS:
chic actress

"I never dress in the fashion. I dress happily in clothes I have designed for comfort."

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH:
on his arrival in Mexico City by airplane

"Mexico City looks as if it had been laid out by an artist."

V. E. METTA:
in the London "Spectator"

"Orientals have always preferred the coöperative to the competitive system of life."

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER:
of Columbia University

"Every ant-hill is prosperous. What poetry has America brought forth? What art? What music? What drama?"

DEEMS TAYLOR:
composer

"The only trouble with the Declaration of Independence is that the phrase about all men being created free and equal should be followed by: 'and may be trusted not to remain so.'"

DEXTER S. KIMBALL:
Dean of College of Engineering, Cornell University

"For the first time since the world began we are in touch with the abolition of poverty through the tremendous output of our products."

A PARISIAN JEWELER:
estimates that a woman keeps an earscrew a scant six months, by that time one earring has been lost and the other is useless

"It's not what we sell but what others lose that makes our profit."

DR. HENRY W. LAWRENCE:
author

"The seventeenth century specialized in repression. We of the twentieth have a right to demand that history tell us the truth about how the repressionism of Puritan New England really worked among the masses of the people."

JACOB EPSTEIN:
sculptor, who denies he is "modern"

"As for America, it was a great surprise to me to find that there is this tremendous tendency toward the refined and, I might say, anemic in art."

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Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick:
of the Park Avenue Baptist Church

"We have discovered that the idea of God as an unscientific charity organization will not do."

Andrew J. Gillis:
thirty-one-year-old filling-station owner, elected mayor of Newburyport, Mass., prophesies concerning the policeman who recently arrested him

"He's going to spend the next two years looking at the moon."

Norma Talmadge:
screen star

"If a woman does something really well and enjoys doing it, I don't think she ought to stop even to take care of her own children."

"Bobby" Jones:
golf champion, tells how he chose his subject for an essay when in high school

"I tried to think of something I knew something about, and I couldn't think of anything but golf."

Alexander Lambert:
rounding out fifty years as a teacher of piano

"Europe to-day is musically bankrupt compared with the United States."

Thaddeus H. Caraway:
Democratic Senator from Arkansas, says that Pennsylvania is the only State that could "chloroform one into immortality"

"Get on the Pennsylvania voting list and you'll never die."

Herman Zinner:
informs the world he never had a sweetheart, though he's thirty

"No, I don't hate women. Why should I? I have never known any."

Professor Paul Meyerheim:
German animal painter

"I once got a lion to pose willingly for me by blowing a load of snuff tobacco into his nose as he lay sleeping in the sun. He got up, sneezed with infinite pleasure, and then posed for me."

Dr. Herman G. Matzinger:
professor of psychiatry in the University of Buffalo, declares brunettes have "more vigorous brains and bodies" than blondes

"Perhaps the reason why gentlemen prefer blondes is because they are so much more manageable."

Sir John Cockburn:
chairman of the British Faculty of Arts

"We have no tail to wag, like a dog, so we must dance."

Alfred E. Smith:
Governor of New York State

"The question of enforcement of the law is a business proposition. You can have all the enforcement you're willing to pay for."

Miss Mildred Huntoon:
chosen as the typical American business girl in Newark, New Jersey

"The worst mistake in my opinion a business girl can make is to go out with the boss."

A. M. Low:
English scientist and sound expert

"Human love for music comes from the stomach."

Buena de Mesquita:
in a book entitled "Men Are Pigs"

"Four 'days' of a man's love affair: 'You are a saint and I worship you! You are an adorable woman and I love you! You are a good little pal, you know! My God, what a hat!'"

The Office Boy:
advising on bootleg liquor

"Lean off it. It makes ya act the way ya ain't."

Dr. John Haynes Holmes:
New York minister

"Why all the excitement over companionate marriages? It is only a new name for something that has been practised for years by the majority of intelligent persons."

Walter Trumbull:
sport writer

"The only thing which has been keeping a lot of good football players out of college is the vicinity of the classrooms."

Howard Chandler Christy:
American artist, who painted Mussolini's portrait
"He is perfect."

Premier Mussolini:
"The best portrait ever done of me."

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INSTALMENT BUYER: *explains the latest London fad*	"A 'Paid-with-thanks' party is just a friendly little gathering to celebrate the fact that all the instalments have been paid on the furniture and piano. I'm having another one next January to rejoice over the last payment on the motor-car."
SIDNEY HORLER: *English writer of mystery stories*	"Anything can happen in New York, and frequently does."
SPEAKER JOHN HENRY WHITLEY: *in the House of Commons ends Lady Astor's dispute over the number of women electors*	"I do not think arithmetic has any sex."
GRAZIA DELEDDA: *Italian author; second woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature*	"I believe that the creative function finds its noblest expression in child-bearing."
CHARLES FISKE: *Bishop of Central New York, in "Scribner's"*	"It is hard in this day and this land to differentiate between religious aspiration and business prosperity. Our conception of God is that he is a sort of Magnified Rotarian."
"AL" CAPONE: *Chicago bootlegger extraordinary*	"Public service is my motto."
ABRAHAM CAHAN: *editor of "The Jewish Daily Forward," says Russia is dominated by the spirit of militarism*	"Taken as individuals the majority of Russian Communists will be found to be human, obliging and in many instances even lovable; but the Communist régime as a whole cannot appeal to any one who calls himself a Socialist and believes that liberty is the foundation of socialism and of any truly civilized order of society."
A SNEAK THIEF: *reproves woman in note for hiding her wedding ring in her handbag, which he stole*	"A woman who carries her wedding ring in a bag instead of on her finger, which is the correct place, could not respect herself or be honest. Therefore, to punish you I decided to keep the stolen goods."
F. TRUBEE DAVISON: *Assistant Secretary of the Navy, denounces "quack airplane pilots"*	"Beware of the pilot who has no license, and steer clear of the plane that lacks registration numerals on its wings."
"FIDDLIN' JOHN" CARSON: *Georgia's new fiddling champion, went to New York, took one look at Broadway, and caught the next train home*	"It's just too doggone much town."
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: *author of detective stories*	"If you want to judge a man's character look at his wife's face, and to judge a woman's character look at her husband's face."
SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF: *mystery man of Europe, who controls Monte Carlo—when his doctors ordered him to dine on "a slice of dry toast and a glass of milk"*	"Just a little caviar and foies gras. I shall send an airplane to Russia to get a fresh supply of caviar."
L. S. AMERY: *British Secretary of State for the Dominions*	"Statesmen are politicians who have died."
MR. NAKAMURA: *in "Fujin Club," one of the popular women's magazines in Japan*	"Love-life deals with love, and love alone. Married life is not so simple as that. It is complex-troublesome."
LONDON BEAUTY SPECIALIST: *says: "After the Permanent Wave the Permanent Blush".*	"Ladies, most of them foreign, are having their faces tattooed. They are having delicate pinks injected into their cheeks and vehement red into their lips. . . . I know a girl who could bear no more pain after one cheek's injection, and now one cheek is country and the other Mayfair."

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The Lion's Skin

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

ONE morning the Little Spirit said to Wanda, "Take your bow and kill the old Red Lion in the cave."

He went into the tepee for his bow.

"Ugh! Good!" said his father, when Wanda told him of the chase; but his mother cried "Ai, ai!"

Wanda ran toward the west, so that his shadow streamed long before him from the rising sun. At last it fell upon the lion's cave, when Wanda's mouth was salt from the running.

The lion came out, snarling horribly, his tail twisting and curling like an angry snake, his yellow teeth gleaming like gold, and his eyes burning.

"It is said you are to die," called Wanda, "but between you and me is no old quarrel —what good can I do for you?"

"It is said, it is said!" mocked the lion, as he crouched low. "Many things are said!" Then he turned the fire of his eyes on Wanda to melt the warrior's heart. But the heart only beat stronger and steadier.

"It is a true word," said the lion slowly, as the fire died out of his eyes. "Take my skin when I am dead, O brave, and we shall hunt together. Your foe is my foe, your wish my wish. Ah! I shall never smell the green on the prairie again."

And he sat up, pointing his muzzle to the sky, and howled his death whoop.

"Die!" twanged the bow string. "Yes-s-s-s!" hissed the arrow.

The lion met death as though it were sleep, and Wanda took his skin.

"Now I wish it were tanned," said the brave, "and I could wear it home."

Then he looked at the skin, and behold, it was tanned, as soft to the fingers as though the old squaws had worked it with grease and sand-stones for a half year.

"Your wish is my wish," repeated Wanda. "Then it is true. To my back!" he called to the skin. At once it sprang from the ground to the warrior's shoulders, resting its head upon his head, and its arms upon his arms.

"Ugh! Good!" said his father, when Wanda returned to the tepee, and there was a light in his old eyes; but "Ai, ai!" cried the mother softly.

"Now the people shall hear of this in council," said Wanda's father. "Many have visited the Red Lion, and stayed forever; so, there was—" and he named them, keeping toll on his withered fingers; "but my son comes back carrying the skin."

To the council came Pazhee-to-to, the Medicine man. "Green Grass" they called him, because his mind was strong and clear like the first growth of spring, and his soul as pure as the spring breezes.

While his father told the story of the chase, Wanda sat apart, gazing quietly into the distance, as became so great a warrior, and Pazhee-to-to fixed a strong glance upon him.

When the story was finished the people cried "How!" and "Ohete ge-as!" but Pazhee-to-to strode up to Wanda, and made a strange sign with his right arm.

As Wanda was wondering at this, he felt the lion's claws tighten upon his arm, and before he knew it, his right arm had waved an answer.

"The Great Spirit is with us!" called Pazhee-to-to. "There is more in this, O people, than your eyes can see!"

Then he turned to them, and said:

"Braves of the Uncapapas! You live in happiness and plenty; brave are your men and dutiful your women. The bison fills your houses with food, and the Great Spirit fills your hearts with truth and courage. It is well with you; but to the south live men and women under the curse of the Giant Bird. Each day one of them is carried off—man, wife, maiden, or papoose —and friends can only weep for the lost one.

"What can man do against this bird? His jaws are longer than a man's body, his wings darken the sky like a thunder cloud, the grip of his claws makes the bear's grip like the grasp of a child. The arrow bounds

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back from his scales in pieces, and no man dare face him with spear or pogamoggan!

"Ai, a man can do nothing, and the hearts of the people to the south are turned to ashes. The fire of courage has died in them; they can no longer meet death like men. No, they pant and tremble like the rabbit.

"But," cried Pazhee-to-to, raising his voice, "the Great Spirit ordered a sign to show that the curse was ended, and this day I have seen the sign. O Wanda, pure of heart, strong young man and daring warrior, life spreads before you like a feast! Still, now before your people, I ask you, will you turn your face from it to serve those others in the south?"

The lion's jaws closed tight upon Wanda's head, and before he knew it he answered, "I will."

Then there came a great silence upon the people.

In the middle of it, Wanda left them.

That night each man came and laid the dearest thing he had before the tepee, as a tribute.

It was a three-days' journey to the haunt of the bird. On the evening of the fourth night his friends left him, and Wanda sat alone to face death in the morning.

That night he smoked his pipe and thought "How am I to kill this bird?" Not once did he think "Shall I be killed?" As he sat thinking, he felt the lion's head speaking into his head.

"Speak on, O friend. I listen," said he. Then the lion's head spoke into his head.

"With fire is the only way you can slay the bird," it said.

"But how?" asked Wanda.

The lion's head spoke into his head again, and made the matter clear to him. So Wanda gathered dry wood, and particularly a long pole like a spear, and a block and rod with which to kindle fire.

He turned the rod between his hands, pressing it down. "Great Spirit, bless this fire!" he cried, and a little flame sprang up.

In the morning the people heard the voice of Wanda singing on the river mound, so that the woods rang with it. It scattered fear as light scatters darkness, and it beat upon men's hearts with a beat like the war drum. At every beat the hearts of the men tightened.

"If Wanda, the brave one, fails," cried they, "then here is another for the sacrifice!"

Then old Pazhee-to-to smiled. "Nothing that is good is lost," said he. "Yesterday there was but one Wanda; to-day there are a thousand. Nothing breeds so fast as a brave deed"; and his eye kindled.

But out on the mound Wanda saw the inky shadow of the Giant Bird splashed against the ball of the sun like a totem on a shield, and he turned his face up to have the joy of great pride in himself before he was no more.

He beat himself upon the chest with his clenched hand, while the blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Wankahtonka! Great Spirit!" he called. "Look upon me, a man not afraid to die! See my soul, O mighty one! It is white. See my heart—it is strong. Rejoice with me, Great Spirit, rejoice with me!"

Then he thrust the piece of wood like a spear into the fire, and faced the bird, that came faster and faster, so that the grasses of the prairie whispered and bent to the wind of its passage.

"My foe is your foe!" cried the head of the lion into Wanda's head, and the hair on the back of the hide stood up bristling and fierce.

The bird came, flying low, its huge jaws open, its wicked, dull eyes fixed on Wanda. So it came, traveling at such speed the heart of man could scarcely bear to see it, making a noise like the fall of much water in its flight.

Wanda stood still, his hand upon the piece of wood like a spear, waiting for the time. There must be no slip, no quiver of the hand. There was but one right instant; that lost, all was lost.

"Strike!" cried the lion's head into Wanda's head, and before he knew it, Wanda had plucked the wood from the fire, and stabbed the bird in through its open jaws, down into the throat, with his burning spear.

The sound of one bitter blow rang over the prairie, then all was still.

When the people came they saw the great bird, monstrous, obscene, sprawled out in death. The sod of the prairie was torn into furrows by its death struggles. As they looked, a great wonder came to their minds that a man should have killed it.

There beyond it lay Wanda, his face all peace, smiling a smile of welcome to the blue sky above, and the lion's skin lay across the cruel wound in his chest, hiding it.

And the people raised their voices in a great song of praise to the warrior, and of thankfulness to Wankahtonka. But far away there was a faint cry, sad to listen to:

"Ai, ai!" wept the mother of Wanda.

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The Red Waistcoat of the Romantics

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Translated by F.-C. De Sumichrast

THERE are but a few veterans left of the men who, in answer to the call of Hernani's horn, followed him up the steep slopes of Romanticism and so valiantly defended the defiles against the attacks of the Classicists; and even these are disappearing day by day like the wearers of the Saint Helena medal. I had the honour of being enrolled in those youthful bands that fought for idealism, poesy, and freedom in art, with an enthusiasm, a bravery, and a devotion unknown nowadays. The glorious leader still stands like a statue upon its bronze pedestal, but the remembrance of the private soldiers will ere long be lost, and it is the duty of those who formed part of the Grand Army of literature to relate their forgotten exploits.

It must be difficult for the present generation to imagine the state of excitement of all minds at that time. A movement analogous to that of the Renaissance was taking place. A sap of new life was running hotly; everything was germinating, budding, blooming at one and the same time; intoxicating scents filled the air, which itself went to the head; men were drunk with lyricism and art. It seemed as though the great lost secret had been found again; and it was, for Poetry had been lost and now was found.

It is impossible to realize the depth of insignificance and colourlessness literature had fallen into; and the case of painting was no better. David's latest pupils were engaged in smearing with sickly colouring the old Græco-Roman stock models. The Classicists professed admiration for these masterpieces, but could not repress a yawn as they looked upon them, though they did not, on that account, show themselves any the more tolerant of the artists of the new school, whom they called "tattooed savages" and accused of painting with "a drunken broom." Nor were their insults left unrequited, and "mummies" made up for "savages," while both sides entertained the most profound contempt for each other.

At that time my literary vocation had not asserted itself, and I should have been greatly surprised had any one told me I would become a journalist, for such a prospect would have had little attraction for me. I intended to be a painter, and, with this purpose in view, I had entered Rioult's studio, situated near the Protestant church in the Rue Saint-Antoine, and which its nearness to the Collège Charlemagne, where I was completing my education, made me prefer on account of the facility with which I could combine studio and school work. I have often since then regretted that I did not follow my first impulse.

A man sees for himself how much he has accomplished, and reality, ever severe, impresses upon him what is his exact value; but he may dream of how much more beautiful, grander, and magnificent work he might have been the author, for if the page has been written all over, the canvas has remained spotlessly white, and there is nothing to prevent one from supposing, like Frenhofer in Balzac's "The Unknown Masterpiece," that there shines upon it a Venus by the side of whom Titian's nude

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women would be but shapeless daubs. It is an innocent illusion, a secret subterfuge of self-love which harms no one and is always a bit consoling, for it is ever comforting to say to one's self, when the brush has been discarded in favour of the pen, "What a great painter I should have made!" I can only hope that my readers will not share that opinion and wish that I had stuck to my original purpose.

Men read a great deal in the studios of that day. The students were fond of literature, and their special training leading them to close communion with nature, they were better fitted to appreciate the images and the rich colouring of the new poesy. They had not the least objection to the exact and picturesque details that were so repugnant to the Classicists, for, accustomed to their own free speech, full of technical expressions, the crude word in nowise shocked them. I speak of the young and enthusiastic students, for of course there were docile grinds, faithful to Chompré's Dictionary and to the tendon of Achilles, who were well thought of by the professor and held up by him as examples to be followed; but they were not in the least popular, and glances of contempt were cast upon their palettes, on which glowed neither Veronese green, Indian yellow, Smyrna lake, nor any of the seditious colours proscribed by the Institute.

Chateaubriand may be looked upon as the ancestor, or, if you prefer it, the Sachem of French Romanticism. In the "Genius of Christianity" he restored Gothic art; in "The Natchez" he opened up Nature, so long closed to art; in "René" he invented melancholy and modern passion. Unfortunately, his most poetic mind lacked the wings of poetry—verse. Victor Hugo did have these wings, and of vast spread of pinion, too, stretching from one end to the other of the lyrical heavens. He rose, soared, circled, and swept about with a freedom and a power that recalled the eagle's flight.

What a wonderful time that was! Walter Scott was then enjoying the full tide of success; men were studying the mysteries of Goethe's "Faust," which, to use Mme. de Staël's words, contains everything and even something more than that; Shakespeare was being discovered under the somewhat revised translation by Letourneur; and Lord Byron's poems, "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Giaour," "Manfred," "Beppo," "Don Juan," brought the East, not yet become commonplace, to us. It was all so youthful, so new, so richly coloured, and of so strange and intoxicating a savour, that it turned our heads and we seemed to be entering into unknown worlds. On every page we came upon subjects for pictures which we made haste to sketch stealthily, for they were not to our master's taste, and would have earned for us, had they been seen, a smart rap of the mahl-stick over the head.

It was in this state of mind that I worked at the figure, while reciting to my neighbour at the easel "King John's Joust" or "The Burgrave's Hunt." My heart was with the Romanticist school, although I was not yet affiliated to it. The preface to "Cromwell" blazed before me like the Tables of the Law on Mount Sinai, and the arguments it contained appeared to me unanswerable. The insults hurled by the inferior papers of the Classicist press against the youthful master whom I even then, and rightly, looked upon as the greatest poet in France, filled me with fiercest rage. I burned to go forth to fight the hydra of old-fogyism, like the German painters with Cornelius at their head, mounted on Pegasus, after the fashion of the four sons of Aymon in the fresco by Kaulbach, in the new Pinakothek in Munich. I should, however, have preferred a less classical steed, Ariosto's hippogriff, for instance.

The rehearsals of "Hernani" were going on, and judging by the excitement already aroused by the play, it was easy to foresee that the first performances would be riotous. My dearest wish, my highest ambition was to be present at the battle, to fight unseen in some corner for the good cause; but the tickets were reported to be at the author's disposal, at least for the first three performances, and the idea of asking him for one struck me, an unknown student in the painter's studio, as altogether beyond the bounds of audacity.

Happily, Gérard de Nerval, with whom I had formed at the Collège Charlemagne one of those youthful friendships that are ended by death alone, happened to pay me one of the brief, unexpected calls he was in the habit of making, in the course of which, like a tame swallow entering by the window, he would flutter round the room, uttering little cries, and soon bolt out again; for his lightsome, winged nature, apparently borne up by the breezes, like Euphorion, the son of Helen and Faust, plainly suffered if obliged to remain still, and the best way to have a chat with him was to accompany him on his walk. At

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this time he was already an important personage; fame had come to him while still in college. At seventeen he had had a volume of verse published, and on reading the translation of "Faust" made by that youth who was scarce more than a lad, the great man of Weimar had deigned to say that he had never so well understood his own work. Gérard was acquainted with Victor Hugo, was received at his house, and deservedly enjoyed the Master's confidence, for never was there a more refined, more devoted or more loyal man.

Gérard was charged with the duty of recruiting young fellows for that first evening's performance, which promised to be stormy, and was already arousing so much animosity. Was it not natural that youth should be opposed to old age, the long-haired heads to the bald ones, enthusiasm to routine, the future to the past?

He carried in his pockets, stuffed with more books, old volumes, pamphlets, the note-books—for he wrote as he walked—than were those of Colline in "Life in Bohemia," a lot of small squares of red paper stamped with a mysterious signature: a Spanish word, *Hierro*, which means "iron," inscribed on one corner. This motto, the Castilian haughtiness of which was uncommonly well suited to Hernani's character, and which he might have borne, meant also that in the fight one must be frank, brave, and reliable as a sword.

I do not think I ever in the whole course of my life experienced such lively joy as when Gérard, taking from the package six of these red paper squares, handed them to me with a solemn air, urging me at the same time to bring trusted men only. I answered on my life for the small group, for the squad the command of which was given to me.

Among my fellow-students in the studio were two ferocious Romanticists who would willingly have fed upon the body of a member of the Academy, and among my classmates at the Collège Charlemagne two young poets who were secretly cultivating rich rimes, exact expressions, and accurate metaphors, terrified the while lest these misdeeds should cause them to be disinherited by their parents. These four I enrolled, after exacting from them an oath to give no quarter to the Philistines; a cousin of mine completed the number of our little band, which, I need not say, behaved valiantly. . . .

My "Hernani" record, thirty campaigns, thirty stormy performances, almost gave me the right to be presented to the great leader. It could easily be managed: Gérard de Nerval or Petrus Borel, whose acquaintance I had recently made, would either of them readily take me to the house, but at the thought I was filled with overpowering timidity, and dreaded the fulfilment of a wish so long caressed. When anything happened to prevent the meetings arranged with Gérard or Petrus, or both of them, for the purpose of presenting me, I felt renewed comfort, as if relieved of a burden, and I breathed freely again.

Victor Hugo had been compelled, owing to the number of visitors consequent on the performances of "Hernani," to leave the peaceful retreat he dwelt in, at the back of a garden full of trees, in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and had settled in a projected new street in the Francis I quarter, the Rue Jean-Goujon, which at that time had but one house, that occupied by the poet. All around stretched the almost desert Champs-Élysées, a solitude favourable to wanderings and meditations.

Twice I ascended the stairs slowly,—oh! so slowly, as if my boots had been soled with lead. I could not breathe, and I could hear my heart thumping in my breast, while a cold sweat came out on my temples. On reaching the door, and as I was about to pull the bell, I was seized with panicky terror. I turned round and bolted down the stairs four steps at a time, pursued by my acolytes, who were laughing fit to split their sides.

The third attempt was more successful. I had begged my companions to give me time to recover, and I had sat down upon the steps, for my legs were giving way and refused to bear my weight, when suddenly the door opened and in a blaze of light, like Phœbus and Apollo issuing from the gates of Dawn, there appeared on the dark landing Victor Hugo himself in all his glory!

Like Esther before Ahasuerus, I nearly fainted. Hugo could not extend towards me, as did the satrap to the lovely Jewess, his long golden sceptre, for the very good reason that he had no golden sceptre, whereat I wondered. He smiled, but did not seem surprised, accustomed as he was to meeting daily, as he took his walks abroad, poets in a fainting state, artist students blushing crimson or pale as death, and even grown men who remained speechless or able only to stammer a few words. With the most exquisite courtesy, he made me rise, and giving up his walk showed us the way into his study.

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Heinrich Heine relates that, intending to call upon the great Goethe, he had long rehearsed in his own mind the fine speeches he proposed to speak to him, but that once he was introduced into his presence the only thing that occurred to him was to say: "The plum trees on the road from Jena to Weimar bear plums that are excellent for the quenching of the thirst." Whereat the Jupiter-Mansuetus of German poetry had gently smiled, more flattered perhaps by this crazy piece of nonsense than he would have been by a set, coldly turned eulogy. My own eloquence did not reach beyond the bounds of dumbness, although I too had often rehearsed, during long evenings, the lyrical apostrophes with which I had meant to greet Victor Hugo when I should meet him for the first time.

After I had somewhat recovered myself, I was able to take part in the conversation begun between Hugo, Gérard, and Petrus. Gods, kings, pretty women and great poets may be stared at more freely than other people without their being annoyed at it, and I examined Hugo with an intense admiration that did not appear to be unpleasant to him. He recognized the painter's glance taking notes in order to fix forever a look, an appearance, a moment he desires not to forget.

In the Romanticist host as in the Army of Italy there were none but youths. Most of the privates were not even of age, and the oldest of the band was the commander-in-chief himself, then twenty-eight years old, which was the age of Bonaparte, and also that of Hugo when I met him.

I have written somewhere: "It is rare that a poet or an artist is known under his first and attractive aspect. Fame comes to him late, when already the fatigue of life, the long struggles and the tortures of passion have changed his original mien. It is a worn, withered mask he leaves behind him, marked by every grief he has endured with a wound or a wrinkle as with stigmata. It is this last image of him, which has its own special beauty, that men remember." I have been fortunate enough to be acquainted with all the poets of the modern Pleiades, whose early looks are now forgot, in all the bloom of their youth, their beauty, and their charm.

What first struck one in Victor Hugo was the truly monumental brow that crowned his serious, placid face like a pediment of white marble. It had not, it is true, the proportions given it later by David d'Angers and other artists, with the object of accentuating in the poet's face the marks of genius, but it really was of superhuman beauty and breadth. The mightiest thoughts might be written upon it, and wreaths of gold and laurel rest upon it as upon the brow of a god or of a Cæsar. It bore the sign of power. It was framed in by somewhat long, light, brown hair. Hugo wore neither beard, mustaches, whiskers, nor tuft on the lower lip; his face, remarkably pale, was clean shaved. It was marked and illumined by the tawny eyes like the eyes of an eagle; the lips were sinuous, with arching corners, and firm and wilful in outline. When opened by a smile, they allowed dazzlingly white teeth to show. His dress consisted of a black frock-coat, gray trousers, and a turned-down shirt-collar, a get-up at once most simple and correct. Indeed no one would have suspected this thorough gentleman of being the leader of the hairy, bearded bands that were the terror of the smooth-chinned bourgeois.

In this wise did Victor Hugo appear unto me at our first meeting, and his image has remained ineffaceable in my memory. I carefully preserve that handsome, youthful, smiling portrait of him radiant with genius and surrounded with a halo of glory. . . .

The Legend of the Red Waistcoat

The red waistcoat! It is more than forty years since I wore it, yet people still speak of it, and will go on speaking of it in days to come, so deep did that flash of colour penetrate the public's eye. If the name of Théophile Gautier happens to be spoken in the presence of a Philistine, even of one who has never read a line of prose or verse of mine, he knows me at least by the red waistcoat I wore at the first performance of "Hernani," and he says, with the self-satisfied look of the man who knows what he is talking about: "Oh, yes. You mean the young fellow with the red waistcoat and the long hair." And that is the way I shall go down to posterity. My books, my verse, my articles, my travels will be forgotten, but men will remember my red waistcoat. That spark will go on shining when everything else of mine will long since have been lost in night, and it will set me apart from those of my contemporaries whose works were no better than mine, but who wore dark-coloured waistcoats. Nor am I sorry to leave this impression behind me; it has a certain grim haughtiness about it, and in spite of some youthful lack of taste, ex-

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hibits a not unpleasant contempt for public opinion and ridicule.

Anyone acquainted with the French character will readily acknowledge that the mere fact of showing one's self in a theatre where what it is the custom to call *tout Paris* is assembled, with hair as long as Albert Dürer's and a waistcoat as red as an Andalusian torero's muleta, calls for far more courage and strength of soul than is required by a man storming a redoubt bristling with death-dealing guns. For in every war numberless brave fellows perform that easy feat without having to be urged, while up to the present but one single Frenchman has been found daring enough to cover his breast with a piece of stuff of so aggressive, unusual, and dazzling a colour. Judging by the imperturbable disdain with which he affronted the glances of the audience, it was easy to see that, if he had been in the least degree egged on, he would have turned up at the second performance in a daffodil-yellow vest.

The utter amazement of the public and the persistence of an impression that ought not to have lasted beyond the close of the first act, must have been due less to the startling colour of the garment than to the heroic madness that thus exposed itself, with consummate coolness, to the sarcasm of the women, the pity of the old men, the contemptuous glances of the dandies, and the coarse laughter of the bourgeois.

I did try to tear off that waistcoat of Nessus that clung to my skin, but failing to do so I bravely put up with it in spite of the fancy of the bourgeois, who can never think of me as dressed in any other colour, in spite of the negrohead, bronze-green, maroon, iron-gray, soot-black, London-smoke, steel-gray, rotten-olive, bad-pickle, and other tasteful shades of overcoats in neutral tones, such as may be discovered, after long meditations, by a civilization that has no sense of colour.

The case is the same with my hair. I have worn it cut short, but in vain,—it was always assumed to be long; and even had I exhibited in the orchestra stalls a hairless, ivory-coloured skull, shining like an ostrich's egg, people would still have maintained that great waves of Merovingian locks flowed down upon my shoulders. Most ridiculous! So I have allowed the little I have to grow as it pleases, and it has turned the permission to account, the traitor, and given me a little bit the look of a Romanticist Absalom.

I stated at the outset of these reminiscences how it was that I came to be recruited by Gérard into the company of "Hernani" in Rioult's studio, and how I was intrusted with the command of a small squad that answered to the password *Hierro*. That evening was to be, in my opinion, and rightly too, the greatest event of the age, since it was to inaugurate free, youthful, and new thought upon the débris of old routine; and I therefore wished to solemnize the occasion by a specially splendid dress, by an eccentric and gorgeous costume that should do honour to the Master, the school, and the play. At that time the painter-student still prevailed in me over the poet, and I was much preoccupied with the interests of colour. So far as I was concerned the world was divided into flamboyants and dullards, the former the object of my love, the latter of my aversion. I wanted a return to life, light, movement, audacity in thought and execution, to the fair times of the Renaissance and real antiquity, so that I rejected the faint colouring, the thin, dry drawing, and the compositions that looked like groups of lay figures, which the Empire had bequeathed to the Restoration.

These distinctions applied to literature also in my mind. Diderot was a flamboyant for me, Voltaire a dullard, just as Rubens and Poussin were similarly contrasted. But I had in addition a special taste, love for red. I adored that noble colour, now dishonoured by political fury, for it is purple, blood, life, light, and heat, and it harmonizes admirably with gold and marble. It was therefore with genuine grief that I saw it disappearing from modern life and even from painting. Before 1789, a man might wear a scarlet mantle braided with gold, but now, in order to get a glimpse of the proscribed colour, I was reduced to watching the Swiss guards relieving sentries or to looking at the red coats of English fox-hunters in the windows of printsellers. Did not "Hernani" offer a sublime opportunity to restore red to the position it should never have lost; and was it not proper that a young, lion-hearted painter-student should declare himself the champion of Red, and flout the detested colour in the faces of the Grays, of that crowd of Classicists equally hostile to the splendours of poetry? These oxen, I resolved, should behold red before their eyes, and should hear the verse of Hugo.

I do not intend to attempt to correct a legend, but I am bound to say that the waistcoat was, as a matter of fact, a doublet

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cut on the pattern of the Milanese globose breastplates and the Valois doublets, busked to a point on the stomach and ridged down the center. I have been told that I possess a very full vocabulary, but I cannot find words to express the amazed look of my tailor when I described the kind of waistcoat I wanted. He remained speechless, and Lebrun's studies in expression, at the page marked "Astonishment," have no faces with eyes wider open, eyebrows more uplifted, and more wrinkles at the top of the forehead, than the face of my worthy Gaulois—such was his name—at that moment. He thought me crazy, but respect prevented his giving voice to his feelings, out of deference to a family he thought highly of; he merely objected in a timid voice:

"But that is not the fashion, sir."

"Well, it shall be the fashion, once I have worn it," I replied with a coolness worthy of Beau Brummel, Nash, Count d'Orsay, or any other celebrated dandy.

"I do not understand the cutting of it. It is more of a theatrical costume than a town suit, and I may make a mess of it."

"I am going to give you a pattern in gray linen, drawn, cut, and basted by myself. You can fit it. It hooks down the back like the waistcoats of the Saint-Simonians, but is in no wise symbolical."

"Very well, very well. My fellow-craftsmen will laugh at me, but I shall do what you want. Now, of what stuff is this precious garment to be made?"

I drew from a coffer a splendid piece of cherry or Chinese vermilion satin, and triumphantly unfolded it before my terrified tailor, with an air of calm satisfaction that revived his fears that I was out of my mind. The light shimmered and gleamed upon the folds of the stuff, which I rumpled in order to bring out the play of light and shade, making it run through the warmest, the richest, the most ardent, the most delicate shades of red. In order to avoid wearing the infamous red of '93, I had admitted a slight admixture of purple in the dye, for I was very desirous not to be suspected of any political intention. I was not an admirer of Saint-Just and Maximilien Robespierre, as were some of my comrades, who posed as the Montagnards of poetry, but I was rather a mediæval, steel-clad feudal baron, ready to intrench myself against the invasion of the age in the stronghold of Goetz von Berlichingen, as was proper in a page of the Victor Hugo of that day, who had also his tower in the Sierra.

In spite of the easily understood repugnance of worthy Gaulois, the doublet was duly made, was hooked behind, and, save for the fact that it was the only one of that cut and colour in the theatre, became me as well as a fashionable waistcoat. The rest of my dress consisted of trousers of a very light sea-green, with a black velvet band down the outer seam, a black coat with very broad velvet facings turned well back, and a full gray overcoat lined with green satin. Round my neck I wore a moiré ribbon, which answered the double purpose of a shirt collar and a necktie. I am bound to confess that this costume was well devised to irritate and scandalize the Philistines. . . .

First Performance of "Hernani"

February 25, 1830! That date stands out in my past in letters of fire; it is that of the first performance of "Hernani." That one evening moulded my whole life. It was then I felt the impulse which yet drives me on, though so many years have elapsed, and which will keep me going to the end of my career. Though much time has gone by, I still feel the same sensation of dazzling beauty; the enthusiasm of my youth has not waned, and whenever I hear the magic sound of the horn, I prick up my ears like an old war-horse ready to rush into battle again.

The young poet, with proud audacity and consciousness of genius, preferring, besides, glory to success, had obstinately refused the assistance of the paid cohorts that perform an accompaniment to a successful performance, and help out failures. These paid applauders have a taste of their own, just like Academicians. Generally speaking they were Classicists, and they would have applauded Victor Hugo most unwillingly; their favourites at that time were Casimir Delavigne and Scribe, so that Hugo ran the risk, if matters went wrong, of being left in the lurch in the thick of the fight. There was talk of cabals, of intrigues secretly entered upon, almost of snares, even, prepared to kill the play and to get rid of the new school at one fell swoop. Literary hatred is fiercer by far than political hatred, for it sets in motion the most sensitive fibers of self-love, and the triumph of the adversary proclaims the other man a fool. Therefore the most respectable people in the world are ready to resort, in such cases, to any infamous tricks, big or little, without the least compunction.

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Brave as Hernani might be, it would never do to leave him to fight the battle alone against a prejudiced and riotous pit, against boxes apparently more sedate, but no less dangerous under their politely concealed hostility, and whose sneers buzz most importunately under the hisses, more open, at least, in their attacks. The Romanticist youth, full of ardour and rendered fanatical by the preface to "Cromwell," resolved to support "the mountain hawk," as Alarcon calls "The Weaver of Segovia." It offered its services to the Master, who accepted them. No doubt such a mass of fire and enthusiasm might prove dangerous, but timidity was not the weak point of that time. Small squads were enrolled in the band of supporters, each man bearing as a pass the square of red paper with the word *Hierro* inscribed upon it. All these details are well known, and I need not dwell upon them.

The smaller fry of the press of that day and polemical writers took pleasure in describing as a rabble of sordid roughs these young fellows, all of whom belonged to good families, who were well educated, well bred, crazy about art and poetry, some of them writers, some painters, some composers, others sculptors or architects or critics, or in some way busied with things literary. It was not Attila's filthy, fierce, unkempt, ignorant Huns that were encamped in front of the Théâtre-Français, but the knights of the future, the champions of thought, the defenders of the freedom of art; and they were handsome, free, and young. They had hair,—that goes without saying, for a man cannot be born with a wig on,—and plenty of hair, falling in soft and shining curls, for they combed it carefully. Some wore small mustaches and others full beards; that is quite true, but this fashion became their clever, proud, bold faces, which the Renaissance masters would willingly have taken for models.

The "brigands of thought," as Philothée O'Neddy put it, did not, it must be owned, resemble your snug notary, but their costumes, marked by the expression of individual taste and due feeling for colour, lent themselves better to painting. Satin and velvet, braids and frogs and fur collars and cuffs were surely as good as the swallow-tailed coats, the short-waisted waistcoats of silk, the starched muslin cravat into which chins were sunk, and the corners of white linen shirt-collars that rose like blinders on either side of the gold-spectacled noses. Even the soft felt hat and the jacket of the young students not rich enough to realize their dreams of costumes after the fashion of Rubens and Velasquez, were more elegant than the stove-pipe hat and old dress-coat with rumpled folds of the old frequenters of the Comédie-Française, horrified at the invasion of these young Shakespearian barbarians.

Do not, therefore, believe a word of all the tales told of our company.

It would have been sufficient to admit our battalion an hour before the general public, but with perfidious intention, and no doubt in the hope that there would occur a row of some sort necessitating the interference of the police, the doors were opened at two in the afternoon, involving an eight hours' wait before the raising of the curtain. The auditorium was not lighted; theaters are dark by day and are illumined at night only. Evening is their dawn, and light penetrates in them only when it dies out of the heavens. This oversetting of things is in accord with their factitious life; while reality is at work, fiction sleeps.

Strange indeed is the aspect of the interior of a theater during the day. The great height and size of the auditorium, increased by its emptiness, make one feel as if within a cathedral nave. The place is sunk in a faint darkness, into which fall, through an opening above or the pane in the door of a box, dim rays, a bluish light contrasting with the quivering red beams of the service lanterns scattered around in numbers sufficent, not to illumine, but to make the darkness visible. A visionary's eye, like that of Hoffman, would easily see in it the setting of a fantastic tale. I had never been in a theater by day, and when our company burst in, like a flood pouring through a broken dam, I was struck by this Piranesi-like effect.

We piled in as comfortably as we could on the uppermost seats, in the dark corners of the gods, on the rear seats of the balconies, in every suspicious and dangerous recess where might post themselves owners of shrill-toned keys, maddened claqueurs, starched wiseacres in love with Campistron and fearing a massacre of the busts by us septembriseurs of a new sort. We were scarcely more comfortable than Don Carlos would presently be within the cupboard, but the worst places had been reserved for the most enthusiastic, just as in war the most perilous posts are given to the reckless fellows who love to plunge into the thick of danger. The others, not less trusty, but

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more sedate, occupied the pit, drawn up in order under the eye of their leaders and ready to fall as one man upon the Philistines at the least sign of hostility on their part.

Six to seven hours waiting in the dark, or at least in the half-darkness of a theater in which the great chandelier has not been lighted, is pretty long, even when after the darkness "Hernani" is to rise like the sun in his glory.

We began talking about the play and what we knew of it. Some of us, who were more intimate with the Master, had heard him read portions of it, and remembered a few lines, which we quoted and which awoke the liveliest enthusiasm. A new "Cid" was to appear in this play, the work of a young Corneille, no less proud, no less haughty and Castilian than the first, but who had turned to Shakespeare. The various names that ought to have been given to the play were discussed. Some regretted that the name of "Three for One," had not been retained, for it struck them as a genuine Calderon title, a cloak-and-sword appellation, thoroughly Spanish and Romanticist, in the style of "Life Is a Dream" and "April and May Morns." Others rightly considered that the title, or rather subtitle, of the play, "Castilian Honour," was more serious. Most preferred "Hernani" alone, and it is their view that eventually prevailed, for it is the name that the drama has since been known by, and which, to use a Homeric expression, flits, a winged name, upon the lips of men.

Ten years later I was travelling through Spain. Between Astigarraga and Tolosa, we traversed, at the top speed of our mules, a village half ruined in the course of the war between the Christinos and the Carlists. Through the darkness I could make out the walls with great coats of arms carved above the doors and black windows with complicated iron-work, gratings, and rich balconies, testifying to bygone splendour. I asked the zagal who was running by the side of the carriage, his hand resting upon the sharp backbone of the off mule, the name of the village, and he answered, "Ernani." On hearing these three syllables, so full of memories, the drowsiness that had come over me, after a fatiguing day, vanished at once, and through the incessant tinkling of the mules' bells there sounded like a far-away sigh the faint blast of Hernani's horn. I saw again in a flash the proud mountaineer in his buff jerkin, his green sleeves, and his red hose; Don Carlos, in gilded armour; Dona Sol, pale and robed in white; Ruy Gomez de Silva, standing before the portraits of his ancestors,—in a word, the whole of the play. I even seemed to hear the row that went on at the first performance.

When Victor Hugo, still a child, returned from Spain to France after the fall of King Joseph, he must have traversed this place, the aspect of which is unchanged, and heard a postilion speak that strange, high-sounding name, so well suited to verse, and which, ripening later in his brain, like a seed forgotten in a corner, bloomed out into the magnificent drama.

We were beginning to feel hungry. The most prudent among us had brought chocolate and rolls; some, with bated breath be it spoken, saveloys; evil-minded Classicists maintain these were flavoured with garlic. I do not believe they were, but had they been, garlic is classical, for in Virgil Thestylis crushed garlic for the harvesters. The meal finished, a few ballads of Hugo's were sung, and then some of those endless studio rigmaroles that, like a water-wheel with its buckets, incessantly bring in the refrain with the same old piece of nonsense in it; next we indulged in imitations of the cries of the various animals in the Ark, which their descendants in the Zoölogical Gardens would have considered faultless. Innocent practical jokes such as are loved of young painter-students were got off; the heads, or rather the scalps, of a few Academicians were called for; dreams from classical tragedies were recited, and all sorts of liberties taken with the good old goddess Melpomene, who, little accustomed to having her marble peplum rumpled in this fashion, must have felt no end of astonishment at it.

Meantime the great chandelier was slowly being lowered from the ceiling with its triple row of gas-jets and its prismatic scintillations. The footlights were being lighted and drew between the world of reality and the world of fiction a luminous line of demarcation. The candelabra began to flame out in the stage-boxes, and the place was gradually filling up. The doors of the boxes opened and closed noisily. The ladies, who were installing themselves as for a prolonged sitting, easing their shoulders out of their low-necked dresses and settling themselves in their skirts, laid their bouquets and their glasses on the velvet-covered rail. Although our school has been reproached with the love of the ugly, I am bound to say that handsome, young, and

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pretty women were warmly cheered by our passionate youthful band, a performance which the old and ugly of their sex looked upon as shockingly improper and in the worst of taste. Those we cheered hid their faces behind their bouquets with a forgiving smile.

The orchestra stalls and the balcony were paved with academical and Classicist bald-heads. A stormy rumour made itself heard in the theater; it was time the curtain went up. We might have come to blows before the play began, so great was the animosity between the two parties. At last the three knocks were heard. The curtain rose slowly, and in a small sixteenth-century bed-chamber, lighted by a small lamp, was seen the elderly Doña Josefa Duarte, the bodice of her dress embroidered with jet, in the fashion of the times of Isabella the Catholic, listening for the rap at the secret door by which is to enter the lover awaited by her mistress.

> "Serait-ce déjà lui?—C'est bien à l'escalier Dérobé—"
> (Can it be he?—It is surely at the private Door—)

The fight was on. That word summarily chucked into the next line, that audacious overflow, impertinent even, was like a professional swashbuckler, a Saltabadil, a Scoronconcolo smacking the face of Classicism and challenging it to a duel.

"HERNANI"

WHAT! With the very first words the orgy is already in full swing! "Verse is smashed up and the pieces thrown from the windows!" said a Classicist admirer of Voltaire, with the indulgent smile of wisdom beholding folly.

He was a tolerant man, after all, and would not have objected to prudent innovations provided the French tongue had been respected, but such carelessness at the very outset had to be condemned in a poet, no matter what his principles, whether Liberal or Royalist, might be.

"It is not a piece of carelessness; it is a beauty," replied a Romanticist from Deveria's studio, tawny as Cordova leather and with a shock of thick red hair like a figure in Giorgione's paintings.

> "'C'est bien à l'escalier
> Dérobé.'

"Do you not see that the word *dérobé*, removed and as it were suspended beyond the line, describes admirably the stair of love and mystery that winds in the thickness of the manor wall? It is marvelously architectonic, full of sixteenth-century feeling, and reveals the deepest acquaintance with a whole vanished civilization."

Deveria's ingenious pupil no doubt saw too many things in that overflow, for his remarks, carried to excessive length, aroused calls for order and requests that he should be put out, the growing earnestness of which soon reduced him to silence.

It would be a difficult task to describe the effect produced upon the audience by the striking, virile, vigorous verse, that had so strange a ring, and a swing that recalled at once both Corneille and Shakespeare, for nowadays the very innovations that then were considered barbarisms are accounted classical. It must also be carefully borne in mind that in France, at the time, abhorrence of plain speaking and of the use of crude words was carried to an unimaginable extent. And with the best will in the world, all one can do now is to conceive of this abhorrence from an historical point of view, as is done concerning certain motives or prejudices the very causes of which have disappeared. . . .

Not only was plain speaking objected to in verse, the public also kicked against epithets, metaphors, comparisons, poetic expressions,—in a word, and to put it briefly, against lyricism, with its rapid flights to nature, the uplifting of the soul above prosaic situations, the flashing of poetry in the drama, so frequent in Shakespeare, Calderon, and Goethe, and so rare in our great masters of the seventeenth-century that in the whole drama of that period there are but two picturesque verses, the one in Corneille, the other in Molière; the first in the "Cid," the second in the remarks of Orgon, just returned from the country and warming his hands before the fire. Corneille's line is a splendid bit of padding, wrought by powerful hands out of the cedar of the celestial abodes in order to furnish the rime to "voiles" which he needed:—

> "Cette obscure clarté qui tombe des étoiles."
> (The dusky light of the stars of night.)

Molière's line—

> "La campagne à présent n'est pas beaucoup fleurie."
> (But few blooms now are in the meadows strewn)

expresses a feeling of commonplace comfort and the satisfaction of no longer being ex-

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posed to the vicissitudes of the weather, though it also reminds one, in that somber Parisian home, in which tortuous intrigue writhes like a snake, that out in the country there is yet greenery, and that man is ever surrounded by nature, even though he scarcely ever glances at it.

This novel spectacle interested the evil-wishers. They followed closely the action of the play, so vigorously initiated, and more than once they renounced the pleasure of interrupting or expressing disapprobation, for the pleasure of listening. There were moments when the poet's genius mastered the love of routine and the malevolent instincts of the crowd, which rebels against any new ascendency and is apt to think that it admires quite enough men as it is.

In spite of the terror inspired by Hugo's partisans, who were scattered about in small parties and who were easily recognized by their peculiar costumes and their fierce looks, there sounded in the theater the low roar of the excited crowd, which is no more to be stilled than the roar of the sea. The wrought-up feelings of an audience always burst out and manifest themselves by unmistakable signs. It needed only to cast a glance at the public to learn that this was no ordinary performance; that two systems, two parties, two armies, two civilizations—it is no exaggeration to put it so—were facing each other, filled with cordial reciprocal hatred of the intense literary kind, ready to come to blows and longing for a fight. The general attitude was one of hostility; elbows were stuck out, the least friction would have sufficed to cause an outbreak, and it was easy to see that the long-haired youth considered the clean-shaven gentleman an atrocious idiot, and would not long refrain from giving expression to his private opinions.

In point of fact, minor rows, speedily suppressed, broke out when Don Carlos indulged in some of his Romanticist pleasantries, when Don Ruy Gomez de Silva swore by Saint John of Avila, and when were noted certain touches of Spanish local colour borrowed from the "Romancero" for the sake of greater accuracy. But it was plain that the mingling of familiarity and grandeur, of heroism and passion and moodishness in Hernani, and of Homeric tautology in old Silva, aroused the deepest resentment among the portion of the audience that did not form part of Hugo's *salteadores*.

The *De ta suite—j'en suis!* (In thy train!—I am indeed!) which ends the first act became, I need not say, a theme for endless jokes on the part of the numerous tribe of the clean-shaven; but the lines in the monologue are so fine that even when repeated by these idiots they remained wonderful.

Mlle. Gay, who was later Mme. Delphine de Girardin, and who even then was famous as a poet, attracted universal attention by her blonde beauty. She had naturally the pose and the dress she has in the well-known portrait of her that Hersent painted: a white dress, blue scarf, long golden curls, her arm bent, and one finger pressed against her cheek in an attitude of attentive admiration. She was a Muse who seemed to be intently listening to Apollo. Lamartine and Victor Hugo were great friends of hers; she worshipped their genius to the last, and only when cold in death did her lovely hand drop the censer. On that evening, on that forever memorable first performance of "Hernani," she applauded—like the veriest student, in his place before two o'clock, thanks to his red card—the shocking beauties, the revolting traits of genius.

A Distant Heart—By T'AO CH'IEN

Translated by Arthur Waley

I BUILT my hut in a zone of human habitation,
Yet near me there sounds no noise of horse or coach.
Would you know how that is possible?
A heart that is distant creates a wilderness round it.

I pluck chrysanthemums under the eastern hedge,
Then gaze long at the distant summer hills.
The mountain air is fresh at the dusk of day:
The flying birds two by two return.

In these things there lies a deep meaning;
Yet when we would express it, words suddenly fail us.

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St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.
DR. ROSY.
JUSTICE CREDULOUS.
SERJEANT TROUNCE.
CORPORAL FLINT.
LAURETTA.
MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.
DRUMMER, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, *and* SERVANT.

SCENE—A Town in England.

ACT I

SCENE I.—LIEUTENANT O'CONNER'S *Lodgings.*

Enter TROUNCE, FLINT, *and four* SOLDIERS.

FIRST SOLDIER—I say you are wrong, we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

SECOND SOL.—Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

THIRD SOL.—Ay, ay, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the corporal is the lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

FLINT—Let me alone for that, I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrogue in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him, he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green.

FOURTH SOL.—I say again then you talk like youngsters, like Militia striplings; there is a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the serjeant must be our guide, he's a gentleman of words, he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such-like auxiliaries in scoring.—Confess now, for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man?

FLINT—Why, the serjeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

TROUNCE—Good soldiers, and fellow gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more judgment, and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point-blank from the purpose.

ALL—Agreed, agreed.

FLINT—O, faith—here comes the lieutenant—now, Serjeant.

TROUNCE—So then, to order.—Put on your mutiny looks, every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the Deserter's March. (*Enter* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.)

O'CONNER—Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of?

SOL.—Ahem! hem!

TROUNCE—So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this;—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our inn-keepers use us most scurvily.—By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your *spirit* was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree; so we humbly petition, that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the Justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters—hem! hem!

O'CON.—Indeed!—Pray, which of the houses use you ill?

FIRST SOL.—There's the Red Lion ha'n't half the civility of the old Red Lion.

SECOND SOL.—There's the White Horse, if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

O'CON.—Very well, the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

TROUNCE—The Two Magpies are civil enough, but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

O'CON.—Then upon my word, I'll have

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the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

FLINT—Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup—and sometimes Ned drums up and down stairs a little of a night.

O'CON.—O, all that's fair; but hark'ee, lads, I must have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day; so here, take this and divide it amongst you. But observe me now, show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

TROUNCE—Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice; we must drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

ALL—O, damn malice! St. Patrick's and his honour by all means.

FLINT—Come away then, lads, and first we'll parade round the Market Cross, for the honour of King George.

FIRST SOL.—Thank your honour.—Come along; St. Patrick's, his honour, and strong beer for ever! (*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.)

O'CON.—Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds! yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend. (*Enter* DOCTOR ROSY.) Ah, my little Dr. Rosy, my Galen a-bridge, what's the news?

ROSY—All things are as they were, my Alexander; the justice is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cutthroats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever, than in the arms of a soldier.

O'CON.—Upon my word, the army is very much obliged to him. Well then, I must marry the girl first, and ask his consent afterwards.

ROSY—So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

O'CON.—O, hang fortune—let that take its chance; there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

ROSY—So there is, so there is.—You are for beauty as nature made her, hey! No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey?

O'CON.—Upon my word, Doctor, you are right, the London ladies were always too handsome for me;—then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breastwork of whale-bone that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons under pretence of black pins—and above all, a standard of feathers, that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

ROSY—Right, right, my Alexander!—my taste to a tittle.

O'CON.—Then, Doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. I am for the changeable rose, but with one of these quality amazons, if their midnight dissipation had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it.—To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing, but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

ROSY—My taste, my taste.—Well, Lauretta is none of these.—Ah! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

O'CON. (*aside*)—Aye, faith, in my opinion she can't do a worse thing.—Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years.

ROSY—O poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot—her mouth as large and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial. Her lips conserve of roses—and then her teeth!—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would—it was but a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls—(*weeps*)—but what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

O'CON. (*aside*)—Oh, if he begins to moralize— (*Takes out his snuff-box.*)

ROSY—Fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

O'CON.—Here, Doctor, take a pinch, and keep up your spirits.

ROSY—True, true my friend; grief can't mend the matter—all's for the best, but such a woman was a great loss, Lieutenant.

O'CON.—To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

ROSY—Mental accomplishments! She would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and invent the ingredients, al-

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most as well as myself; then she was such a hand at making foreign waters—for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal—and her Bath and Bristol springs exceeded the originals—Ah! poor Dolly, she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

O'Con.—How so, pray?

Rosy—Poor soul, her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

O'Con.—Ay, ay, spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

Rosy—No, no, you mistake.—Rum agreed with her well enough, it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind—no little babe to hang like a label round papa's neck; well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

O'Con. (*aside*)—O, the devil!—again!

Rosy—Life's a shadow, the world a stage—we strut an hour.

O'Con.—Here, Doctor. (*Offers snuff.*)

Rosy—True, true, my friend—well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the best, hey! my little Alexander?

O'Con.—Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honest Humphrey should wait on the Justice; that must be our first scheme.

Rosy—True, true, you should be ready. The clothes are at my house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you; he swears you shall be his body-guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

O'Con.—Indeed, I am bound to you forever, Doctor, and, when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Rosy—Now you put me in mind of my poor wife again.

O'Con.—Ah, pray forget her a little, we shall be too late.

Rosy—Poor Dolly!

O'Con.—'Tis past twelve.

Rosy—Inhuman dropsy!

O'Con.—The Justice will wait.

Rosy—Cropped in her prime!

O'Con.—For heaven's sake, come!

Rosy—Well, flesh is grass.

O'Con.—O the devil!

Rosy—We must all die——

O'Con.—Doctor!

Rosy—Kings, lords, and common whores— (*Exit* Lieutenant O'Conner *forcing* Rosy *off.*)

Scene II.—*A Room in* Justice Credulous' *House.*

Enter Lauretta *and* Mrs. Bridget Credulous.

Lauretta—I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Conner is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Mrs. Bridget—For shame, Laura, how can you talk so?—or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow, or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

Lau.—Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers; a set of dunghill cocks, with spurs on, heroes scratched off a church door. Clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day and has his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mrs. Bri.—O barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York, and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lau.—Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

Mrs. Bri.—No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them—and if he should take you with him—to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back—then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the Serjeant's wife, to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drum-head—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

Lau.—Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my Lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best natured and best looking woman in the world.

Mrs. Bri.—Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Conner was a very well bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lau.—Why, Cousin Sophy married an officer.

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MRS. BRI.—Aye, Laury, an officer of the Militia.

LAU.—No indeed, mamma, a marching regiment.

MRS. BRI.—No child, I tell you he was a Major of Militia.

LAU.—Indeed, mamma, it wasn't. (*Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS.)

JUSTICE—Bridget, my love, I have had a message——

LAU.—It was cousin Sophy told me so.

JUST.—I have had a message, love——

MRS. BRI.—No child, she could say no such thing.

JUST.—A message, I say.

LAU.—How could he be in the Militia, when he was ordered abroad?

MRS. BRI.—Aye, girl, hold your tongue—well, my dear?

JUST.—I have a message from Doctor Rosy.

MRS. BRI.—He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

JUST.—Why, Bridget!——

MRS. BRI.—Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

JUST.—A message from Dr. Rosy, and Dr. Rosy says——

LAU.—I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals——

JUST.—Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

MRS. BRI.—Aye, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

LAU.—Well, papa.

JUST.—Dr. Rosy says he will bring——

LAU.—Were blue turned up with red, mamma.

JUST.—Laury!—says he will bring the young man——

MRS. BRI.—Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

JUST.—Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired——

MRS. BRI.—Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma; you should know——

JUST.—Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

MRS. BRI.—I am listening, my love—I am listening.—But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself?—Aye, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience, your poor dear lips quiver to speak—but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word. You may very well be angry. There is nothing, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking——

LAU.—Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

MRS. BRI.—Why, you little provoking minx——

JUST.—Get out of the room directly, both of you, get out!

MRS. BRI.—Ay, go, girl.

JUST.—Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag. I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out. (*Enter* SERVANT.)

SERVANT—Doctor Rosy, sir.

JUST.—Show him up. (*Exit* SERVANT.)

LAU.—Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment?

MRS. BRI.—You're an obstinate fool, I tell you, for if that had been the case——

JUST.—You won't go?

MRS. BRI.—We are going, Mr. Surly.—If that had been the case, I say, how could——

LAU.—Nay, mamma, one proof——

MRS. BRI.—How could Major——

LAU.—And a full proof— (JUSTICE CREDULOUS *drives them off.*)

JUST.—There they go, ding-donging for the day.—Good lack! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter should resemble her in. (*Enter* DOCTOR ROSY.) Well, Doctor, where's the lad, where's Trusty?

ROSY—At hand, he'll be here in a minute—I'll answer for't, he's such a one as you a'n't met with—brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

JUST.—Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue—a dog that was corrupted by the Lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, Doctor?

ROSY—As Hercules—and the best back-sword in the country. Egad, he'll make the red coats keep their distance.

JUST.—O the villains! this is St. Patrick's day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me, but I have taken all precautions; I have magazines of arms, and if this fellow does but prove faithful I shall be more at ease.

ROSY—Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you. (*Enter a* SERVANT.)

SER.—There is a man below, sir, inquires for Doctor Rosy.

ROSY—Show him up.

JUST.—Hold—a little caution—how does he look?

SER.—A country-looking fellow, your worship.

JUST.—O, well, well, for Doctor Rosy; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

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SER.—Yes, please your worship; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you—he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

JUST.—Corporal Breakbones!

SER.—And Drummer Crackskull came again.

JUST.—Aye, did you ever hear of such a damned confounded crew? Well, show the lad in here! (*Exit* SERVANT.)

ROSY—Ay, he'll be your porter, he'll give the rogues an answer. (*Enter* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER, *disguised as Humphrey.*)

JUST.—So, a tall—Efacks! what! has lost an eye?

ROSY—Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

JUST.—He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

ROSY—Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look.

JUST.—Well my lad, what's your name?

O'CON.—Humphrey Hum.

JUST.—Hum—I don't like Hum!

O'CON.—But I be mostly called honest Humphrey.

ROSY—There, I told you so—of noted honesty.

JUST.—Well, honest Humphrey, the Doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey?

O'CON.—And please your worship, I shall be well content.

JUST.—Well then, hark'ye, honest Humphrey, you are sure, now, you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey! honest Humphrey?

O'CON.—A bribe! what's that?

JUST.—A very ignorant fellow indeed!

ROSY—His worship hopes you will not part with your honesty for money, Humphrey.

O'CON.—Noa, noa.

JUST.—Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Conner.

ROSY—Aye, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey?

O'CON.—Not I—they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their Captain.

JUST.—And i' faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there.

O'CON.—Ay, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter: ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-post?

JUST.—Oons, what a dragon it is!—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, Doctor, and we'll agree.—Come along, honest Humphrey. (*Exit.*)

O'CON.—My dear Doctor, now remember to bring the Justice presently to the walk: I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

ROSY—I will, I will. (*Shakes hands.* JUSTICE *enters and sees them.*)

JUST.—Why, honest Humphrey, hey! what the devil are you at?

ROSY—I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present.—Good morning to your worship—you need not fear the Lieutenant, while *he* is in your house.

JUST.—Well, get in, Humphrey. Good-morning to you, Doctor.—(*Exit* DOCTOR ROSY.)—Come along, Humphrey.—Now I think I am a match for the Lieutenant and all his gang. (*Excunt.*)

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter TROUNCE, DRUMMER *and* SOLDIERS.

TROUNCE—Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day—I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

SOLDIER—Mark, serjeant! (*Enter two* COUNTRYMEN.)

TROUNCE—Oh! these are the lads I was looking for, they have the looks of gentlemen.—A'n't you single, my lads?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—Yes, and please you, I be quite single, my relations be all dead, thank heavens, more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

TROUNCE—Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master then—the fitter to serve His Majesty.—Can you read?

FIRST COUN.—Noa, I was always too lively to take to learning, but John, here, is a main clever at it.

TROUNCE—So, what, you're a scholar, friend?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—I was born so, measter. Feyther kept grammar-school.

TROUNCE—Lucky man, in a campaign or two put yourself down chaplain to the regiment. And I warrant, you have read of warriors and heroes?

SEC. COUN.—Yes that I have, I have read of Jack the Giant Killer, and the Dragon of Wantley, and the—noa, I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a comet.

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TROUNCE—Wonderful knowledge!—Well, my heroes, I'll write word to the King of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence, at the Two Magpies.

COUN.—We will, your honour, we will.

TROUNCE—But stay, for fear I shouldn't see you again in the crowd, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

FIRST COUN.—Our hats are none of the best.

TROUNCE—Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

COUN.—Bless your honour, thank your honour. (*Exeunt* COUNTRYMEN.)

TROUNCE (*winking at* SOLDIERS)—Jack. (*Exeunt* SOLDIERS. *Enter* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.) So, here comes one would make a grenadier.—Stop friend, will you list?

O'CONNER—Who shall I serve under?

TROUNCE—Under me, to be sure.

O'CON.—Isn't Lieutenant O'Conner your officer?

TROUNCE—He is, and I am Commander over him.

O'CON.—What! be your Serjeants greater than your Captains?

TROUNCE—To be sure we are, 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the General writes to me, dear Serjeant, or dear Trounce, or dear Serjeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your Lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know.—Yours, General Deluge.

O'CON.—And do you complain of him often?

TROUNCE—No, hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching. (*Enter* CORPORAL FLINT.)

FLINT—Please your honour, the Doctor is coming this way with his worship.—We are all ready, and have our cues. (*Exit.*)

O'CON.—Then, my dear Trounce, or my dear Serjeant, or my dear Serjeant Trounce, take yourself away.

TROUNCE—Zounds! the Lieutenant! I smell of the black hole already. (*Exit. Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* DOCTOR ROSY.)

JUSTICE—I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

ROSY—I fancy not; there's no one but honest Humphrey. Ha! Odds life, here comes some of them—we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass.

JUST.—O. the bloody-looking dogs! (*Walks aside with* DOCTOR ROSY. *Re-enter* CORPORAL FLINT *and two* SOLDIERS.)

FLINT—Holloa, friend, do you serve Justice Credulous?

O'CON.—I do.

FLINT—Are you rich?

O'CON.—Noa.

FLINT—Nor ever will be with that old stingy booby,—look here—take it. (*Gives him a purse.*)

O'CON.—What must I do for this?

FLINT—Mark me, our Lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter; help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

O'CON.—I'll see you hanged first, you pack of skurry villains! (*Throws away the purse.*)

FLINT—What sirrah, do you mutiny? Lay hold of him!

O'CON.—Nay then, I'll try your armour for you. (*Beats them.*)

ALL—O! O!—quarter! quarter! (*Exeunt* CORPORAL FLINT *and* SOLDIERS.)

JUST. (*coming forward*)—Trim them, trounce them, break their bones, honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has!

ROSY—Aquafortis.

O'CON.—Betray my master!

ROSY—What a miracle of fidelity!

JUST.—Ay, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself; as for this bribe (*takes up the purse*), such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then, Doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women; while he is with them I may go out with safety.

ROSY—Doubtless you may. I'll answer for the Lieutenant's behaviour while honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

JUST.—Aye, aye, she shall go nowhere without him. Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

LAURETTA *discovered. Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.

JUSTICE—Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave? Do you want to invite that scoundrel Lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off?

LAURETTA—Lud, papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

JUST.—Why, huzzy——

LAU.—Well then, I can't bear to be shut

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up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with—and I wish I was run away with—I do—and I wish the Lieutenant knew it.

JUST.—You do, do you, huzzy? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care of you. Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden, Miss Pert, but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go. So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while—let no one but yourself come near her—don't be shame-faced, you booby, but keep close to her. And now, miss, let your Lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can. (*Exit.*)

LAU.—How this booby stares after him! (*Sits down and sings.*)

O'CON.—Lauretta!

LAU.—Not so free, fellow! (*Sings.*)

O'CON.—Lauretta! look on me.

LAU.—Not so free, fellow!

O'CON.—No recollection!

LAU.—Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

O'CON.—Have you forgot your faithful soldier?

LAU.—Ah! O preserve me!

O'CON.—'Tis, my soul, your truest slave passing on your father in this disguise.

LAU.—Well now, I declare this is charming—you are so disguised, my dear Lieutenant, and you do look so delightfully ugly, I am sure no one will find you out, ha! ha! ha!—You know, I am under your protection—papa charged you to keep close to me.

O'CON.—True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil——

LAU.—O pray now, dear Humphrey——

O'CON.—Nay, 'tis but what old Mittimus commanded. (*Offers to kiss her. Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS.)

JUST.—Laury, my—hey! what the devil's here?

LAU.—Well now, one kiss, and be quiet.

JUST.—Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey!—Don't let me—pray don't let me interrupt you!

LAU.—Lud, papa!—Now, that's so good-natured—indeed, there's no harm.—You did not mean any rudeness, did you, Humphrey?

O'CON.—No indeed, miss; his worship knows it is not in me.

JUST.—I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight——

LAU.—Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was. I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me beginning to totter ran to my assistance quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

O'CON.—That's all indeed, your worship; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

JUST.—O, 'twas very kind in you!

O'CON.—And luckily recovered her.

JUST.—And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hey? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant, or by all the statutes——

LAU.—O now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again!—O, help!

O'CON.—O, dear lady, she'll fall! (*Takes her into his arms.*)

JUST.—Zounds! what, before my face?—why, then, thou miracle of impudence!—(*Lays hold of him and discovers him.*)—Mercy on me, who have we here?—Murder—Robbery—Fire—Rape—Gunpowder—Soldiers—John—Susan—Bridget——!

O'CON.—Good sir, don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm.

JUST.—Thieves! Robbers! Soldiers!

O'CON.—You know my love for your daughter——

JUST.—Fire! Cut-throats!

O'CON.—And that alone——

JUST.—Treason! Gunpowder! (*Enter a* SERVANT *with a blunderbuss.*) Now, scoundrel! let her go this instant.

LAU.—O papa, you'll kill me!

JUST.—Honest Humphrey, be advised.—Aye, miss, this way if you please.

O'CON.—Nay, sir, but hear me——

JUST.—I'll shoot.

O'CON.—And you'll be convinced——

JUST.—I'll shoot.

O'CON.—How injurious——

JUST.—I'll shoot—and so your very humble servant, honest Humphrey Hum. (*Exeunt separately.*)

SCENE III.—*A Walk.*

Enter DOCTOR ROSY.

ROSY—Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah! I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him: faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning, restless nights.—Ah! just my case when I pined for my poor dear Dolly—when she used to have her daily colics, that her little doctor be sent for.—Then would I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her—send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught, with an acrostic on the label.—Well, those days are

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over—no happiness lasting—all is vanity—now sunshine—now cloudy—we are, as it were, king and beggar—then what avails—(*Enter* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.)

O'CONNER—O Doctor! ruined and undone.

ROSY—The pride of beauty——

O'CON.—I am discovered, and——

ROSY—The gaudy palace——

O'CON.—The Justice is——

ROSY—The pompous wig——

O'CON.—Is more enraged than ever.

ROSY—The gilded cane——

O'CON.—Why, Doctor! (*Slapping him on the shoulder.*)

ROSY—Hey!

O'CON.—Confound your morals, I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed, ruined.

ROSY—Indeed! Good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs!—Nothing certain in this world—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all.

O'CON.—My dear Doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom.—I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week.—I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

ROSY—With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it—but how the deuce were you discovered?

O'CON.—I'll tell you as we go, there's not a moment to be lost.

ROSY—Heaven send we succeed better, but there's no knowing.

O'CON.—Very true.

ROSY.—We may, and we may not.

O'CON.—Right.

ROSY—Time must show.

O'CON.—Certainly.

ROSY—We are but blind guessers.

O'CON.—Nothing more.

ROSY—Thick-sighted mortals.

O'CON.—Remarkably.

ROSY—Wandering in error.

O'CON.—Even so.

ROSY—Futurity is dark.

O'CON.—As a cellar.

ROSY—Men are moles. (*Exeunt* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER *forcing out* ROSY.)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* JUSTICE CREDULOUS' *House.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS

JUSTICE—Odds life, Bridget, you are enough to make one mad! I tell you he would have deceived a chief justice: the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

MRS. BRIDGET—Po! Nonsense, honesty indeed!—what had you to do, pray, with honesty?—A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum; and miss, too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta! ay, you would have called her so, but for my part I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen Christian names; if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a runaway name.

JUST.—Psha, you're a fool.

MRS. BRI.—No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on.

JUST.—Why, zounds! Madam, how durst you talk so? If you have no respect for your husband, I should think *unus quorum* might command a little deference.

MRS. BRI.—Don't tell me.—Unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions; you'll be a laughing-stock to the whole bench, and a byword with all the pig-tailed lawyers and bag-wigged attorneys about town.

JUST.—Is this language for His Majesty's representative? By the statutes, it's high treason and petty treason, both at once! (*Enter* SERVANT.)

SERVANT—A letter for your worship.

JUST.—Who brought it?

SER.—A soldier.

JUST.—Take it away and bury it.

MRS. BRI.—Stay!—Now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the Lieutenant, I suppose.—Let me see.—Aye, 'tis signed O'Conner.

JUST.—Well, come read it out.

MRS. BRI. (*reads*)—*Revenge is sweet.*

JUST.—It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that, I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

MRS. BRI. (*reads*)—*And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have still the satisfaction of knowing I'm revenged on her unnatural father, for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison!*—Mercy on us!

JUST.—No tricks, Bridget, come, you know it is not so, you know it is a lie.

MRS. BRI.—Read it yourself.

JUST.—(*reads*)—*Pleasure to administer to you a dose of poison*—O horrible!—Cut-throat villain!—Bridget!

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MRS. BRI.—Lovee, stay, here's a post-script.—(*Reads.*) *N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.*

JUST.—Odds my life, Bridget, why don't you call for help? I've lost my voice—My brain is giddy—I shall burst and no assistance.—John!—Laury!—John!

MRS. BRI.—You see, lovee, what you have brought on yourself. (*Enter* SERVANT.)

SERVANT—Your worship!

JUST.—Stay, John, did you perceive anything in my chocolate cup this morning?

SER.—Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

JUST.—What colour were they?

SER.—Blackish, your worship.

JUST.—Aye, arsenac, black arsenac! Why don't you run for Dr. Rosy, you rascal?

SER.—Now, sir?

MRS. BRI.—O, lovee, you may be sure it is in vain; let him run for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

JUST.—Zounds! go for the Doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

SER.—O, here he is, your worship. (*Exit.*)

JUST.—Now Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent. (*Enter* DOCTOR ROSY.)

ROSY—I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what's the matter with your worship?

JUST.—There, he sees it already—Poison in my face, in capitals! Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers indeed!

MRS. BRI.—Oh! oh! alas, Doctor!

JUST.—Peace, Bridget!—Why, Doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

ROSY—Change! Never was man so altered; how came these black spots on your nose?

JUST.—Spots on my nose!

ROSY—And that wild stare in your right eye?

JUST.—In my right eye!

ROSY—Aye, and, alack, alack, how you are swelled!

JUST.—Swelled!

ROSY—Aye, don't you think he is, madam?

MRS. BRI.—O! 'tis in vain to conceal it!—Indeed, lovee, you are as big again as you was this morning.

JUST.—Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned—Doctor, help me, for the love of justice.—Give me life to see my murderer hanged.

ROSY—What?

JUST.—I'm poisoned, I say!

ROSY—Speak out!

JUST.—What! can't you hear me?

ROSY—Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

JUST.—I'm gone then!—*Hic jacet.* Many years one of his Majesty's justices.

MRS. BRI.—Read, Doctor!—Ah, lovee, the will.—Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

JUST.—No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

ROSY—I never heard such monstrous iniquity.—O, you are gone indeed, my friend; the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go sooner or later—high and low—Death's a debt; his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

JUST.—Silence, Dr. Croaker, will you cure me or will you not?

ROSY—Alas, my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

JUST.—I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

ROSY—Aye, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

MRS. BRI.—Will he? then indeed it would be a pity you should recover. I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

JUST.—That's very kind in you, my dear—but if it's the same thing to you, my dear, I had as soon recover notwithstanding.—What, Doctor, no assistance!

ROSY—Efacks I can do nothing, but there's the German quack whom you wanted to send from town, I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

JUST.—Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him, I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

ROSY—Well, there's no time to be lost,—you continue to swell immensely. (*Exit.*)

MRS. BRI.—What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack nostrum-monger? For my part, as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave, than see you owe your life to any but a regular bred physician.

JUST.—I'm sensible of your affection, dearest,—and be assured nothing consoles me in my melancholy situation so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind me. (*Enter* DOCTOR ROSY, *and* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER *disguised.*)

ROSY—Great luck, met him passing by the door.

O'CONNER—Metto dowsei pulsum.

ROSY—He desires to feel your pulse.

JUST.—Can't he speak English?

ROSY—Not a word.

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O'Con.—Palio vivem mortem soonem.

Rosy—He says you have not six hours to live.

Just.—O mercy! does he know my distemper?

Rosy—I believe not.

Just.—Tell him 'tis black arsnick they have given me.

Rosy—Geneable illi arsnecca.

O'Con.—Pisonatus.

Just.—What does he say?

Rosy—He says that you are poisoned.

Just.—We know that, but what will be the effect?

Rosy—Quid effectum?

O'Con.—Diable tutellem.

Rosy—He says you die presently.

Just.—O horrible! What, no antidote?

O'Con.—Curum benakere bono fullum.

Just.—What does he say, I must row in a boat to Fulham?

Rosy—He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Bri.—Three thousand pounds! three thousand halters!—No, lovee, you shall never submit to such impositions—die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Just.—I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

Mrs. Bri.—Psha, there is nothing in it; a moment and it is over.

Just.—Aye, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts for a plaguey long time.

Mrs. Bri.—O my dear, pray consider the will. (*Enter* Lauretta.)

Lauretta—O my father, what is it I hear?

O'Con.—Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam.

Rosy—The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Just.—How so?

O'Con.—Damsellum livium suvum rislibani.

Rosy—He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Just.—The devil! did he say all that in so few words—what a fine language it is! Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl.—(*Aside.*) And that I am sure he never will.

Rosy—Greal.

O'Con.—Writhum bothum.

Rosy—He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt. (*Both sit down to write.*)

Lau.—Do, mamma, tell me the meaning of this.

Mrs. Bri.—Don't speak to me, girl.—Unnatural parent!

Just.—There, doctor, there's what he requires.

Rosy—And here's your receipt; read it yourself.

Just.—Hey! what's here? plain English!

Rosy—Read it out, a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.

Just. (*reads*)—*In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law,* O'Conner.—Who in the name of Beelzebub, sirrah, who are you?

O'Con.—Your affectionate son-in-law, O'Conner, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

Just.—'Tis false, you dog! you are not my son-in-law, for I'll be poisoned again, and you shall be hanged—I'll die, sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

Mrs. Bri.—Aye, pray do, my dear, leave me your estate—I'm sure he deserves to be hanged.

Just.—He does, you say!—Hark'ee, Bridget, you showed such a tender concern for me when you thought me poisoned, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in anything. So, do you hear, sir, you are an Irishman, and a soldier, ar'n't you?

O'Con.—I am, sir, and proud of both.

Just.—The two things on earth I most hate—so I'll tell you what—renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

O'Con.—Hark'ee, Mr. Justice—if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second.

Rosy—Aye, aye, you're right.

Just.—Is he? then I'm sure I must be wrong.—Here sir, I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

O'Con.—O, sir, say what you please, with such a gift as Lauretta, every word is a compliment.

Mrs. Bri.—Well, my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

Just.—Why, truly, my dear, I think so, though we are seldom at a loss for that.

Rosy—This is all as it should be.—My Alexander, I give you joy, and you, my little god-daughter; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

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Moisture, a Trace

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

LAST fall I revisited Arizona for the first time in many years. My ultimate destination lay one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of the railroad. As I stepped off the Pullman I drew deep the crisp, thin air; I looked across immeasurable distance to tiny, brittle, gilded buttes; I glanced up and down a ramshackle row of wooden buildings with crazy wooden awnings, and I sighed contentedly. Same good old Arizona.

The Overland pulled out, flirting its tail at me contemptuously. A small, battered-looking car, grayed and caked with white alkali dust, glided alongside, and from under its swaying and disreputable top emerged someone I knew. Not individually. But by many campfires of the past I had foregathered with him and his kind. Same old Arizona, I repeated to myself.

This person bore down upon me and gently extracted my bag from my grasp. He stood about six feet three; his face was long and brown and grave; his figure was spare and strong. Atop his head he wore the sacred Arizona high-crowned hat, around his neck a bright bandanna; no coat, but an unbuttoned vest; skinny trousers, and boots. Save for lack of spurs and *chaps* and revolver he might have been a moving-picture cowboy. The spurs alone were lacking from the picture of a real one.

He deposited my bag in the tonneau, urged me into a front seat, and crowded himself behind the wheel. The effect was that of a grown-up in a go-cart. This particular brand of tin car had not been built for this particular size of man. His knees were hunched up on either side the steering column; his huge, strong brown hands grasped most competently that toy-like wheel. The peak of his sombrero missed the wrinkled top only because he sat on his spine. I reflected that he must have been drafted into this job, and I admired his courage in undertaking to double up like that even for a short journey.

"Roads good?" I asked the usual question as I slammed shut the door.

"Fair, suh," he replied, soberly.

"What time should we get in?" I inquired.

"Long 'bout six o'clock, suh," he informed me.

It was then eight in the morning—one hundred and twenty-eight miles—ten hours—roads good, eh?—hum.

He touched the starter. The motor exploded with a bang. We moved.

I looked her over. On the running board were strapped two big galvanized tanks of water. It was almost distressingly evident that the muffler had either been lost or thrown away. But she was hitting on all four. I glanced at the speedometer dial. It registered the astonishing total of 29,250 miles.

We swung out the end of the main street and sailed down a road that vanished in the endless gentle slope of a "sink." Beyond the sink the bank rose again, gently, to gain the height of the eyes at some *mesas*. Well I know that sort of country. One journeyed for the whole day, and the *mesas* stayed where they were; and in between were successively vast stretches of mesquite, or alkali, or lava outcrops, or *sacatone* bottoms, each seeming, while one was in it, to fill all the world forever, without end; and the day's changes were of mirage and the shifting colours of distant hills.

It was soon evident that my friend's ideas of driving probably coincided with his ideas of going up a mountain. When a mounted cowboy climbs a hill he does not believe in fussing with such nonsense as grades; he goes straight up. Similarly, this man evidently considered that, as roads were made for travel and distance for annihilation, one

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should turn on full speed and get there. Not one hair's breadth did he deign to swerve for chuck-hole or stone; not one fractional mile per hour did he check for gully or ditch. We struck them head-on, bang! did they happen in our way. Then my head hit the disreputable top. In the mysterious fashion of those who drive freight wagons my companion remained imperturbably glued to his seat. I had neither breath nor leisure for the country or conversation.

Thus one-half hour. The speedometer dial showed the figures 29,260. I allowed myself to think of a possible late lunch at my friend's ranch.

We slowed down. The driver advanced the hand throttle the full sweep of the quadrant, steered with his knees, and produced the "makings." The faithful little motor continued to hit on all four, but in slow and painful succession, each explosion sounding like a pistol shot. We had passed already the lowest point of the "sink," and were climbing the slope on the other side. The country, as usual, looked perfectly level, but the motor knew different.

"I like to hear her shoot," said the driver, after his first cigarette. "That's why I chucked the muffler. It's plumb lonesome out yere all by yourself. A hoss is different."

"Who you riding for?"

"Me? I'm riding for me. This outfit is mine."

It didn't sound reasonable; but that's what I heard.

"You mean you drive this car—as a living——"

"Correct."

"I should think you'd get cramped!" I burst out.

"Me? I'm used to it. I bet I ain't missed three days since I got her—and that's about a year ago."

He answered my questions briefly, volunteering nothing. He had never had any trouble with the car; he had never broken a spring; he'd overhauled her once or twice; he averaged sixteen actual miles to the gallon. If I were to name the car I should have to write advt. after this article to keep within the law. I resolved to get one. We chugged persistently along on high gear; though I believe second would have been better.

Presently we stopped and gave her a drink. She was boiling like a little tea kettle, and she was pretty thirsty.

"They all do it," said Bill. Of course his name was Bill. "Especially the big he-ones. High altitude. Going slow with your throttle wide open. You're all right if you got plenty water. If not, why, then ketch a cow and use the milk. Only go slow or you'll git all clogged up with butter."

We clambered aboard and proceeded. That distant dreamful *mesa* had drawn very near. It was scandalous. The aloof desert, whose terror, whose beauty, whose wonder, whose allure was the awe of infinite space that could be traversed only in toil and humbleness, had been contracted by a thing that now said 29,265.

"At this rate we'll get there before six o'clock," I remarked, hopefully.

"Oh, this is County Highway!" said Bill.

As we crawled along, still on high gear—that tin car certainly pulled strongly—a horseman emerged from a fold in the hills. He was riding a sweat-covered, mettlesome black with a rolling eye. His own eye was bitter, and likewise the other features of his face. After trying in vain to get the frantic animal within twenty feet of our *mitrailleuse*, he gave it up.

"Got anything for me?" he shrieked at Bill.

Bill leisurely turned off the switch, draped his long legs over the side of the car, and produced his makings.

"Nothing, Jim. Expaicting of anything?"

"Sent for a new grass rope. How's feed down Mogallon way?"

"Fair. That a bronco you're riding?"

"Just backed him three days ago."

"Amount to anything?"

"That," said Jim, with an extraordinary bitterness, "is already a gaited hoss. He has fo' gaits now."

"Four gaits," repeated Bill, incredulously. "I'm in the stink wagon business. I ain't aiming to buy no hosses. What four gaits you claim he's got?"

"Start, stumble, fall down *and* git up," said Jim.

Shortly after this joyous *rencontre* we topped the rise, and, looking back, could realize the grade we had been ascending.

The road led white and straight as an arrow to dwindle in perspective to a mere thread. The little car leaped forward on the invisible down grade. Again I anchored myself to one of the top supports. A long, rangy fowl happened into the road just ahead of us, but immediately flopped clumsily, half afoot, half a-wing, to one side in the brush, like a stampeded hen.

"Road runner," said Bill, with a short laugh. "Remember how they used to

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rack along in front of a hoss for miles, keeping just ahead, lettin' out a link when you spurred up? Aggravatin' fowl! They got over tryin' to keep ahead of gasoline."

In the white alkaline road lay one lone, pyramidal rock. It was about the size of one's two fists and all its edges and corners were sharp. Probably twenty miles of clear space lay on either flank of that rock. Nevertheless, our right front wheel hit it square in the middle. The car leaped straight up, the rock popped sidewise, and the tire went off with a mighty bang. Bill put on the brakes, deliberately uncoiled himself, and descended.

"Seems like tires don't last no time at all in this country," he remarked, sadly. He walked around the car and began to examine the four wrecks he carried as spares. After some inspection of their respective merits, he selected one. "I just somehow kain't git over the notion she ought to sidestep them little rocks and holes of her own accord," he exclaimed. "A hoss is a plumb narrow-minded critter, but he knows enough for that."

While he changed the tire—which incidentally involved patching one of half a dozen over-worn tubes—I looked her over more in detail. The customary frame, strut rods, and torsion rods had been supplemented by the most extraordinary criss-cross of angle-iron braces it has ever been my fortune to behold. They ran from anywhere to everywhere beneath that car. I began to comprehend her cohesiveness.

"Jim Coles, blacksmith at the O T, puts them braces in all our cars," explained Bill. "He's got her down to a system."

The repair finished and the radiator refilled, we resumed the journey. It was now just eleven o'clock. The odometer reading was 29,276. The temperature was well up toward 100 degrees. But beneath the disreputable top, and while in motion, the heat was not noticeable. Nevertheless, the brief stop had brought back poignantly certain old days—choking dust, thirst, the heat of a heavy sun, the long day that led one nowhere——

The noon mirages were taking shape, throwing stately and slow their vast illusions across the horizon. Lakes glimmered; distant ranges took on the forms of phantasm, rising higher, flattening, reaching across space the arches of their spans, rendering unreal a world of beauty and dread. That in the old days was the deliberate fashion the desert had of searing men's souls with her majesty. Slowly, slowly, the changes melted one into the other; massively, deliberately the face of the world was altered; so that at last the poor plodding human being, hot, dry, blinded, thirsty, felt himself a nothing in the presence of eternities. Well I knew that old spell of the desert. But now! Honestly, after a few minutes I began to feel sorry for the poor old desert! Its spells didn't work for the simple reason that *we didn't give it time!* We charged down on its phantom lakes and disproved them and forgot them. We broke right in on the dignified and deliberate scene-shifting of mountains and *mesas*, showed them up for the brittle, dry hills they were, and left them behind. It was pitiful! It was as though a revered tragedian should overnight find that his vogue had departed; that he was no longer getting over; that an irreverent upstart, breaking in on his most sonorous periods, was getting laughs with slang. We had lots of water; the dust we left behind; it wasn't even hot in the wind of our going!

In the shallow crease of hills a shimmer of white soon changed to evident houses. We drew into a straggling desert town.

It was typical—thirty miles from the railroad, a distributing point for the cattle country. Four broad buildings with peeled, sunburned faces, a wooden house or so, and a dozen flat-roofed adobe huts hung pleasingly with long strips of red peppers. Of course one of the wooden buildings was labeled General Store; and another, smaller, contained a barber shop and postoffice combined. The third was barred and unoccupied. The fourth had been a livery stable, but was now a garage. Six saddle horses and six Fords stood outside the General Store, which was a fair division.

Bill slowed down.

"Have a drink," I observed, hospitably.

"Arizona's a dry state," Bill reminded me; but nevertheless stopped and uncoiled. That unbelievable phenomenon had escaped my memory. In the old days I used to shut my eyes and project my soul into what I imagined was the future. I saw Arizona, embottled, dying in the last-wet ditch, while all the rest of the world, even including Milwaukee, bore down on her carrying the banners of Prohibition. So much for prophecy. I voiced a thought.

"There must be an awful lot of old-timers died this spring. You can't cut them off short and hope to save them."

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Bill grunted.

We entered the store. It smelled good, as such stores always do—soap, leather, ground coffee, bacon, cheese—all sorts of things. On the right ran a counter and shelves of dry goods and clothing; on the left groceries, cigars and provisions generally. Down the middle saddles, ropes, spurs, pack outfits, harness, hardware. In the rear a glass cubby-hole with a desk inside. All that was customary, right and proper. But I noticed also a glass case with spark plugs and accessories; a rack full of tires; and a barrel of lubricating oil. I did not notice any body polish. By the front door stood a paper-basket whose purport I understood not at all.

Bill led me at once past two or three lounging cow persons to the cubby-hole, where arose a typical old timer.

"Mr. White, meet Mr. Billings," he said.

The old timer grasped me firmly by the right hand and held tight while he demanded, as usual, "What name?" We informed him together. He allowed he was pleased. I allowed the same.

"I want to buy a yard of calico," said Bill.

The old timer reached beneath the counter and produced a strip of cloth. It was already cut, and looked to be about a yard long. Also it showed the marks of loving but brutal and soiled hands.

"Wrap it up?" inquired Mr. Billings.

"Nope," said Bill, and handed out three silver dollars. Evidently calico was high in these parts. We turned away.

"By the way, Bill," Mr. Billings called after us, "I got a little present here for you. Some friends sent her in to me the other day. Let me know what you think of it."

We turned. Mr. Billings held in his hand a sealed quart bottle with a familiar and famous label.

"Why, that's kind of you," said Bill gravely. He took the proffered bottle, turned it upside down, glanced at the bottom, and handed it back. "But I don't believe I'd wish for none of that particular breed. It never did agree with my stummick."

Without a flicker of the eye the storekeeper produced a second sealed bottle, identical in appearance and label with the first.

"Try it," he urged. "Here's one from a different case. Some of these yere vintages is better than others."

"So I've noticed," replied Bill, dryly. He glanced at the bottom and slipped it into his pocket.

We went out. As we passed the door Bill, unobserved, dropped into the heretofore unexplained waste-basket the yard of calico he had just purchased.

"Don't believe I like the pattern for my boudoir," he told me, gravely.

We clambered aboard and shot our derisive exhaust at the diminishing town.

"Thought Arizona was a dry state," I suggested.

"She is. You cain't sell a drop. But you can keep stuff for personal use. There ain't nothing more personal than givin' it away to your friends."

"The price of calico is high down here."

"And goin' up," agreed Bill, gloomily. He drove ten miles in silence while I, knowing my type, waited.

"That Old Billings ought to be drug out and buried," he remarked at last. "We rode together on the Chiracahua range. He ought to know better than to try to put it onto me."

"???" said I.

"You saw that first bottle? Just plain forty-rod dog poison—and me payin' three good round dollars!"

"For calico," I reminded.

"Shore. That's why he done it. He had me—if I hadn't called him."

"But that first bottle was identically the same as the one you have in your pocket," I stated.

"Shore?"

"Why, yes—at least—that is, the bottle and label were the same, and I particularly noticed the cork seal looked intact."

"It was," agreed Bill. "That cap hasn't never been disturbed. You're right."

"Then what objection——"

"It's one of them wonders of modern science that spoils the simple life next to Nature's heart," said Bill, unexpectedly. "You hitch a big hollow needle onto an electric light current. When she gets hot enough you punch a hole with her in the bottom of the bottle. Then you throw the switch and let the needle cool off. When she's cool you pour out the real thing for your own use—mebbe. Then you stick in your forty-cent-a-gallon squirrel poison. Heat up your needle again. Draw her out very slow so the glass will close up behind her. Simple, neat, effective, honest enough for down here. Cork still there, seal still there, label still there. Bottle still there,

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except for a little bit of a wart-lookin' bubble in the bottom."

It was now in the noon hour. Knowing cowboys of old I expected no lúnch. We racketed along, and our dust tried to catch us, and sleepy, accustomed jack-rabbits made two perfunctory hops as we turned on them the battery of our exhaust.

We dipped down into a carved bottom-land, several miles wide, filled with minarets, peaks, vermilion towers, and strange striped labyrinths of many colours above which the sky showed an unbelievable blue. The trunks of colossal trees lay about in numbers. Apparently they had all been cross-cut in sections like those sawed for shake-bolts, for each was many times clearly divided. The sections, however, lay all in place; so the trunks of the trees were as they had fallen. About the ground were scattered fragments of rock of all sizes, like lava, but of all the colours of the giddiest parrots. The tiniest piece had at least all the tints of the spectrum; and the biggest seemed to go the littlest several better. They looked to me like beautiful jewels. Bill cast at them a contemptuous glance.

"Every towerist I take in yere makes me stop while he sags down the car with this junk," he said. Whenever I say "Bill said" or "I said," I imply that we shrieked, for always through that great, still country we hustled enveloped in a profanity of explosions, creaks, rattles, and hums. Just now, though, on a level, we traveled at a low gear. "Petrified wood," Bill added.

I swallowed guiltily the request I was about to proffer.

The malpais defined itself. We came to a wide, dry wash filled with white sand. Bill brought the little car to a stop.

Well I know that sort of sand! You plunge rashly into it on low gear; you buzz bravely for possibly fifty feet; you slow down, slow down; your driving wheels begin to spin—that finishes you. Every revolution digs a deeper hole. It is useless to apply power. If you are wise you throw out your clutch the instant she stalls, and thus save digging yourself in unnecessarily. But if you are really wise you don't get in that fix at all. The next stage is that wherein you thrust beneath the hind wheels certain expedients such as robes, coats, and so forth. The wheels, when set in motion, hurl these trivialities yards to the rear. The car then settles down with a shrug. About the time the axle is actually resting on the sand you proceed to serious digging, cutting brush, and laying causeways. Some sand you can get out of by these methods, but not dry, stream-bed sand in the Southwest. Finally you reach the state of true wisdom. Either you sit peacefully in the tonneau and smoke until someone comes along, or, if you are doubtful of that miracle, you walk to the nearest team and rope. And never, never, never are you caught again! A detour of fifty miles is nothing after that!

While Bill manipulated the makings, I examined the prospects. This was that kind of a wash; no doubt of it!

"How far is the nearest crossing?" I asked, returning.

"About eight feet," said he.

My mind, panic-stricken, flew to several things—that bottle (I regret that I failed to record that by test its contents had proved genuine), the cornered rock we had so blithely charged, other evidences of Bill's casual nature. My heart sank.

"You ain't going to tackle that wash!" I cried.

"I shore am," said Bill.

I examined Bill. He meant it.

"How far to the nearest ranch?"

"'Bout ten mile."

I went and sat on a rock. It was one of those rainbow remnants of a bygone past; but my interest in curios had waned.

Bill drove into the grimy mysteries under the back seat and produced two blocks of wood six or eight inches square, and two strong straps with buckles. He inserted a block between the frame of the car and the rear axle; then he ran a strap around the rear spring and cinched on it until the car body, the block, and the axle made one solid mass. In other words, the spring action was entirely eliminated. He did the same thing on the other side.

"Climb in," said he.

We went into low and slid down the steep clay bank into the waiting sand. To me it was like a plunge into ice-water. Bill stepped on her. We ploughed out into trouble. The steering wheel bucked and jerked vainly against Bill's huge hands; we swayed like a moving-picture comic; but we forged steadily ahead. Not once did we falter. Our wheels gripped continuously. When we pulled out on the other bank I exhaled as though I, too, had lost my muffler. I believe I had held my breath the whole way across. Bill removed the blocks and gave her more water. Still in low we climbed out of the malpais.

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It was now after two o'clock. We registered 29,328. I was getting humble-minded. Six o'clock looked good enough to me now.

One thing was greatly encouraging. As we rose again to the main level of the country I recognized over the horizon a certain humped mountain. Often in the "good old days" I had approached this mountain from the south. Beneath its flanks lay my friend's ranch, our destination. Five hours earlier in my experience its distance would have appalled me; but my standards had changed. Nevertheless, it seemed far enough away. I was getting physically tired. There is a heap of exercise in many occupations, such as digging sewers and chopping wood and shopping with a woman; but driving in small Arizona motor cars need give none of these occupations any odds. And of late years I have been accustoming myself to three meals a day.

For this reason there seems no excuse for detailing the next three hours. From three o'clock until sunset the mirages slowly fade away into the many-tinted veils of evening. I know that because I've seen it; but never would I know it whilst an inmate of a gasoline madhouse. We carried our own egg-shaped aura constantly with us, on the invisible walls of which the subtle and austere influences of the desert beat in vain. That aura was composed of speed, bumps, dust, profane noise, and an extreme and exotic busyness. It might be that in a docile, tame, expensive automobile, garnished with a sane and biddable driver, one might see the desert as it is. I don't know whether such a combination exists. But me—I couldn't get into the Officers' Training Camp because of my advanced years: I may be an old fogy, but I cherish a sneaking idea that perhaps you have to buy some of these things at the cost of the aforementioned thirst, heat, weariness, and the slow passing of long days. Still, an Assyrian brick in the British Museum is inscribed by a father to his son away at school with a lament over the passing of the "good old days"!

At any rate, we drew into Spring Creek at five o'clock, shooting at every jump. My friend's ranch was only six miles farther. This was home for Bill, and we were soon surrounded by many acquaintances. He had letters and packages for many of them; and detailed many items of local news. To us shortly came a cowboy who had evidently bought all the calico he could carry. This person was also long and lean and brown; hard-bitten; bedecked with worn brown leather *chaps*, and wearing a gun. The latter he unbuckled and cast from him with great scorn.

"And I don't need no gun to do it, neither!" he stated, as though concluding a long conversation.

"Shore not, Slim," agreed one of the group, promptly annexing the artillery. "What is it?"

"Kill that ——— Beck," said Slim, owlishly. "I can do it; and I can do it with my bare hands, b' God!"

He walked sturdily enough in the direction of the General Store across the dusty square. No one paid any further attention to his movements. The man who had picked up the gun belt buckled it around his own waist. Bill refilled the ever-thirsty radiator, peered at his gasoline gauge, leisurely turned down a few grease cups. Ten minutes passed. We were about ready to start.

Back across the square drifted a strange figure. With difficulty we recognized it as the erstwhile Slim. He had no hat. His hair stuck out in all directions. One eye was puffing shut, blood oozed from a cut in his forehead and dripped from his damaged nose. One shirt sleeve had been half torn from its parent at the shoulder. But, most curious of all, Slim's face was evenly marked by a perpendicular series of long, red scratches as though he had been dragged from stem to stern along a particularly abrasive gravel walk. Slim seemed quite calm.

His approach was made in a somewhat strained silence. At length there spoke a dry, sardonic voice.

"Well," it said, "did you kill Beck?"

"Naw!" replied Slim's remains disgustedly, "the son-of-a-gun wouldn't fight!"

We reached my friend's ranch just about dusk. He met me at the yard gate.

"Well!" he said, heartily. "I'm glad you're here! Not much like the old days, is it?"

I agreed with him.

"Journey out is dull and uninteresting now. But compared to the way we used to do it, it is a cinch. Just sit still and roll along."

I disagreed with him—mentally.

"The old order has changed," said he.

"Yes," I agreed, "now it's one yard of calico."

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The Inn of the Silver Moon

By HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

Herman K. Viele

VIII

ACHILLE rowed with more force than finish, taking the direction of least resistance, and, the current being strong, the marooned official was soon a gesticulating speck far astern. As long as he remained in sight the Countess continued to wave her handkerchief, and to a chance observer on the shore the scene might readily have been interpreted as the parting of exceptionally good friends.

"Mademoiselle," exclaimed the rower, pausing to wipe his forehead, "words fail me to express my admiration for your strategy. It was Napoleonic."

"The favouring circumstances may have been Napoleonic," she answered modestly, and there was a note of regret as she added: "but it did not go as far as strategy."

"Surely you would not have wished it to go further?"

"Well," sighed the lady, "I was prepared to fall in love with the judge."

Achille resumed the rowing with unnecessary vigour, and there was silence till presently she asked:

"Ought the water to come into the boat?" and a hurried examination revealed an open seam through which the river entered with alarming rapidity.

Achille at first made light of the difficulty, and began to bale industriously, but when it became apparent that the leak was gaining, he gave the dipper to the Countess and put his whole strength to the oars. They were now in the open channel, and from the rapidly settling boat the shore seemed at every stroke to recede still further; but concerned only with their present danger the fugitives noticed nothing till, startled by the clanging of a gong, they looked up to see the sharp red prow of a vessel bearing down upon them.

"Place, if you please! What do you mean by getting in my way like that?" shouted a man in the guttural accents of an Alsatian.

"Here, you, take us aboard, we are sinking. You can put us on shore wherever you please," called Achille.

"If you are really sinking I must take you on board, but I cannot stop to put you on shore. I have business to attend to and no time to trifle with idiots who row in a sieve."

"You may take us where you are going, and we will pay our fare."

"In that case I should be fined, for I have no license to carry passengers."

"Let us discuss that when we are on deck. Don't you see that we are in danger?"

"Your boat will not sink for several minutes, and I must know in what capacity you are to come on my vessel. Monsieur is evidently not a man of business."

"We will become members of your crew."

'And great additions you would be! Can you cook?"

"Perhaps; I have never tried."

"I can," interrupted the Countess, "I can cook like a cordon bleu, and my brother is an excellent valet de chambre."

"Well," said the captain, "at all events you are a fine girl, and I will employ you both; but remember it is to be without pay. My cook was at the last moment obliged to go to the dentist's, and the mousse is frivolous and light minded."

"We will agree to your terms," cried Achille, impatiently, "but do hurry and let down a ladder."

"Not so fast, my friend. I must ask you first if you leave the boat willingly?"

"Willingly!" exclaimed Achille, "I assure you I have never in my life been more willing to leave a place."

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"It is important that this should be understood, because if you abandon the boat of your own accord it becomes a derelict and the prize of whoever picks it up, whereas if it were only a question of salvage . . ."

"The boat is yours!" interrupted Achille savagely, and a ladder being lowered the travelers were assisted to the deck, where the captain greeted them with greater show of good will than his words had led them to expect.

"You see," he said, "I am in the wrecking business and make my living by accidents on the river, and I am now on my way to recover a cargo of wine that has sunk in a barge. I am glad to have been of service, but the delay has cost me something and I cannot afford to relinquish any rights that are mine by law."

"What a beautiful ship," exclaimed the Countess, looking about her at the various appliances that adorned the vessel's deck. "Is that a yard arm?"

"No," replied the captain, smiling, "that is a derrick."

"I thought," said the Countess, "that it was where you hang people when you have a mutiny. This I suppose is a boiler or a binnacle, or is it a belaying pin?"

"It is neither," replied the delighted seaman, with whom the imparting of information was a passion. "That is what we call a windlass. It is an improvement on the ordinary pattern which I have invented myself, and if you will come nearer I will explain exactly how it works."

"I think that as I am to be the cook, it would be better to explain the kitchen first."

"As you please, my dear young lady. We started hurriedly and have not breakfasted, so you may begin your duties at once. Here is the kitchen—small but very convenient, and opening directly on the deck. Here are the provisions still in the boxes, nothing has been unpacked. You will find a hammer on the shelf, and your brother can open the crates. There is a lobster somewhere and some cutlets, onions for soup, and a quantity of artichokes."

"Do you think that one lobster will be enough for all the sailors?"

The captain was in ecstasy.

"You will ruin me," cried he, "lobster for the crew? No, my charming cook, we have nothing to do with those fellows down below. You will prepare only the most dainty dishes, and we will eat them together quite like a family. I am a true democrat, and the cook shall sit at my table."

"And the valet?"

"And the valet, the brother, certainly! As the saying is, 'the hair goes with the hide.' Now I shall leave you to your work. I will return from time to time to see if you need anything."

"Mademoiselle," began Achille, when the two were alone, "I must caution you not to be quite so—so agreeable to this animal of a captain."

"It never does any harm to have people feel pleasantly toward you," pouted the Countess. "Come, let us find the lobster. Do you think it would be well to serve it à la Diable?"

"By all means."

Achille took the hammer and began viciously striking the covers from the six boxes ranged along the kitchen wall. The first one contained candles wrapped in blue paper in packages of five, so he turned to the next. This disclosed other packages of candles, as also did the other four. Neither lobster nor cutlet, nor artichoke nor onion, only candles in blue paper wrappings. It was plain that some fatal error had been made.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Achille, "here is a breakfast for the czar! How will the noble captain have his candles, plain or cooked in their own fat?"

"It is too bad," cried the Countess. "I always wanted to make a lobster à la Diable."

"I forgot," said the captain, thrusting his head in at the door—"I forgot to tell you about the duckling, smothered in onions—"

. . . . . .

When the captain returned from behind the wheel house where he had spent the first moments of his disappointment, his face had lost much of the cheerfulness that had been its chief attraction.

"I had intended," he explained sadly, "to make this something of a fête. I receive pay in proportion to the value of the wreck, and this cargo of wine is composed of the most costly vintages. It is not often that I can afford such extravagances, and that lobster was a dream."

"As there is nothing to cook," suggested the Countess, "perhaps there are other ways in which we could be useful."

"Not a word of such a thing!" exclaimed the mariner. "You are my guests. There is nothing in my license to prevent my

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carrying guests; it was stupid of me not to have thought of that sooner."

"Monsieur is very amiable," replied the lady, "but we should not be idle. If you could supply me with some coloured thread I should be happy to work your monogram on anything in the boat you may select."

The worthy Alsatian refused to entertain the suggestion, and soon after invited his guests, with many apologies, into his private cabin, where the mousse served them bountifully with an excellent mutton stew from the forecastle mess and some fried cat-fish that were not so good.

During the meal, the Countess displayed a curiosity concerning the wrecking industry which Achille was far from sharing, and the host—cheered by her interest, and the contents of a bottle which, he said, had lain for twenty years under water in the hull of a Bordeaux wine ship—told with a nice attention to detail of his experiences upon the river and the profit or loss that had resulted from several ventures.

Meanwhile, the little steamer, aided more by the current than her own clanking engine and splashing paddles, went rapidly upon her course, and although one looking toward the tree-lined shore would have found it difficult to believe that St. Juste was not still in sight, that driving city lay in reality leagues astern.

"How long will it take to get where we are going?" asked the Countess, when the party had seated themselves on coils of rope upon the quarter deck.

"About seven hours," replied the captain, lighting a cigarette and offering the package to Achille, who declined. "We shall cast anchor beside the wreck for to-night, and if all goes well we shall be ready to begin hoisting by five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"How long will that take?"

"Possibly three days, possibly longer—I think I was saying that the wreck of the oil barge was not so fortunate as the last expedition of which I told you. The value of the cargo was five thousand four hundred and seventy-five francs, as shown by the insurance policy, which was for three thousand two hundred and fifty. My share should have been ten per cent., or five hundred and forty-seven francs, and I should have made a profit of perhaps two hundred and thirty or two hundred and forty francs at least, if the eccentric had not broken. I must first explain to you, Mademoiselle, that this eccentric—"

"Monsieur," interrupted the Countess, with difficulty suppressing a yawn, "I am much fatigued, and I am sure that I should understand your story better if you would allow me to take a nap on that delightful sofa in your cabin."

"If Mademoiselle will consider herself the owner of the cabin," said the gallant wrecker, rising, "I shall be supremely happy."

Achille, alone with his entertainer, resigned himself to the story of the oil barge, but the end thereof he was not destined to know. No sooner had the cabin door closed upon the Countess than he felt the heavy hand of the captain descend affectionately upon his shoulder, and heard his voice exclaiming in the guttural accents of Alsace—

"Your sister is charming!"

"My sister! Ah, oh, yes. She is a worthy young woman and not considered unattractive," assented Achille modestly, as one who does not care to boast of merit in his own family.

The captain puffed his cheeks till his eyes bulged out in a manner which recalled the facial expression of the lamented lobster.

"Monsieur," he said in the bluff and hearty manner of the sea—"Monsieur, I am a man of affairs. I make up my mind quickly. I act quickly. I use few words; when I say 'yes' I mean 'yes,' and when I say 'no' I mean 'no.' I am not like the Normans, who say 'We shall see' or 'Perhaps, if things go our way we will consider.' I come to the point quickly. It is my habit and I have found that it is good policy. 'Few words and to the purpose,' that's my motto—'Few words and to the purpose'!"

"An excellent motto," said Achille, who wished that they had not left the topic of the eccentric.

"You think so, don't you! Then we shall get on admirably."

"I trust that we shall."

"Now, some men," pursued the captain, "cannot buy a chicken without poking a hole in it with their fingers. Some men will not employ a sailor till they have seen his baptismal certificate. Some men won't drink a bottle of wine till they have examined the cork. That is not my way. In our business it would never do; one must learn to rely upon his own judgment."

"Certainly!" said the other, writhing.

"You see what I am coming to?"

"Well, not exactly."

"I shall marry your sister! No, do not protest. I anticipate all that you would

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say,—I have known her but an hour! Parbleu, it is a risk, but all marriage is a risk. 'A pig in a bag,' as they say, but it is my way. I own that I might perhaps have done better, but then, after all, who knows? I admit that there is a widow—no entanglement, I assure you!—a widow with an excellent cheese business, who will be disconsolate, but we cannot account for the heart."

"Monsieur!" cried the young man, crimson with indignation.

"Monsieur the captain," interrupted a sailor, touching his cap, "the mousse has used all the machine oil to fry the cat-fish and the engineer is in despair."

While the captain pursued the mousse from one end of the deck to the other with the avowed intention of taking his life, Achille sat upon a heap of chain and reflected dismally upon this new perplexity, his eyes fixed upon the green door of the cabin, behind which slept the Countess, happily unconscious of the trouble that awaited her. Finally he arrived at two conclusions: first, that in their present position, it would be imprudent to quarrel with the captain of the vessel, on which they were practically prisoners; and second, that the knowledge of the man's proposal must be kept from the Countess until she should be free from any possible annoyance at his hands. He had disapproved from the first of her efforts to make the captain "feel pleasantly" toward her, but he reflected that it was a like pleasant feeling in the breast of the gendarme that had contributed to their escape from St. Juste, and resolved to continue her plan of battle, while keeping a close watch for a circumstance that might induce the captain to make a landing. With this in view he greeted the seaman cordially on his return and inquired with affected unconcern if it would be necessary to go on shore to procure more oil.

"No," replied the captain. "We will use butter and the cost will be deducted from the boy's pay."

"That is only fair."

"And now, my dear friend, let us return to more agreeable matters. You have been thinking of what I said?"

"I have indeed; but I must tell you, Monsieur, that flattered as I am by your proposal for my sister's hand, I can say nothing until we have laid the matter before our grandmother. She has promised that her entire fortune shall go to my sister on condition that no marriage shall take place without her consent."

"Is the good lady old?"

"Yes, she is ninety-seven, and lately her health has given us much anxiety."

"You say she is not in want?"

"Ah, Monsieur, she is very rich, and I have good reason for believing that her fortune is even greater than we suppose."

"Where does she live?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Achille, springing to his feet in evident excitement, "Monsieur, what town is that upon the left bank? Yes, surely there is the church! It is, it must be——!"

"That is Aix-sur-Ouse."

"I knew it! I was certain! There, my friend, just below the church is the red roof of my grandmother's cottage. Ah, little does she know, good soul, how near her beloved Suzette is passing!"

"Do you mean the long roof with the two chimneys?" asked the captain, breathing audibly.

"No, Monsieur, the smaller one a little to the right. It is a humble cottage, for grandmother is very economical."

"Do you think that it would be well to stop?"

"Ah, Monsieur, think of your business. There will be time enough when we come back; everything can be settled in an hour."

"Do you think we could see her know?"

"This is the time of day when she is the most amiable; but your business——"

"That shall wait. I am not a man to hesitate when I have made up my mind! Here, mate, slow up! Give orders to land at Aix!"

"Good!" cried the grandson with enthusiasm, adding in a whisper, "Remember, not a word to my sister; she is a sensitive girl and would shrink from any mention of her marriage till all has been arranged."

"I am not a Breton, to be guilty of such indelicacy," replied the sailor, proudly.

Achille now rapped upon the cabin door and called in joyous tones:

"Suzette, come out! We are approaching Aix, and the good captain has consented to stop for an hour that we may visit our beloved grandmother."

The face of the Countess as she appeared wore the puzzled expression common with persons recently roused from slumber, but she clapped her hands and cried:

"Ah, the dear grandmother, what joy to see her! and the dear grandfather too!"

"Grandfather!" ejaculated the captain.

"His grave is in the cemetery beside the church," said Achille, softly.

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The captain lifted his hat and the Countess wiped her eyes.

"I cannot think of him as gone," she said.

. . . . . .

"Steady! Back a little! Jump off and catch the rope! Monsieur, the landing is made!"

After an earnest consultation between the prospective brothers-in-law it was decided that the impatient lover should remain on his vessel until the old lady had been made acquainted with his proposal.

"I will rely upon you, my dear friend, to present the matter in its proper light. You know something of my business, you know what sort of a man I am."

"I know all that I care to know of both," said Achille, warmly pressing his hand.

"I shall expect you in an hour!"

"It will be sooner. Meanwhile I will confide this bundle to your care; it does not appear valuable, but may I ask you not to let it leave your hands till I return?"

"I promise faithfully that it shall not," replied the captain as he received with great respect the cast-off blouse of Pierre Rabot.

"Au revoir, my friend. Come, Suzette," —but Suzette was already on shore.

The brother and sister skirted the short row of low-gabled houses that led in the direction of the red-tiled cottage; and neither paused nor seemed to hesitate till they had passed the corner and were hidden even from the mousse upon the derrick.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked the Countess.

"No, but I have seen a diligence from here pass my house every evening, and I have hopes that we may catch it."

"What did you say to the captain?"

"I promised that you should be engaged to him in an hour."

"Monsieur!"

"Yes, I have given my consent, and nothing is lacking but the formal blessing of your grandmother."

The Countess tossed her head.

"For my part," she said, "I should rather be engaged to the captain than arrested."

IX

GUIDED by eight native children and a resident goat, no market-place is difficult to find, and it was not long before the travelers, emerging from the shadow of the church, uttered exclamations of joy at the sight of a small red omnibus standing before the inn. Its seated passengers and exalted driver announced the moment of departure to be near, and upon the door of the vehicle were the two words, GRESLIN—AIX.

Tossing a handful of copper coins to the expectant escort, Achille lost no time in preempting the seat behind the box, which had fortunately been left vacant by the peasant patrons of the line, and almost before he could turn to his companion with felicitations on their good fortune, they were rattling over the stones to the post-office for the mail. Thence they drove up a side street and waited while a stout peasant bound a cord about his hair trunk and embraced his tearful family.

"Are we really off?" asked the Countess, glancing nervously behind, when the trunk had at last been lifted tenderly to the top.

"All in the hour, Madame," replied the conductor, soothingly, "I have but one other passenger, who lives upon the quay."

"Upon the quay!" cried Achille, thrusting a hand into his pocket. "I'll give you twenty francs to forget him."

"Let me see your money," said the coachman.

The omnibus did not drive to the house upon the quay, but straight out into the country, and before long the red-tiled roof of the captain's dreams, and even the tower of the church, were lost behind the trees. It was a pleasant land of haystacks and hamlets through which they rode, a land of cattle and children, of dogs and hollyhocks; and, in spite of some little uncertainty concerning the future, the spirit of homewardbound came over the travelers, and they chatted gaily of past experiences as folks who near their journey's end. Achille was amusing at the expense of the captain, and the Countess showed him the cork of the bottle that she had taken from the cabin for a souvenir. Then he asked her to tell him the secret of the peasant girl in the railway carriage.

"She is my foster-sister," said the Countess, "who happened by good fortune to be on her way this morning to attend the christening of her brother's child, with her entire wardrobe in a black basket. Of course, she would do anything for me, and some time I shall send her a new frock."

"At the next village," said the coachman, who had been making the most of the rare experience of passengers unfamiliar with the road, "one can buy barley sugar manufactured at the convent."

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"And what is the name of the place?" inquired the lady, politely.

"St. Ives."

"You have now made the circuit of the Department," said Achille, laughing.

"Dear me, is that all? And the Lady of the Aroostook went half around the world!"

"The barley sugar is to be bought at the baker's; shall I stop?" asked the driver.

"On no account," cried the Countess; "I hate barley sugar."

As they passed beneath a long white wall she showed Achille the tops of trees that shaded the cool green alley where the saints stood, the figure on the chapel roof that was better than a lightning rod, and the window from which she had watched the haymakers during the hour of private meditation.

"I do believe," she cried, "that Sister Marie-Joseph is still trying to make that wretched little crocus grow in a broken tooth mug." It seemed to her that she had been away a year.

"Dear me, he is going to stop!" she whispered a moment later, clutching her companion's arm. "Please don't let him."

"I cannot pass the Post Office," protested the driver, who had overheard, "and besides there appears to be a lady who wishes to get on. . . . Whoa, my children! . . . Mount here, Madame; it is the only place."

"You can take her on your way back," suggested the Countess hurriedly, but the next instant she had sprung from her seat, and seemingly without aid of the steps alighted on the road just as the veiled head of a nun arose upon the other side.

"Don't wait for us," gasped Achille, as he made haste to follow; "this is where we live!"

"Well!" exclaimed the Countess, still panting, as, from a distance, they watched the omnibus drive away, "that is what I call a narrow escape!"

"I suppose you wished to avoid the nun," reflected Achille, doubtfully, "but she seemed to have a gentle face."

"You don't know Sister Marie-Joseph," replied the Countess, adding, "Oh! was it not fortunate that I saw her in time to get off."

"Very," assented the other, warmly, as he looked about him, comprehending in a glance the ten small houses of the hamlet. "Very fortunate indeed!"

They moved aimlessly and in silence beside the white wall, and for a time the young man's brow was wrinkled in perplexity; then, glancing at his companion, he saw that there were tears in her eyes, and asked humbly if he had said anything to offend her.

"No," she answered, mournfully, "but I know exactly what you are thinking."

"I was thinking," he protested, "of nothing more terrible than that those distant trees must mark the course of the little river Loup, and that by the path along the shore my house is not two kilometers from St. Ives. I have often heard the chapel bell."

"I knew it!" cried the Countess, wiping her eyes, "you were saying to yourself that if I would only walk up to the convent gate and knock, you could go home in peace and be rid of me forever."

"Mademoiselle! . . ."

"Yes," she went on, her voice broken with suppressed sobs, "you wish me to go back to prison, and that is why you have brought me here instead of forwarding me to Paris, when you could, by grande vitesse."

"Mademoiselle," replied the young man, proudly, "I have sworn not to leave you until you are in the wigwam of your people."

To this she made no answer, but, presently, when they came to a lane at the end of the wall, she said, laughing:

"I am going to take one peep at them through the keyhole of the little gate; you wait here and call me if any one should be coming."

So saying she ran a few steps along the lane, and as she bent to carry out her purpose he turned again to the highway; but, before a minute of the watch had passed, he fancied that he heard a cry, and wheeled about. The Countess had vanished.

Achille sprang to the gate and shook it violently, but without result. Then, looking through the keyhole, he saw figures in the distance moving toward the convent in obedience to the summons of a bell.

Refraining from further demonstration (for had the Countess been entrapped it was improbable that she should still be within hearing), Achille leaned against the wall and tried to decide how others, more experienced than himself, would set about a rescue, involuntarily turning in his perplexity less to Uncas than to Pierre Rabot.

"Adieu, je pars!
Plus de retard!
Mais j'ai l'espoir
De vous revoir! . . ."

So sang the unsympathetic voice of a person who now approached from the end

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of the lane. From his dress and the burden in his arms, Achille divined at once that he was the baker, and then, recalling what he had heard of that individual's character and history, he determined to make good use of the knowledge.

"What do you mean by raising such a row outside of our wall?" he demanded sternly, standing erect as a sentinel before the gate.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" replied the baker, taken aback, "I thought that they had all gone in—it is nearly six o'clock."

"Ah, you remembered that! Then why are you so late with the bread?" It seemed safe to assume that the baker was late.

"The oven was slow to-day on account of the east wind," replied the man, apologetically, adding, with less humility, "Who are you anyway?"

"That you will find out soon enough. Give me the bread, and let me tell you one thing—we are not going to have any more note-carrying and bicycle-renting here."

"Ah!" sneered the baker, "so you are the porter they have been threatening to get! Well, I suppose that we shall have to divide profits."

"That we shall see later," replied Achille, with dignity, "meanwhile you had better hand over that key."

"Oh, as to that . . ."

As to that, my brother is a baker in Greslin."

"Come now," protested the tradesman as he produced the key, "fair play! What do you say to one-third?"

"One-half and all tips my own," replied the porter with determination as he opened the gate. "Good evening."

The garden appeared deserted to Achille as, long loaves under each arm and a large brioche carried carefully in both hands, he advanced with stealthy steps amid the sweet-smelling shrubbery, but in the Alley of the Saints he came upon two figures in whispered consultation—the Baroness de Brazos and, to his great relief, the Countess!

"Ah," said the elder lady, scarcely looking at him, "the baker has a new boy. Just tell your master, 'no rolls this evening,'—he will understand," but the Countess clasped her hands and gave a cry of pleasure.

"I am so tond of brioche!" she said in explanation.

For an instant their eyes met.

"Oh, save me!" she said tragically, "save me a great big piece!" Then turning to her companion she remarked audibly: "When will these stupid people learn to take the right-hand path to the kitchen!"

The convent cook hummed snatches of the "Marseillaise" as with a fork he prodded fancied foes of freedom boiling in a pot before him.

"Well, my friend," he observed across his shoulder, "you grow later every day, but soon the breakfast bread will come in time for dinner and then we shall be all right again."

"My uncle said that the oven—," began Achille, but at the sound of a strange voice the other turned and regarded him with unconcealed suspicion.

"I don't suppose that you have heard the news," went on the baker's relative, laying down the bread—"the stage driver has just brought it."

"What news?" demanded the cook.

"Why, that the Emperor William has abdicated!"

"Hurrah!" cried the patriot, waving his fork. "There will be a revolution!"

"That's what I say," assented Achille, amiably adding details of the great event with such rapidity that the other poured out a brimming glass of cider to moisten his throat.

"How do you like being chef in a nunnery?" inquired Achille when the enthusiasm had somewhat abated.

"Bah!" cried the other. "It's a mole's life! Were it not that I should hate to see the institution closed, I too would abdicate."

"Of course," faltered Achille, "a great deal depends on you."

"Everything," replied the chef impressively. "You see, our boarders are our main reliance. What brings them? Our piety! There is as good elsewhere. What keeps them? Our wall! A small matter to women, my boy. Ah, they are cute, these fuzzy heads. They know that nowhere can be found such lapin en casserole, such tripes à la mode de Caen. Goodness!" The cook had opened the shutter of the buttery hutch on a crack, and peered into the adjoining room. "They are all at table and the soup is still in the pot!"

"Can't I do something?" cried Achille, jumping up with alacrity.

"Yes, take in that bread like a good fellow."

"Anything to oblige!"

"It's not the Sisters," went on the cook, reassuringly; "they had gruel at five and are now listening to a discourse from the bishop. Here, before you show yourself put on an apron and that cap; now you look

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less like a plowboy. Thank heaven, Sister Marie-Joseph is away!"

Achille, assisted by a push of encouragement, burst suddenly into a low arched room where a dozen ladies sat demurely about a long table, while from a high seat by the window a pale young nun read aloud the Life of Saint Elizabeth. The Baroness de Brazos occupied the place of honour, and on her right the Countess made a little signal with her napkin.

"'Her husband was a coarse and brutal nature, and altogether incapable of appreciating her delicacy of sentiment and feeling,'"—read the Sister, and thereupon several of the ladies exchanged sympathetic glances.

Achille contrived to touch the Countess's hand with the end of a long loaf and returned to the kitchen.

"Give me the soup!" he cried exultantly.

"Good for you!" exclaimed the cook. "I wish I had a butler to help me every day. Careful now, and be sure that each one gets a carrot."

"What kind of soup is this?" asked the Countess when her turn came.

"We call it '*Garden Gate*,' Madame," whispered Achille.

As he helped her to the roast he said:

"The *outside* is the best."

"Are you the new waiter?" she asked innocently.

"No, Madame, but *I shall wait this evening.*"

They did not speak again until the coffee appeared and then he asked how many lumps she took.

"*About eight*, I think," she answered absently, then laughing, she said that she had been thinking of something else.

"'And at the touch of the angel,'" read the Sister, "'behold, the bread was changed to roses. . . .'"

"Is it not a sweet story!" sighed all the ladies.

"You are a good fellow!" said the chef to Achille for the twentieth time as they dined together. "Come, fill your glass. Here's death to all tyrants! Lord! here comes the Mother Superior. Run for your life!"

So saying, the apostle of liberty dropped upon all fours and crawled beneath the table, while Achille, not knowing what else to do, caught up a dish cloth and began polishing a copper pan.

"Come at once to the library!" The summons from the doorway was low but firm. "Come at once, do you understand!"

Conscious of guilt, Achille made no remonstrance, and determining to throw himself upon the mercy of the worthy woman at the first opportunity, he followed meekly. As he went he heard the laboured breathing of the cook.

X

THE silence was profound in the refectory, where all the ladies stood in respect for the good abbess as she passed, and Achille glanced furtively about, hoping to give the Countess some mute assurance of his discretion; but he could not find her in the group, and began to fear that, ignorant of his fate, she might find herself unprotected beyond the walls.

The Mother moved rapidly, and they now traversed a gloomy corridor, which ended in a large apartment dimly lighted by stained glass windows, and filled with book shelves.

"And now," said the Abbess sadly, as they paused in the shadow of a pillar, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, Madame," murmured Achille truthfully, and the lady continued:

"My first impulse was to banish you forever."

Achille was about to reply that such an arrangement would have been mutually satisfactory, but he controlled himself.

"To think!" went on the Mother Superior, clasping her white hands, "that you should have forgotten Friday three times in one month!"

"Ah!" gasped the culprit, seeing light.

"Mutton!" sighed the Mother, "roast mutton!"

"Veal, Madame," pleaded the sinner softly.

"I do not turn you away, because a person of your incompetence would surely starve in the uncharitable world. I shall give you one more chance. The Bishop has graciously consented to admonish you severely, and I trust that he may get some sense into your stupid head. Wait here!"

As the stout door closed Achille heard the bolt drawn, and realized that he was a captive.

Of course he must meet the Bishop as man to man, but whether one man should be the cook, the baker, Pierre Rabot or himself was a difficult question, for each character in turn seemed the one least likely to meet the prelate's approbation.

His reflections were cut short by the grating of the lock, followed by the appearance of a veiled nun, who beckoned in silence.

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"Yes, Madame," murmured Achille dejectedly; and once more he entered the corridor, rehearsing as he went: "My Lord, I am a baker." "My Lord, I am a poor artisan." "My Lord, I am——"

"This way, if you please."

Straight through the great front door they passed, and in another moment Achille stood blinking in the light of day, with the free fields spread out before him, but his guide did not allow him to stop till they had turned an angle in the convent wall. Then as she threw back her veil, he heard a familiar laugh, and a welcome voice exclaimed:

"Well, Monsieur Vifour, what do you think of me now?"

"I thought at first," he answered, restraining an impulse toward untimely demonstration, "that you were the directress of the Torture Chamber."

"Oh, I am so glad I frightened you!" she cried with charming frankness. "I walked right past them all; this is the second best habit of Sister Marie-Joseph."

"I am sure that it is very becoming," he remarked, admiringly, "but the other dress was perhaps a trifle—less noticeable."

"Indeed," replied the lady, tossing her head, "if you fancy yourself inconspicuous in that white apron and cap, you are very much mistaken."

"I had forgotten!" gasped Achille. "I was planning, if we ever got out, to reach Greslin and there take the landlady of the Golden Cat into our confidence, but now——"

"It would have been perfect, but I am afraid that we must think of something else!" sighed the Countess.

"Good evening, my Sister," croaked the voice of an old woman close at hand. She had come up unobserved, and now stood dropping curtsies that threatened to dislodge the basket balanced on her head.

"Good evening," replied the Countess graciously. "What have you there?"

"Cepes, my Sister! I have been gathering them in the wood."

"How do you sell them?"

"Oh, I do not expect to sell them; they are for my rabbits."

"But I want to buy. Will ten francs be enough?"

"Too much, my lady."

"And five more for the basket?"

"Heaven bless you, good Sister!"

"Auguste!" said the Countess loftily, "just pay this good woman."

"What in the world are you going to do with the things?" demanded Achille when the peasant had gone rejoicing on her way.

"Oh, you shall see. Put the basket on your head and follow me, just as you did the Mother."

"But you have no idea how heavy they are."

"So much the better. Keep just five paces behind."

As they passed along the village street the townsfolk before the doors spoke approvingly of the errand of mercy, and greeted the Sister with many benedictions.

"There is that cheeky porter!" remarked the baker. "I wonder how he likes his situation now."

"I do not think that we shall need the cepes any more," said the Countess when the last house was far behind—"but wasn't it fun?"

"Jolly!" replied Achille. "I believe there is a permanent dent in my skull. And now, Mademoiselle," he added, deferentially, "I have a plan that I think will solve all our difficulties."

"Excellent!" she exclaimed. "That is just what we want."

He led the way across the fields toward the little river Loup, and then along the path beneath the trees. Sometimes she loitered to put corn flowers in her girdle, or poppies in the close-drawn convent cap. When in the distance a glimpse of blue slate stood against the blue sky, he said softly——

"There yonder is the Château," and she, for no reason, blushed.

Then she told him how her former roommate had been waiting to waylay the baker at the gate, and how the Baroness's noisy joy had forced her to avoid a scene by going in, and he told of the Emperor's abdication, and they discussed the Bishop and the veal, and the surprise awaiting Sister Marie-Joseph——

"Really," she remarked, "we are getting to be as untruthful as Saint Elizabeth."

After an hour, walking slowly, they came to the washing-shed under the willow tree, and there he threw open the door with an exaggerated show of welcome.

"What place is this?" she asked as she entered laughing.

"This," he answered gaily, "is the original Inn of the Silver Moon. You will find it perfectly appointed! See, we have both soap and Javelle water. Will Mademoiselle sit upon the washing box or the linen barrow? Both are delightfully comfortable!"

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The Countess knelt down at the water's edge and dipped her handkerchief in the stream and beat it with the wooden paddle after the manner of laundresses, and when she grew tired of the play they looked together from the crack of the door, and he showed her the gables of the house and told her which wing had been built by his father, and which by his grandfather, the colonel of Napoleon. Once when there was a sound of barking in the garden he said——

"Jules is feeding the dogs. Listen to the great Brutus! That is Boy grumbling at his biscuit, and asking for meat like the others. Toto, the rascal, is too busy eating to say a word."

As the long June twilight waned they spoke of books they had read, and poetry and music, and of days at school, but of the future not a word. She did not ask why they waited there, and for the time it was enough for him to know that it was his ground beneath her feet, that the linen barrow on which she sat was his linen barrow. By and by there were stars in the water, the frogs croaked from the pool behind the willows, and they heard the noise of Jules locking the gate, and watched the kitchen lights go out, to reappear in the windows of the servants' hall; then Achille said——

"You will not be afraid, Mademoiselle, if I leave you for half an hour?"

"No," she answered, "I shall not be afraid."

"You do not ask me what I am going to do."

"Because I know that it is something for me."

Achille jingled a bunch of keys in the dark——

"I am going," he said, "to burglarize my own house."

"I do not think," said she, "that that could be used against you at the trial."

XI

During the evening spent by the master with the Countess in the washing-shed, the butler of the Château Vifour, seated in his armchair in the servants' hall, read the *Petit Journal* from feuilleton to medical advertisements, while the cook on the other side of the lamp entertained himself with the columns of a more highly seasoned publication. At the end of the table Jules played solitaire.

"Where are the others?" asked the butler, looking up suddenly after a long silence.

"The maids are in the housekeeper's room admiring some trumpery that Madame Jane has received from Paris."

"Parbleu! the old lady grows vainer every day. It is unfortunate for her purse that she still retains her figure. Where is Paul?"

"He has gone to the saddler's for Boy's collar."

"He has gone to the wine-shop to gossip! When the master returns I will report him."

"Ah! when he returns! Two dinners and a breakfast! I never made a better soufflé."

"It was excellent," assented Jules. . . . "Behold Madame Jane and the foolish virgins."

As the ladies entered the cook remarked cynically, "Women are fortunate; they are able to forget all trouble in the contemplation of a new gown."

"I have a presentiment that I shall never wear it," sighed Madame Jane, picking up her knitting.

"If you had only ordered it black," sighed the under housemaid, picking up the cat. "I suppose that nothing has been heard of Monsieur?"

"Monsieur will not return to-night," said the butler. "Let us not forget to remember Monsieur in our prayers. Jules, put out the pug."

Presently Paul came in and greeted the company with an air of unconcern which was clearly affected. It was evident that he had weighty matters on his mind, and that in his anxiety to communicate them he had been walking rapidly.

"Oh la, la, it is warm!" he panted, sinking into a chair, then continuing, carelessly, "Where is the *Journal*— Ah, pardon, Monsieur le Maître d'hôtel, I did not observe that you were reading it."

"Did you get the collar?" demanded the butler.

"The collar? Ah, yes, no—it was not finished."

"Whom did you see in town?" asked Madame Jane.

"One or two, I don't remember. I was there but a moment."

"Come," said the butler, throwing down his paper, "we all know that you have been gossiping. It was not dignified for one of us, but since you have demeaned yourself to do it, you may as well tell us what you have heard."

"If some of us did not have ears, nobody would know anything," remarked the under-housemaid.

"Out with it before it chokes you," put in the cook.

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"Perhaps," began Paul, unable to contain himself longer, "perhaps it would interest you to know that the master has been seen."

"Where? How? When?" the others cried in chorus.

"Oh, at several places and several times. First, at the buvette near the octroi——"

"Never there? !!"

"Yes, there, and in the company of two ladies; very chic; very blonde, and dressed like boys, with pretty stockings——"

"Never mind the details," interrupted Madame Jane.

"Monsieur was amusing himself," chuckled the cook. "What then?"

"One of the two punctured her bicycle and Monsieur took them to the Pig Market on foot; afterwards he returned and repaired the leak himself and rode away."

"Monsieur does not know how to ride a bicycle!" exclaimed the butler.

"He could not repair a lead-pencil," said Jules.

"We do not know what he can do," resumed Paul. "There can be no doubt that it was he. He wore the white straw hat and gray suit that he had on when I saw him in the garden; the landlord recognized him at once."

"What did he do then?"

"That you may well ask. What did he not do? He went mad! He dressed himself like a peasant, and told people he was a jeweler. He ate an omelet on the top of a ladder, and finally he bought two red pillows and drove off in a circus wagon with one of the blondes. In the end, the Devil came out of the woods with a scythe and carried them both away, and the lad who drove them barely escaped with his life. What do you think of that?"

"I think that you have been drinking," said the butler.

"You do not suppose that he could hear all that without treating once or twice," remarked the cook.

"You are a fool and they have been making fun of you," said the butler.

"The story seems to me quite probable," the under-housemaid whispered.

"Hark!" cried Madame Jane. "I thought I heard a footstep overhead."

"The Saints preserve us! what can it be?" gasped the laundress.

"Silence! it is nothing," said the butler calmly.

"What is that at the front door?"

"It is Brutus scratching to get in."

"He never did that before."

"Never!"

"Holy Saints!"

"I have left my wardrobe unlocked."

"There is the step again!"

"Yes, I heard it then."

"Perhaps it is a rat."

"It is too loud for a rat."

"Paul, open the door!"

"Sacre bleu! Open it yourself."

"Holy Saints!"

"The cat has stopped purring."

"There it is again!"

"Jules," said the butler, rising and buttoning his coat, "Jules, come with me. Paul, follow us."

"And leave the women alone? Not I."

"Please do not leave us alone," sobbed the under-housemaid.

Arming themselves with such offensive weapons as the kitchen could supply, the butler and Jules took each a candle and went cautiously into the darkness of the house, while Paul stood bravely in the doorway and followed only with his ears.

Stealthily they crept from room to room, pausing often to note the now unmistakable movements of the mysterious invader, and so by slow degrees they mounted to the second story, keeping always at a prudent distance, but following relentlessly upon his track. After a little they became aware that the visitor had discovered the pursuit and was retreating, and they advanced more boldly, pressing him closer, till at last they drove him for refuge to the bathroom, where, checked by the clicking of a key, they paused for consultation.

"We have trapped him!" cried Jules exultantly. "Let us leave him there till morning."

"Never," replied the butler, who was a man of much stronger character, and tapping on the panel he cried out: "Surrender, or I will shoot."

"You can't shoot with a basting spoon," whispered Jules.

"Surrender or die!" repeated the butler loudly.

At the second summons the door swung slowly open and they beheld the master—Achille Vifour himself, a candle in his hand. His hair was dishevelled, his face was ashen pale, and he was dressed in his pink silk pajamas.

The pursuers turned and fled without a word. As they re-entered the hall, Jules well in the lead, Paul closed the door and drew the bolt, and the servants looked in each other's faces in awful silence. . . .

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"Without doubt," said the butler solemnly, "something terrible has happened."

. . . . . .

In the morning it was discovered that the thing that had been seen was not the wraith of Monsieur, but the clever disguise of a burglar who had plundered the house. In the master's room the safe stood open, and the master's closets had been ransacked; his English portmanteau had gone, his hatbox and his jewel case. Not content with this rich booty, the villain had entered the housekeeper's room and helped himself to the choicest treasures of Madame Jane's wardrobe; her new gown from Paris; her hat with parrot feathers, and her russet boots.

From the boat house the punt was missing, and it was surmised that the thief had poled his way by starlight along the reedy reaches of the little river Loup, but at the railway station it was learned that only two passengers had taken the midnight express, a lady who was dressed like a Parisienne and a gentleman who looked English, and had a cold that required close attention; only the lady spoke French.

"Doubtless Americans," remarked the mayor.

. . . . . .

In the morning a well-dressed gentleman, carrying an English portmanteau, and accompanied by a lady with a parrot in her hat, passed from the portals of the Gare St. Lazare and entered a fiacre.

"Allez, cocher," said the gentleman.

"Bien, Monsieur."

"And now, Mademoiselle," said the gentleman, "I must ask you a question that until this moment would have been impertinent. Where do you live?"

"At the house of the Marquise de Banville."

"The Marquise de Banville! . . . she is . . . she is. . . ."

"The guardian of Gabrielle de Belle Isle—your affianced bride!"

"Never, Mademoiselle! By my life, there can be but one——!"

"Monsieur," said the lady softly, "there need be but one—I am Gabrielle de Belle Isle."

The Foolish Plant

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

ONE day Ma come home
And says, "Look what I got!"
And it was a little plant
In a round pot.
Then she put it in the window
And says, "Watch it grow.
It'll have a pretty flower
First thing you know."

So all the time, weeks and weeks
I kept waterin' it.
The wall next door was very high.
It hardly got a bit
Of sunshine. It was dark
All day. And at night
I thought it was kept awake
By the arc-light.

It wouldn't bloom; and it never
Growed worth a cent.
I think it was a silly plant,
Because it got all bent
Stretchin' towards that arc-light
Like it was tied. . . .
When I told her what I thought,
Ma cried.

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Remembered from the Play

"Everyman"

EVERYMAN—'Tis always thus; so long as Fortune smiles
One shall have many friends. When Fortune turns
Her back, then watch them scatter!

EVERYMAN'S MOTHER—Like the shifting sand.
Life changes; but the mind is slow to change.

Rewritten from the old English Morality Play by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Salzburg, 1919; New York, 1927.

"L'Aiglon"

THE ARCHDUCHESS—His Highness drank his milk.
THE DOCTOR—I'm very glad.
THE ARCHDUCHESS—How good it was of him!
THE DOCTOR—How good!
THE DUKE DE REICHSTADT—How hard—
When I had dreamed of history's reward,
And when ambition seared my soul—How hard
To be content with praise for drinking milk!

By Edmond Rostand, translated by Louis N. Parker, Paris, 1900; received in New York, 1927.

"Peripherie"

A JUDGE—Luck and justice have nothing to do with each other.

By Frantisek Langer, Prague, 1927; New York, 1928.

From the Hard-Boiled History of a Chicago Crime

MILLER—The wife of a friend o' somebody who's a friend o' God, the city-editor, just got a ticket tryin' to beat a moonbeam across the Michigan Avenue bridge. If a few more friends o' friends o' people who know somebody who works on a newspaper get on to this racket, the clerk o' that court's liable to retire a millionaire.

IRENE HAYES—Why don't you get out of this? Because of your pride—or your honour—or whatever it is you men call your lack of sense?

"The Racket," by Bartlett Cormack, New York, 1927.

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"The Prisoner"

Boris Tverskoy—Men armed but without God are afraid of men unarmed but with God.
By Emil Bernhard, Düsseldorf, 1926; New York, 1927.

"Behold, the Bridegroom—"

Doctor Loebell—There are more mysteries in a woman's heart than medical science has ever heard of.
By George Kelly, New York, 1927.

"Bless You, Sister"

Mary—You want to go on the stage?
Sandy—Well, I've got a pair of straight legs and a little voice.
Mary—And the straight legs will get your voice trained if you're clever.
By John Meehan and Robert Riskin, New York, 1927.

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

Sir Patrick Cullen—There are two things that can be wrong with any man. One of them is a cheque. The other is a woman. Until you know that a man's sound on these two points, you know nothing about him.

Sir Colenso Ridgeon—Life does not cease to be funny when people die, any more than it ceases to be serious when people laugh.
By George Bernard Shaw, London, 1906; revived in New York, 1927.

"She's My Baby"

Tilly—Why must I be a mother? Why can't I be a modern wife and have a Buick?
By Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, New York, 1928.

"Sisters"

Pete—When we married, I talked and she listened. Then, she talked and I listened. And now both of us talk and the neighbors listen.

Gwendolyn—We all want men—but most of us must be satisfied with mere husbands.

Pete—He's a wise guy, the kind that always grabs the stool when there's a piano to be moved.

Gwendolyn—The happiness of a married couple depends not so much on their loving each other, but rather on their not loving any one else.
By John Willard, New York, 1927.

"Show Boat"

Andy Hawks—The human knee is a joint, and not an entertainment.
By Oscar Hammerstein 2d, New York, 1927.
(This dictum came originally from Percy Hammond, dramatic critic, in a review.)

"Danton's Tod"

Danton—How can we possibly know each other? In order to find out everything about each other we should have to crack our skulls and tear the thoughts from the fibers of our brains.

Herault-Sechelles—We are all fools, and no one has the right to impose his own foolishness upon that of the others. *By Georg Buechner (1835), New York, 1927.*

"Lovely Lady"

Paul de Morlaix—You are an American, aren't you?
Folly Watteau—Yes, I have money.
By Gladys Unger and Cyrus Wood, New York, 1927.

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A Land of Mystery

Adventures Through the Matto Grosso and Up To the Edge of the Unknown Montaña

By D. DE PEREYRA

With Illustrations by the Author

PART II

IV. The "Cururu"

With the new day began fresh and more arduous tasks. Our hands—mine in particular—were painfully sore and unfit for paddling. Several times we saw marsh deer, slight, finely silhouetted, black-tailed animals, always wading in the swamps. Timo had hard work that morning to follow the course of the river and to avoid running aground. Fortunately, he floated clear, and we were soon going up-stream along the forest-bordered river. A jaguar, standing on a burned stump, and lashing its flanks with its tufted tail, looked at us, calm and satisfied. I was on the balsa; and Timo had something to say about the way in which the Tamari Indians hunt the jaguar. It seems that these savages still keep up the traditions of their ancient warriors.

"Not many men are needed for the hunt," the guide said. "Two are enough; one to handle a short lance, and another a longer one. The first crouches down and holds his spear, watching the movements of the beast. As it leaps, the weapon meets it. The second hunter finishes it with a side thrust. It is very dangerous for the one who awaits the jaguar's rush, because the animal sometimes jumps in such a way that the spear goes clean through the body, and the head of the kneeling hunter is torn open by its outstretched paws. That is what the Tamaris call real hunting. The one who has killed most jaguars during the year becomes chief of the tribe."

I surmised that I could never be chief of the Tamaris.

Strange noises were heard among the trees, and Timo said they were Guayo Indians—bad company. In an instant we were rowing, redoubling our efforts. The noise was being made with rattle-gourds.

A huge dead crocodile floated down stream, with a vulture devouring pieces of its entrails. I held my nose, and Timo muttered again, "Indians!"

"Where?" I asked.

"That crocodile proves it," he replied. "Its belly has been opened by the hand of an Indian. Besides, I saw a stick be-

THE SOUTH AMERICAN PANTHER

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JAGUARS

The South American big cat—male and female

tween its jaws. There are savages up there too! The Indian who killed it must have ripped it open to rescue the crushed remains of his squaw, perhaps, or of a child. That's the only reason the belly is ever opened."

A frightful cry some distance behind startled us, and the gourds were heard again. We all listened attentively. In the thickly wooded part of the shore, barely three hundred feet away, there were a number of naked savages moving about. "An Indian has been caught by a crocodile!" Timo exclaimed joyfully. "That will stop them awhile: I feared they were coming after us. If it is a chief they will do their best to rescue his body. If not, they will have to stay until they kill five crocodiles, four for the limbs and one for the head."

We went on, rowing furiously, until we had reached a narrow whirling course leading to a wide stretch in the river. Here Timo stopped short, and turned the balsa so suddenly that it almost collided with the canoe which was following in its wake. To avoid being wrecked, my friends turned sharply, nearly hitting the river bank.

Several Indians were there, busily quartering a tapir. The meeting was so unexpected that none of us gave any thought to our weapons. The savages stared right in our faces, apparently unable to believe what they saw. Timo had recovered from his surprise, and was now making strange signs to the Indians. There followed a long conversation between the guide and the savages, who then emitted chirruping sounds that echoed everywhere in the forest.

They were Ajurures. They had come from the Jauru, where they had gone to fish, but a plague of insects had driven them away. "I've told them we were going to rid the region of those insects," Timo chuckled, "also that the Guayos are coming after them to get their women. They are now preparing to attack first."

"Think of a liar like you causing a war!" Alba exclaimed—with a smile of relief, nevertheless. We threw them trinkets. The savages showed their appreciation by pounding their chests and stamping on the ground ecstatically. They seemed to have seen white men before, but continued to look at us with indescribable interest. One of them brought a gory chunk of tapir, and made signs to us to come ashore, but we rowed away alarmed and disgusted, for the Indian was spotted with running sores. Greenish bandages, which the guide said were ground herbs of healing properties, covered the ulcers. The fellow was a victim of the sututu. "Let's get started!" advised Alba.

It was a wise suggestion, for far down the river the drums were beating loudly. That was the war signal of almost all the savage tribes. God knows what happened then!

That evening, seated around a bonfire, we saw Timo eat the tapir's nape, which he had accepted from the Ajurures. The guide had offered it to us, but we, remembering who had quartered the animal, declined without hesitation.

"Not even Tupi wanted it!" Alba said. "Why do you offer it to us?"

"For that matter," the guide replied, "he won't touch deer, either. He is superstitious. His friends, the Coroados, have the silly notion that whoever eats a tapir's nape loses his hair, and, therefore, his wife's affections. If they only knew that there is no better meat! And they never eat deer meat, because they believe they descended from these animals. And they're afraid of duck and cutia, lest their children be born with big feet and large ears. Furthermore, the archer who kills an animal must not eat any of it, or he will die by an arrow."

"To-morrow you can tell us more about it, Timo," said Alba, rising and yawning. "But I should like to know how it is that Tupi, not being a Coroado, believes in such things."

"Pooh!" Timo shrugged his shoulders "These savages believe anything. Tupi practices superstitions alien to his own tribe, just because he has heard them elsewhere. They're like monkeys. They imitate anything they see, and adopt all sorts of customs they pick up in their wanderings. Their fancy will accept every myth!"

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Five days later, after a journey abounding in new adventures, we reached at last the Agoapehy range, still within the Matto Grosso. The right bank merged here into more swamps.

I was in excellent spirits. The long voyage had hardened me, and my hands were already healing. "We'll stop here," Alba said. "I won't run the risk of coming across those cursed flies of the Ajurures. Nothing could tempt me to run into them."

We were on rocky soil, and the river had disclosed a good many caves. Gigantic sycamores, whose spreading roots crept into the river, darkened the place. Thorny plants and tall grasses grew wherever vegetation was possible. Lianas, as thick as a man's leg, knotted and intertwined as if tangled by a madman, and feathery bamboos of every size, formed solid walls. Like a weir along the shore there were massive trees whose immense leaves were laced with vines of multi-coloured flowers which trailed and hung in festoons over the water. In impenetrable stretches stood carotu trees with twisted, yellowish trunks.

A circle widened in the water, and an ochre something rose near the balsa. Tupi acted under the command of Timo, who, on seeing it, shouted sharply and began to row. But the thing raised itself, and, with a rapidity which the eye could not follow, swished itself upon the incautious savage. And still more suddenly, the Indian was hurled headlong into the midst of the freight, where he remained with his legs in the air, unable to understand what had happened to him.

"A cururu?" inquired Alba, landing hastily with Lopez and myself.

Timo was feverishly uncoiling his lasso of caraná, a very strong pineapple fiber. "Yes, niño! Now, please get your guns ready and aim well!" With that, he jumped ashore, chattering excitedly as he prepared to throw the rope.

Although it was the first time I had heard the term, I realized only then that it was a great water serpent which had failed to get its prey in the attempt to catch the victim by the feet. But now it was emerging as before.

Its neck was already up, and its great mouth was open wide. Seen from where we were, it had the appearance of a splintered tree trunk. Its gaping jaws contributed to the diabolical sham.

The moments that followed were filled with anxiety. Tupi, instructed by Timo, bent his bow to the breaking point, and, aiming straight at the monster's throat, loosed his arrow.

A column twelve feet high rose from the water; Timo's lasso went through the air like lightning, and three shots roared at once. Then came a tremendous splashing in the water.

We all ran to the assistance of Timo, who alone could never have held the lasso which was tightened around the cururu. Its death spasms generated an inconceivable strength. Now, with a final effort, all five of us succeeded in dislodging the animal from the place where it gripped with its tail either a root or a rock.

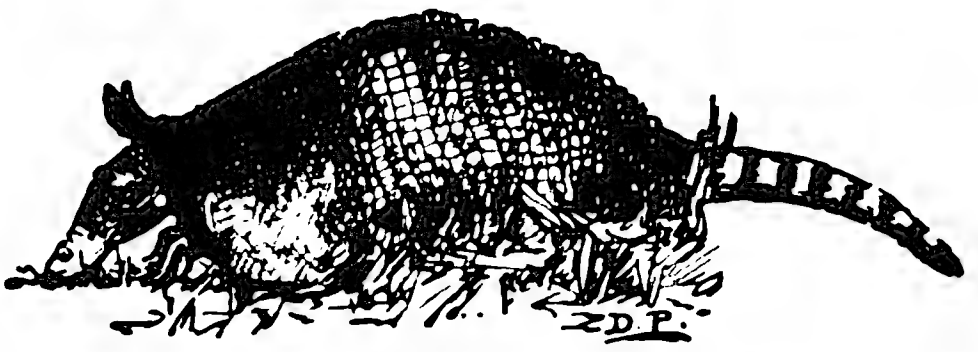
Tupi's arrow had entered obliquely through the lower jaw, where the fangs would be in serpents which are not constrictors, and had lodged itself in the spine. A bullet or two had torn its snout. The ugly cylindrical body had a girth equal to a young boy's, and its length, fantastic as it may seem, was thirty-eight feet. The tail at its extremity was as thick as the wrist of a man, and the entire thing was repulsive and frightful beyond description.

The mouth of the cururu was phenomenal. Its unhinged jaws permitted an expansion of over ten times the size of its relatively small head, and allowed the serpent to swallow bodies twice as bulky as its own.

"I have seen oxen disappear under the water, pulled down by these serpents," said Timo. "I remember being the cause of a smaller one's being killed accidentally in the Xingu River, which is the country of the Guarani Indians. As frequently happens in Brazil, a troop of soldiers going through were in need of food, and I was asked to lead them to a good fishing place. To lose no time they used explosives, and with the hundreds of botos and other fish that came to the surface, a cururu appeared. The dynamite had torn it in two. I have always hated these reptiles."

I was gaping at the monster. "But this one cannot be alone," I was able to observe at length. "Its mate must be around here. This is no place for us!"

"No," Alba explained to me. "These



"LARGE AND SMALL ARMADILLOS WERE RUNNING IN EVERY DIRECTION"

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serpents need an enormous space in which to live, and they won't tolerate any rivals. They are not gregarious."

"Then how do they manage to reproduce themselves?"

"Sometimes the steamers returning to Manaos, in September, cut into pairs of them floating entangled on the water. And it's at that time of the year that they commit no depredations. That must be their breeding season."

"There are many people who relish the meat," suggested Timo. "Would the niños like to——"

"How can you think such a thing!" said Lopez. "Cut it up somehow, and throw it into the river."

"Right," assented Alba. "I can't understand such a proposal from you."

"Come," he said to Lopez and me, "let us look around." Half an hour later, unable to go very far, we returned as Tupi was cleaning the ground. Crouching on all fours, with a sickle in his hand, heedless of insects or thorns, he mowed down the grass and bushes. He did everything in this position, almost always in silence and with the seriousness of an ape. But now he was muttering and repeating, "Caépora, Caépora!" —and this never pleased Timo.

"I should like to have the faith of that savage," said Alba.

"You would have to have his ignorance first," Lopez replied. At that moment the guide, unable to restrain himself, silenced Tupi with a slap.

"What now?" Alba shouted. Timo turned about, surprised to see us back so soon.

"This idiot," he answered, "doesn't believe that a cururu attacked him, and he is mumbling about Caépora this—Caépora that. Can you imagine?"

"What have you got there?" I asked him.

"Rattler's eggs, niños! I found sixteen a while ago, and now twelve more. Bad neighbourhood. We will have to build a fire every night." And he threw the eggs into the river.

"The place is very rocky," said Lopez. "We couldn't be on worse ground for that."

"There aren't any insects!" I remarked. "Nor burros del—" I was about to say, but I stopped. The remembrance of the caterpillar was still very painful.

"What is Tupi doing now?" Lopez asked, watching the savage attentively. Tupi was digging a large hole at the foot of a gorronuda, a sort of lofty, graceful palm.

"He's going to bury his treasures," Timo replied, with his customary shrug. "He has kept all the tins, bottles and boxes that we emptied on the way. I have told him that after dinner he will have to start to meet the arrieros, so he prefers to leave his things here. Some day he will come back to retrieve them, and will open a shop," he added, smiling maliciously. "He has told me so himself. He thinks that the stores he has seen only from afar are full of such things. It will be a gloomy day for him when he finds out that his junk does not produce him the 'amulets'—as he calls Brazilian milreis—that 'set the table'!"

"Poor devil!" I exclaimed. "He did the same with the champagne bottle when we left Corumba. Soon he won't even remember the place where his treasures are."

"You haven't any idea of the memory of these savages, niño," Timo told me. "To them these lands are what your home must be to you."

"In any case," said Lopez, whose sense of humour was apt to be to the fore, "the stuff he has buried will make happy some learned archæologist who may come here a century hence, perhaps, and who will probably announce to the world that some thousand years ago the natives of this region manufactured tins!"

I now learned for the first time that across the forest, on the other side of the Matto Grosso, we would find men with horses to take us to the Madera River. Tupi was to go ahead to tell them that we had arrived, and that they should wait in readiness. We would follow soon afterwards.

An hour later, seated before a hearty dinner, Alba praised the flavour of the fish we had been served. As Lopez and I asked for more, Timo cast a sly and amused glance in our direction. "By the way," he said, hesitating, "the niños would never guess what we found in the stomach of the cururu——"

I, who always listened attentively to everything that was said in the camp, thought I understood, and immediately felt nauseated. I studied the second helping which my companions were eating, and my suspicions were confirmed. The same skin, the same shape—why hadn't I realized it before? Still, I myself had found the meat delicious, and it had not occurred to me to inquire when or how the fish had been caught. Well, the mischief was done, and it was better not to say anything for the time being.

"A lamantin!" continued the guide,

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encouraged by our tolerant silence, and conscious of my friend's habitual absent-mindedness. "It is a fish——"

"What, the lamantin?" interrupted Alba, suddenly catching the last words. "Why, it's a mammal, not a fish— But this is not lamantin!" he exclaimed.

Timo realized he had made a mistake, and changed the subject. I saw Alba rise without a word and go to the tent. He came back in bad mood, only to give final instructions for Tupi's departure. Then he retired.

Tupi left shortly thereafter, and Lopez, realizing he had eaten too much, began to walk about the camp. When he and I entered the tent, we found Alba shaking nervously and talking in his sleep. "Timo!" he was saying, "may the devil take you if you make me eat cururu again! I didn't want to, and you should obey me——"

Lopez rushed out while I went to bed, filled with apprehension. When he returned he was very pale. "That cursed Indian!" he said to me. "Now I understand why I had indigestion— And this good friend of ours let us finish the whole pot! Don't you feel squeamish? I should have known there was a cat in the bag when he left so suddenly—he, who always stays after dinner to work over his maps. So! Don't say anything to-morrow. I'm going to make him pay for this!" And he reached for the brandy.

Next day Alba complained of nausea, and Lopez's expression brightened instantly. "And yet, you know—snake meat is not as heavy as fish," he said, winking at me.

"Well, I'll be—!" Alba exclaimed. "You knew it, and you didn't tell me!" Lopez burst out laughing, whereupon our friend walked straight to Timo, who was making coffee.

"Look here," he said, "from now on, since we haven't any menus, remember to say out loud, so that I can hear, just what we are going to eat and what we are going to drink. That's final; do you hear?" Timo did not answer. Later, when he was alone, we too approached him, and simply told him that if he wanted to eat snake, he could have our share.

"Did the snake squirm in your stomachs?" Timo asked me when Lopez had departed.

"Never mind," I said. "Rather than ask me questions, study your menu."

At breakfast Timo announced aloud, "Sausages—turtle eggs—wild honey."

"You must say bee honey," I interrupted.

"It isn't bee honey, niño! It's ant!" He emphasized the last word, grinning maliciously at me.

"Ant! Throw it into the river, or eat it yourself!" Alba was horrified. He had never been able to get used to jungle foods, in spite of the years he had spent there.

"But—niño!" protested the guide, "you have been eating it for several days now."

"My God—my God!" moaned Alba. "Don't you know me well enough yet—?"

"I like it!" Lopez declared firmly. "And since I haven't died of it, I will take it again—when I care for honey."

"Crackers and genuine coffee," Timo finished proclaiming, cursing afterwards in a low voice the absence of Tupi, because his cooking was never questioned. That morning Alba had only coffee.

"Would you like milk, niño?" Timo asked him.

"Mosquito milk?" Alba was angry. "You had better get things ready to break camp and go; that will change our thoughts!"

I was full of repressed laughter; a few minutes later I approached my distracted friend and explained how Lopez—and, before him, I—had discovered that he had eaten cururu. This dispelled his ill-humour, and we all three agreed that from then on we would eat whatever tasted good, without asking questions.

"You had better!" Timo warned us. "Because we may have to eat grasshoppers before we reach the Madera."

V. The Storm

That morning, giving up all thought of further resting, we set forth once more. We would probably reach our destination at least one day after Tupi, whom we expected to meet with the horses at a place Timo had known of. We decided to go slowly, rounding the Agoapehy range and crossing the Matto Grosso at its narrowest point.

The sierra presented a different sort of scenery. There were sunken stretches where the vegetation was as profuse and rich as along the Paraguay River; where we were now, it was scanty and anæmic, and higher up, where we were going, there were only grass and saplings whose roots had clutched weather-beaten rocks. From a distance the roots looked like curled, immobile snakes.

Here the vipers had other enemies—the

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attractive bien-te-vís or bientevídos, as the Brazilians called them, which we had already encountered in the swamps. The plumage of these sturdy birds is dark on the back, yellow in front, and black and white on the head, which bears a yellow comb. Many times we saw them attacking snakes, or waiting for them to come out of their holes. "They originate in the south," Alba explained. "They are great snake hunters. If they don't devour, they destroy—and as soon as they see men they come to live near them. They like our company."

We reached the most barren part of the sierra. Profiting by my experience of the marches, I avoided the dead trees, which I recognized from afar and which were in most cases inhabited by the same fire-ants that had given me such an unpleasant time. In some places these ants lived in their own hills, built against stumps or brush and over a yard in height,—sometimes two or three times this.

Alba thought he saw something strange going on in one of them, and approached it. Timo, close by, had been looking at the ground. A number of exceptionally large black ants were arriving in small groups and invading the mounds, causing a tremendous commotion there. The inhabitants came out in panic, most of them fleeing with their eggs, while others attacked the assailants ferociously. But the blacks were evidently the more powerful, for they easily destroyed their victims by snapping at the middle of their bodies.

Alba called Timo, who gave the alarm at once. "These are the soldier ants!" he exclaimed, and started to run. There was, in fact, nothing else to do. Looking about, we could already perceive the extraordinary panic which the approach of the redoubtable insects had caused among the animals of the sierra.

Large and small armadillos were running in every direction, unable to hit on the way to safety. Serpents of all varieties fled madly, without even trying to avoid the attacks of the bien-te-vís which followed, wounding and killing them with powerful strokes of their beaks. There were rats, struggling painfully as if they were already prey to the merciless ants which, once on the back of their victims, will not leave them till they are devoured. Toads and spiders of enormous size came from everywhere, and at times we could not help stepping on them.

It was a general flight of all the fauna before the scourge of the sierra. If the stumps had been able to move, they, too, would have fled. "There's a pretty plague also for you!" Lopez cried, all out of breath with running. "How can anyone hope this will some day be inhabited?"

Alba made no answer till we had crossed a stream, which fortunately we found on the way.

"Don't you think they are something like a purge of the forest?" he asked, pulling off his knapsack and sitting on it. "An army of men couldn't do what those ants have accomplished. They're destroying others of their species less useful, devouring serpents and those monstrous spiders—and those toads! Not counting the millions of pests that they must find on the ground and on the trees. Marvelous! Have you noticed how those ants come to the attack? What a formation! They advance in compact lines, one after another, certain of annihilating the enemy. It's an army of generals, no less!"

"One might think you didn't have to run to save your skin— Purge of the forest! Bah!"

"What's Timo doing now?" I interrupted. "There he goes, running after something——"

Timo had caught a black serpent over four feet long.

"What's this?" Alba protested. "If you want to impress us with your bravery, we know you even eat them."

"Ugh!" Lopez exclaimed, ill-humouredly. "Take it away, Timo! Give it to the ants. What do you bring it here for?"

"It's a mussurama, niños. Good company, and a splendid watchman. Don't get frightened. You'll see."

The snake had curled itself placidly and gracefully around Timo's neck. Its movements were subtle and elegant, its head small and pretty, and the black eyes showed nothing cruel or savage. Every now and then, as if to express its contentment, it wiggled its forked tongue.

"A snake?" I asked, looking at it in amazement.

"A serpent," Timo replied, caressing it. "A friendly serpent. Take it, niño. It is absolutely harmless." As I lacked the necessary confidence, I held back, but Lopez, to my surprise, took it without a word. From then on he and the mussurama were inseparable.

We continued under a heavy rain the rest of the afternoon, and finally halted to camp. With his bow Timo had brought

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down a jacu-tinga, a kind of turkey, delicious to taste, but barely the size of a chicken. He had also killed a matsui—a monkey, which we now ate without any qualms, although we felt revolted by its shape.

The following day was more rainy, and we had to contend with very rugged ground, where we found nothing to hunt. At dusk we reached the sertâo, dark jungle without road or trail, where every step, even more than along the river or in the marshes, must be cautiously taken. We were now traversing the last stretches of a stony soil like vast clay stairways, smoothed by time and covered with a velvety moss, where not even grass had been able to strike root.

Only a few scattered birds were to be seen. The heat was oppressive, and the insects, in spite of the rain, became troublesome. I, who began to perform feats of courage to impress myself and to get used to the forest sooner, refused to protect my face or hands with gauze, in spite of the fact that my companions had already done so.

When we reached the first trees, we camped near an arbour of nacurel palms, the branches of which were laden with nuts. Timo gathered a large supply, and later used them even in place of coffee. For our coffee supply had already given out, causing us great inconvenience, because as a stimulant it was without substitute.

Lopez was exhausted, and seemed lost in thought. With his mussurama still clinging around him, he went into the forest, expecting to shoot something for dinner, but returned empty-handed. "Not a thing!" he exclaimed dolefully. "Our troubles are beginning in earnest——"

Just then a flock of parrots flew by, and Timo had barely time to shoot an arrow. Two of the birds fell at my feet. I picked them up and was astounded to find that they had been but slightly wounded in the wing.

"My arrows are all poisoned," the guide explained. "They are steeped in cipó-timbó, a plant whose sap merely paralyzes the heart without poisoning the flesh. I always use it, because then I am certain of my game. In the forest our food depends on it most of the time."

"What are you saying?" I asked Lopez, hearing him mumble something.

"Nothing in particular," my friend replied. "I was talking to my mussurama. Do you know what she has just done? In those woods she devoured a snake, a small jararaca, if I'm not mistaken. She caught it herself. She slipped from my neck and fell upon the viper when I least expected it. I thought she was running away from me, and I was almost bitten in the hand. She has saved me." And I watched him walk away, petting it and speaking to it.

"Do you know what a jararaca is, Timo?" I asked the guide as he was returning with the arrow that had brought down the parrots. "Lopez has just seen one."

"Where, niño?" he inquired, taking his bow. "It's the most poisonous viper of the sertâo. We've got to kill it."

"Why, it seems that the mussurama ate it," I said, somewhat skeptically.

"Oh!" Timo said, "I had forgotten to speak of that. The mussuramas attack and feed with impunity on all kinds of poisonous snakes, except the corals. These are much less deadly than the rattlers or the jararacas, and yet they are fatal to the mussurama—I don't know why."

The rain had stopped, but the sky was mud-coloured. Clouds gathered on the horizon, and the forest gradually began to take on a sinister, greenish-purple tint. Lopez reappeared just then, and said to Alba, who was coming back from scouting around the place: "Something is going to happen— The mussurama is restless."

"Storm!" Alba murmured. "We'll have to look for cover in the woods."

Fortunately, the camp had not yet been made, and we all proceeded once more in the midst of a strange, dead quiet, as if through a vacuum grown suddenly sultry and stifling. We reached the forest, where we had scarcely time enough to find shelter: a hollow in the center of three towering trees springing from the same root and close to a phenomenal baobad.

We had not quite installed ourselves when a sharp thunderclap reverberated, like a cannon shot, and a few moments later a hot, scorching wind blew from the direction in which we had just come, making the leaves curl up into the shape of cigars. My companions stripped themselves to the waist, and I lost no time in doing likewise. It was necessary, for when the storm was over, our clothes at least would be dry.

All of a sudden, shadows began to creep into the jungle, and the fury of the wind redoubled. The trees started to creak from the roots, and the sky fired broadsides of lightning. Not a drop of rain had fallen yet.

Trees were now burning, tottering and breaking around us, while above it had for the moment grown quiet again. But soon a

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thunder-bolt, with the roar of a thousand guns, cracked the entire sky. Cataracts of water flooded the woods. Sweeping torrents ran by our feet, while, silently, we held to one another, anguished and unable to see in that throbbing limbo. Trees were falling everywhere, the ground was trembling, the branches of our very shelter were breaking, the soil was becoming soggy, and the hilly tracts were sliding, together with their enormous load of gigantic vegetation.

The deluge continued for a long time, and then the balance of the elements was gradually reëstablished. It stopped raining altogether. Lopez, worn out with fatigue, had fallen asleep in the mud. The bed of leaves which had previously covered the ground had been carried out of the forest by the torrent and spread over barren soil where a new jungle would some day rise. Timo emerged from our refuge. Alba was barely able to do likewise. And I, like Lopez, was soon overcome by weariness.

When I awoke the following morning, I found myself stretched on a heap of leaves which were still wet. Alba, near by, was watching Timo cook, while Lopez was sleeping soundly by my side. The sun was radiant, and a mist which grew visibly thicker was rising from the forest. "What's happened?" I asked.

"Don't you remember the storm?" Alba laughed. "I hope that you can walk. We'll have to get on our way immediately, because otherwise we wouldn't be able to cross the forest for a week."

"Yes," said Timo. "After so much water the heat will make the ground steam like an oven."

Lopez awoke just then. He stood up with great difficulty, and, looking about, exclaimed, "What a country! I'll never get even as far as the Madera—" His eyes were bloodshot, his lips dry, and his face feverish. How he had changed in the last twenty-four hours!

Alba watched him anxiously. "This does not compensate you for trying to escape civilization, old man," he said. Lopez shrugged his shoulders and peered somberly into the forest. We ate some kind of meat and then started. The exhaustion we felt from the very beginning was crushing. We would never, never forget it.

The tempest had brought devastation to the jungle. The fallen branches had been strewn here and there by the water and piled up against the already troublesome obstacles through which we had to make our way. The tops of the trees which had been felled by lightning had increased the confusion and multiplied the barriers. Many giants, half-uprooted, were leaning on younger trees which were bent by their weight. Even now some tumbled dangerously. Only good fortune could save us.

At noon we had traveled but a short distance from our starting point. Most of the time had been spent in cutting obstacles with our machetes, and we realized that further on it would be much worse. The sun had cast its hottest beams on the earth, and the humid ground was enveloped in a choking, unbearable vapour. The evaporating water was like gas, thick with insects, and it hourly increased the temperature. It was already 108 degrees, and any attempt to rest was impossible.

"Alba!" cried Lopez in a paroxysm of despair. "I'm afraid I shan't be able to go on. Leave me here." He had taken off his coat and shirt, and was walking blindly, dragging his knapsack after him and stumbling at every step. His face was white, his lips were bleeding, his veins were knotted and looked as if they would burst.

"We'll get out, and we'll get out very soon—I swear! Here, give me your gun!" said Alba. He turned to me: "How are you feeling?"

I just nodded, to make him understand I was all right. Lopez did not want to be relieved of any weight he was carrying. "No—go on!" he bellowed. "If we're ever going to get out, we'd better push on."

And thus, without rest or food, without water and almost without air, our bodies covered with insects that feasted on our blood, giving no thought to the serpents that threatened us and the thorns that pierced our flesh, we went on, determined to walk till we fell exhausted.

Alba and the guide, parched with thirst and drenched in sweat, went first, side by side, cutting down the obstructions in their way and changing sides whenever their arms grew tired. They would not allow me to help. Lopez was in a fever, and walked like a somnambulist, the mussurama asleep around his neck, and his free arm constantly extended forward, as if he were blind.

At dusk, falling and crawling, catching hold of the lower branches to support ourselves, unable to speak, we finally reached the end of the Matto Grosso where the flat land began, rich in grass, interrupted here and there by puddles and lagoons near which rose sparse groves. These could not expand, because the grass absorbed all the water and entrenched itself in every inch of soil.

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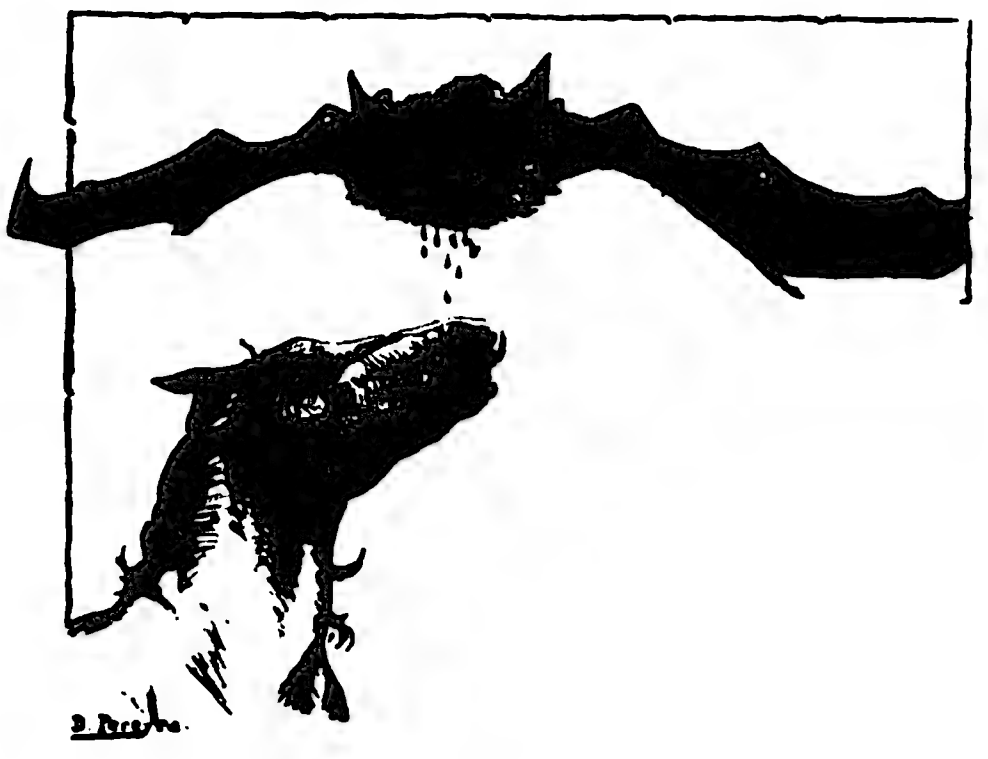
A fresh breeze commenced to blow, and now, after the insufferable heat that we had felt for nine hours, we were forced to cover ourselves with blankets. A final effort brought us to a place suitable for pitching camp. Lopez fell right there, toil-worn and senseless. I dragged myself to a small stream, but my thirst was gone, and a bitter feeling of sluggishness and discontent possessed me. Alba was sitting thoughtfully beside Timo, who was lighting a fire. They were unconquerable.



URUBÚ—A GIGANTIC VAMPIRE-BAT

Next day, when the sun was already high over the forest which rose to the right like an endless wall, Timo made a breakfast of crackers, roasted coconuts and admirably refreshing cidracayotes which the guide had found near the camp.

Lopez slept restlessly. He seemed to be dreaming. His lips were swollen, and bled at the corners. His face and hands were covered with insect bites on which Alba had been careful to spread a salve. It was impossible to draw his boots off, and a strange tremor shook him every now and then. Timo, glancing at him, could not avoid making a wry face.

"What's the trouble?" Alba asked.

"I don't think it's pneumonia, niño. It looks more like terciana," the guide said calmly. "You may have to leave him in Piollie."

As if Lopez had heard these words, he suddenly spoke up: "When do we start?"

"How are you feeling, old fellow?" Alba inquired with solicitude.

"Not so bad. I have a terrible pain in the legs, that's all. When do we start?"

We all looked at him in amazement. "Why, when you get better," Alba answered. "Timo thinks you are getting terciana—and I would like to prevent it. If we stay here three days we can try a treatment which the Indians practice successfully——"

"That's nonsense!" Lopez broke in, impetuously. "Let's get on, Alba. Let's get on without any loss of time. When do we start?"

"Now, if you insist," Alba replied. Lopez, from that moment on, was by no means himself.

We had gone six miles when we came to the top of a small, jungly hill. The storm had reached even here, and many trees had been uprooted. A fallen taruma, heavily laden with fruits resembling olives, attracted our attention. Alba was the first to approach the tree. An Indian in strange attire lay beneath it, crushed by the branches. "He must be a Mojo or a Canichana merchant on his way from Bolivia, or on his way back," said Timo. All together, we proceeded to extricate the body.

The unfortunate fellow wore a shirt made of tururi—the Bolivian tree—and corduroy trousers. Underneath him we found his bundle containing a tinder-box, and his provisions of tapioca and dried monkey meat; there was the tail of an armadillo, a piece of caraguatâ wood, such as the Chaco Indians use, and several precious stones which he had probably taken in payment for his merchandise: aquamarines, topazes—rose-coloured and yellow—and a beautiful purple amethyst.

"A jeweler, no doubt!" said Alba, putting everything back in its place. The taruma roots had left a large hole when it fell over, and here the Indian was buried. A sepulchral silence reigned. The sun beat more fiercely than ever. I was surprised to see the guide throw all the Indian's belongings into the grave, even the bow and arrows which we had found also under the tree.

"You might have kept the stones," I said to him. But Timo looked at me in a resentful manner. He was proud as well as superstitious.

Later we arrived at the camp of three men. One of them was Tupi. The savage had had no trouble in finding the arrieros at a point where the woods along that section had been burned, to indicate that they were in the vicinity. Their chief, following Alba's written instructions, had already gone to Piollie, to prepare a cargo, leaving two vaqueros to take care of the mounts.

The new guides, Brazilian caboclos, recounted their suffering during the long wait, particularly because of the savages who had murdered one of their party. They had kept his horse with them. Timo declined

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to avail himself of the animal, saying that he did not want to be haunted by the dead man. Tupi, too, refused to ride it. Throughout the rest of the long and arduous journey I could not help pondering on the power of such beliefs. How much easier it would have been for either men to make the trip on horseback!

Piollie was scarcely a hamlet, consisting of a few shops furnished with more varieties of wares than a bazaar, and carrying provisions at prices which would have seemed ridiculous if they had not been brought from far-off, almost inaccessible places. In this town we met the caboclos who had preceded us. There were six of them, all very brawny fellows, and as distinct in type as the most diversified tribes of Brazil. Lopez being better, Alba decided to proceed without delay. He prepared everything necessary for the crossing of the Tamarlindo, a territory some four hundred miles wide, rather scanty in vegetation and animal life.

I was delighted, and felt grateful to my friends for the experience I had acquired. I no longer wished to depend on everybody, as I had been obliged to in the past. Henceforth, I wanted to assume full responsibility for my acts. Losing no more time, we set on our way on horseback, with four oxen and a two-wheeled cart to carry our provisions and baggage. It was a long journey of many days through barren soil. We advanced painfully, drenched by torrential rains or scorched by a merciless sun, enveloped by clouds of mosquitoes which constantly vexed us, even getting into our throats and ears.

The arrieros kept themselves apart, because of the disdain with which Timo seemed to treat them. They drove the cart, and were charged with the care of the animals. Tupi, for the first time, was showing bad humour, and for hours at a time would search for something along the way. But he would not say what. However, one afternoon the Indian apparently found what he had been seeking, for he was seen delightedly grinding the roots of an unknown plant and rubbing certain portions of his body with them. Timo perceived only then that Tupi had the sututu larvæ in his body, a fact which the latter attributed to a sin he had committed against Caépora. A few days later he was cured of this plague, but there remained for a time ugly pock-like scars.

Lopez was still ill. Ever since his breakdown at the border of the Matto Grosso, he had scarcely said a word, and it now seemed as if he had imposed absolute silence upon himself. He maintained complete reserve, some days more than others, and made no complaint of his health. He was now inseparable from his mussurama. To this creature he gave a great deal of attention, and, when its feeding-day came, which was every week or so, he looked for small vipers, and would stun them himself to facilitate the work of his mascot. I found no explanation for this strange whim of my friend, and it was likely that he himself could not give the reason. But this was evident: he appreciated the company of the serpent more than that of his companions.

Near the Jacy-Paraná River, which we passed at its extremity without having to cross, one of the oxen died. It had probably eaten some poisonous worm in its forage. Soon afterwards we had to kill its team-mate, because we were unable to kill any game, and the lack of fresh meat was keenly felt.

Now we were barely a day's journey from the Madera. We pitched camp in a place where, for the first time since we left Piollie, neither fruits nor game were lacking. Here I saw sipas of indescribable beauty. These are gigantic creepers bursting into bloom here and there and hanging from the tops of lofty ocotes, and from pavocas—wild banana trees with exceptionally large leaves.

On the bank of a small river we found pira-racus, the famous mammoth turtles of the Madera, which, at the slightest noise, take to the water. Their flesh is delicious. I shot two monkeys, and gathered a large quantity of chirimoyas, a fruit which until now I had not found. Timo, meanwhile, had caught a sariema, a sort of hen which we were to encounter frequently from now on.

I could not sleep that night. The proximity of our objective, the Teotonio Falls on the Madera, and what I knew about the gold traders, promised greater events than those I had been led to expect. I was now aware, for the first time, of the fact that Alba had taken this long trip for a far better reason than that of merely satisfying his love for adventure. Somehow I felt sure that he was entertaining the thought of going beyond the Madera—into the unexplored jungle. And this, of course, thrilled me to the marrow and filled my heart with anxiety. Would Alba take me with him? The experience I had gathered,

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and, above all, the success of my own initiative in the trip from Piollie, made me hope so. At any rate, it satisfied me as to my ability to master future difficulties. Then, with Lopez out of the way—as I thought he would be—I might fit into his place.

While struggle, fatigue and the forest had given me new life, Lopez had been crushed by them; he plunged into a tragic silence that grew deeper and deeper. His features had become shockingly hard, his body was bent, and his mind, once cheerful and active, had turned morose and indifferent, like that of a man lost in a desert, without any more ambition or care for his own existence. It was plain the jungle had undermined the soul of this companion, the only being in whom Alba had confided until then; it had graven on his face its own wide, crude, brutal aspect, giving him none of its power, inspiring him with none of its majesty.

The change in myself had been entirely different. Why could not I replace him? I continued to ponder along these lines until far into the night, when everybody else had retired and was probably sleeping. Then, satisfied with my own conclusions, I rose smiling. I had just discovered that my future was here. . . . Proudly I looked about me. I was some distance from the camp, alone and unafraid. Black shadows were swooping down near the corral improvised for the animals. What could these vague, moving shapes be? I was going to wake Timo, but stopped. Hadn't I said that I would learn things by myself?

I went without arousing anyone. The animals, hobbled as they were, could not run away, and kept jumping from one side to another in fright. Fastened to their loins were strange, inert forms which, one after another, rose at my approach. But others, apparently hovering around in waiting, hastened to their places.

I recognized them instantly. They were gigantic vampire-bats, called urubús in that region. Timo had described them to me once. Horses and oxen were bleeding freely, and the smell of blood caused a stream of other bats to fly from afar. I was going to call the vaqueros who were charged with the care of the animals, when I saw what I least expected. Indians were coming out of the forest—two, three, five. Savages! To my surprise, I felt no terror,—only a curiosity as new to me in such instances as it was extraordinary. The cart was there, surrounded by bushes on the border of the corral. I crawled toward it, and, hiding myself between the wheels, waited.

VI. Caépora?

The bats returned to the assault. Two Indians advanced to frighten them away, and, signaling among themselves, came close to the oxen and did something to them. One fell. I could not understand why. Then the other dropped. Meanwhile, the rest of the savages had surrounded the cart, and, without bothering to open the bundles, took all they could carry and made off for the forest.

I felt for my revolver. It was not there! A moment's pause, and I ran to the tent. "Savages!" I shouted, waking up everybody. "They are robbing the camp!"

In a moment Alba and Lopez were out with their rifles. Timo was getting ready three formidable arrows which he kept very carefully and handled with the utmost precaution. Tupi, as on most occasions, was nowhere to be seen. The guide began to curse him for this, and aroused the caboclos, who followed us, brandishing their shotguns.

"They have killed the oxen!" Alba thundered, as he reached the corral, "and the cart is half empty!"

"They are the Muras, then," Timo exclaimed without hesitation. "Oh, the thieves! They're the only nomads who kill the animals of travelers; there can't be very many of them. They're cannibals—they never settle anywhere, and they're always marauding in small groups, stealing or destroying everything they see. Tomorrow or the day after, they would have come innocently to beg for the carcasses of our animals. We've got to chase them, niños. They are the most despicable and cowardly savages of the Madera, they and the Parentintins!"

Alba stopped him: "But didn't it occur to you we might come across them? Timo, I rely on you for such things!"

The guide bit his lips. "I've never found them here at this time of the year, niño," he replied. "I thought they would be near the Madre de Dios and along other distant rivers. That's where they usually live, and this is their fishing season."

"What about the bats? Are they always here? Is this their fishing season too? Look what they have done to the horses." One of the animals could hardly stand up. Its back was covered with wounds which

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looked as if they had drained the poor creature of blood. Alba cut the hobble and the pony bounded away, but could not go very far. Its legs failed, and it collapsed, to rise no more.

Timo did not answer. These were the first reproaches he had had to endure and he felt humbled. "I can't follow the trail now, niño," he said. "But to-morrow, at dawn, I'll go after them. They are not very far away, I'm sure, and they'll probably return for—" He stopped short. Tupi had turned up, and, still panting, announced that the Muras were approaching. He did not seem to know they had come once before.

He had not finished talking when the savages reappeared in the distance. This time they were in larger numbers. The vaqueros immediately sought a hiding place. They had never been in that region, and were nervously handling their guns.

"Don't fire a shot till I give the signal," Alba warned them. Tupi and the guide prepared their arrows, and my friends and I jumped into the cart with our rifles, ready to fire. The suspense was short but unforgetable.

The Muras came on, certain of not having been discovered, eager to loot what remained; they had left their bows behind them, and descended in confusion on the cart. At this moment Alba and Lopez made a sudden appearance, firing, for the time being, into the air, while Timo and his men delivered a rapid and vigorous attack. The shots and the onset were fatal to the savages. Two of them fell senseless, struck by my friends with the butts of their guns; three fled toward the forest with Tupi hard upon them, and five were captured by Timo and the vaqueros who were now roping them by the neck in such a way that one man alone could take care of the prisoners. A mere tug at the rope would have strangled all of them.

The prisoners had the vilest mien imaginable. They were lank, pot-bellied and incredibly filthy. They looked around like frightened cats, their oblique, half-closed eyes showing not the slightest sign of intelligence, and they squealed like children at the least hostile move of their captors. All that the chief of the marauders wore was a collar made of human teeth. He had hidden his face between his knees to avoid answering Timo's questions. Presently the guide, seized by a sudden fury, caught him by the hair and placed his poisoned arrow close to the prisoner's forehead, ordering him to speak. But not a syllable passed his lips.

"What are you doing?" Alba cried. Timo had forced the arrow into the savage's flesh.

"He wouldn't say where the stolen things are, niño," he replied, dryly. "This is the law——"

"But he's dying!"

"It's got to be, niño, or we'll never know where our boxes are." The chieftain, unable to utter the least sound, was writhing with pain, almost choking the others with his squirms. For a few seconds his agony was horrible. Then he fell in a heap to the ground. Almost at the same moment, the four other savages were crawling at Timo's feet, speaking all at once.

"Now they are going to give back what they stole, niños!" said the guide, proceeding to put the prisoners in single file, and hooking on the two others who had just regained consciousness. "I'm going with them—and you come too," he cried to the Brazilians. "Take your guns and hurry."

The night was clear. Everything could be seen as in a dream. The chain of savages, carrying the body of their chief, set forth; soon they were lost to sight in the thick of the forest, after having stopped three times to pick up their dead—those who had tried to escape and had been Tupi's victims.

I had witnessed the whole episode as at a theater. "I should like to go; won't you come with me?" I said to Lopez, who was grimly watching the Indians depart. He lowered his head and walked toward the horses without even answering me. Remarking this, Alba stopped him: "What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Lopez muttered. "Sometimes it seems to me that I'm no longer alive, and that I do everything almost unconsciously. Other times, however, I'm aware of something—but then again, I'm overwhelmed by a strange fear—always the same. Fear of the forest that is crushing and maddening me little by little! Death shadowing me—it can't be anything else."

Alba flared with wrath and shook him. "Are you afraid of death?"

Lopez stopped. He seemed confused for a moment. As he was about to answer, a volley of shots echoed through the woods. "Get back to the camp," said Alba in alarm. "I'm going to see what it is." I followed him.

He ran to the edge of the jungle, and arrived just as the men were coming out in great excitement. "What's up now?" he asked Timo, relieved to see the savages returning with the stolen bundles and guarded by the guides.

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"I left these caboclos to take care of two Muras," Timo replied. "But they were afraid, and let them get away. They say they saw—oh, a weird animal, and they fired the guns without——"

A hoarse cry interrupted him, setting even Alba trembling, and filling the savages with terror. Tupi dropped his load, and, clinging to a tree, as he did whenever he prayed, mumbled distinctly, "Caépora—Caépora!"

I shook at the word. It was the third time I had heard it from the savage. New cries, staccato human cries, broke out again. Timo grew pale. "Death-shrieks!" he said, looking at Alba, who had remained stock-still. "The Muras who escaped." And, to my surprise, hysterical with panic, he goaded the savages on.

They screamed like children pursued by a wild beast, and stumbled away. Timo then recovered some of his courage. "Beasts!" he exclaimed in ill-temper, pulling the rope and jerking the captives to a dead stop. He noticed that Alba and I had remained behind. I had not run, because I had been unable to, but Alba had kept up a slow pace. When he finally caught up with the men, his face was very thoughtful. The guide felt ashamed, and tried to conceal his confusion by beginning to count the bundles. What could that cry have been? He had never before heard such a shriek.

Alba thought it very strange. There could be no doubt: I saw that he himself had been frightened. He peered into the forest and he trembled. He took a few steps in that direction as though his feet had been of lead.

"Can it be possible?" I asked myself. He seemed afraid. Slowly he turned on his heel as if wanting to return. He was afraid, he told me,—afraid of being, like Lopez, overwhelmed by the forest. He almost regretted having come. But, no! Such a thing couldn't happen!

"Will you go in there with me?" he asked me. Here was my chance to show him how brave I was. "Yes," I answered, but my voice betrayed uneasiness, and Alba smiled.

He walked toward the men. The caboclos and the savages were still paralyzed with terror. Timo, no matter how hard he tried to forget the incident that had scared him for the first time in his life, had so far been unable even to count the parcels. "They're all here," he declared nevertheless; and, approaching Alba, "I think we had better keep the Muras, at least until we get out of here, niño."

"I intend to keep them for some time. To-morrow they are going to take the place of the beasts they've killed," Alba replied calmly. "I want you to make a handbarrow in which they will carry the bundles. . . . Now, tell me. What was—*that?*"

The guide raised his shoulders. "A jaguar, perhaps," he said. "It couldn't be anything but a jaguar, because——"

"Jaguar? At night?" Alba interrupted. "I know they prowl only in the daytime."

"Perhaps it woke up—perhaps the Muras woke him up—or maybe it was a panther. A panther! that's it!"

"All right. Now we three are going to make sure what it was," Alba said, motioning me to come to his side. "Tell those vaqueros to have the cart taken to the camp, and to see that the Muras don't escape. Then we are going."

Timo began to shake his head, but, catching Alba's look, he made an effort. "I'll go, niño, but it isn't any use," he muttered, attempting to dissuade him. However, we were already on our way, and Timo was forced to follow.

The stars shone above. The sky was clear, but the jungle was steeped in throbbing darkness. Timo lighted his lamp. At the edge of the forest the trees were scattered; there was little under-brush; the lianas kept to the trunks and this made progress easier. "Where did we hear that cry?" Alba asked, with a tremor in his voice that communicated his uneasiness to me. Timo was so nervous that Alba's voice made him stop abruptly. "Over there, niño!" he answered as he started again.

The darkness was absolute, the silence ominous, uncertain. I had never felt so moved as I was now. Attentive to the slightest sound, and as cautious as my companions, I went forward, ready to fire my gun at the first shadow I perceived. The sudden noise of something stirring in the brushwood brought us to a halt. *Sss-ss-s*—the noise was close by. Timo focused his lamp on that side, and for a second we saw a small boa disappearing behind a carotú as soon as the light struck it. "It must have fallen from a branch, or else has smelled blood," the guide said. "I've never seen boas moving at night."

"I think we are going too much to the right," I observed.

"Turn to the left!" Alba ordered. We had not been walking ten minutes when he seized Timo suddenly by the arm and made him fix the light on a certain spot. "Take care, niños, watch out!" Timo said,

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touching his forehead, and then his chest, with his fingers. Later I remembered vaguely that he had crossed himself.

A large splash of blood, still fresh, glittered on a smooth, white boulder. We knew instinctively that it was the work of the monster whose cry had startled us. Possibly this mysterious enemy was near by. Fascinated, we began to walk toward the tree, and had taken several steps when Alba stumbled on something hidden in the grass. He pushed the grass aside with the barrel of his gun, and exposed the feet of an Indian thrown face down against the ground—then the legs—the body, strangely twisted—and now, where we expected to see the nape of the neck, we saw a savage's face, horrible . . . with the eyes—ugh——!

Timo turned around, pale as a corpse, aiming with his bow fully stretched as if he were about to shoot his deadly arrow. A string of words rushed to his lips. And he was going through the gestures of an epileptic. In a moment he was whirling like a madman, round and round, strewing his arrows in all directions and shouting louder and louder, "*Ca-ca-caé-Caépora!*" As for myself, I was shaking like a leaf. All at once, as if propelled by a catapult, I reached Timo's side, and forgetting the corpse, the place, the monster—everything—began firing at the trees, *bang-bang-bang!*—not knowing why. Alba jumped on both of us, and, caught by the shoulders, we were shaken like puppets.

"Let's go!" he roared, "what are you trying to do?" We stopped. I did not know how to explain my own action except that I thought of trying to shake off my fears in that strangest of ways.

Caépora, man or beast, myth or reality, did not bother us. We came out unharmed, —Alba satisfied and triumphant, Timo conscious for the first time that he had a master in the jungle, and I lamentably confused.

VII. The Forbidding Jungle

We had reached the Madera, and had been there eight days, camped on the left bank of the Teotonio rapids, near the famous carved stone mentioned by Alba as the gathering point of the Indian gold-traders.

The place was majestic. The river bounded over a ledge of rocks cropping out like a dam, probably eight hundred yards wide. The waters rushed upon the rampart and burst at the sides with inconceivable fury, clouding both banks with mist, as the waves, often thirty feet high, battered themselves against the shore. Now and then a gigantic tree floated down, carried by the stream like a mere twig.

The side where we camped had a rock-pit floored with fine sand. The boulders were large, whitish, and frequently indented with holes, especially at the base. Some of these were veritable caves, and every one was littered with pira-racú eggs. Here the forest started some distance away from the shore, and it was as imposing as the most striking jungle of the Matto Grosso. But the woods rising on the opposite bank, the woods that I now longed to enter, were quite different.

Enormous, dark and mysterious, briary at the base, sending its roots to fight for the possession of even the river bed, entangled in millions of creeping plants which twisted themselves into a bulwark, the forest of the Antisuyu seemed like an impassable defense of Nature, silent, threatening, fierce.

That, however, was the empire from which certain men bearing gold came out at this time of the year. That, too, was the land that had swallowed up hundreds of adventurers and explorers who had tried to enter. That was the jungle which I noticed Alba had watched with yearning since the time of our arrival, the jungle that kept him thinking, that summoned him nightly to some solitary place, and that bewildered him with the mystery of its silence.

The magnificence of that gigantic wilderness made it seem like a monument—a monument and a symbol. Its enormousness fascinated whatever was alien to it.

I had seen the degenerate Muras who had brought our bundles, silent before it, awed by the waters which dashed furiously at its feet, absorbed in contemplation as if before an unreal world, dumb, humbled and trembling. And one night I had seen other savages, who had apparently lost themselves, suddenly recognize the place and run to moisten their foreheads in the river. Then they had darted back in terror to the woods—they knew it well. This was the kingdom of Caépora, the hairy and diabolic Cyclops of the forest, who was perhaps watching them even now—ready to twist their necks if they tried to cross the river, and to crucify them if they reached the other side, so that their eyes might always behold what they had left behind and lost.

And Minhocâo, the great water-snake whose squirming caused the waves and floods and tides? Perhaps he, too, watched them.

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Whatever Caépora, through neglect, might allow to pass unscathed, Minhocâo would catch in the forest. Minhocâo was as long as the river, and bristled with heads. He could render men insane by merely looking at them, and they would never again return to their homeland. If a beast had straggled into the forbidden domain, Minhocâo would devour it.

Thus the Madera marked the line of separation between two worlds which cannot and never should mix. Further on began another kingdom: that of the Montaña, land of the Sun!

But what shall we say of the carved rock on the river?

Not far from the Teotonio, a renegade witch-doctor of the Caripuna Indians was living in hiding to escape death at the hands of his own son, who was to succeed him, and who, according to tradition, must eat of his father's brain to imbue himself with his knowledge. In years past he had been the agent in bartering gold with the mysterious Indians, for Timo's first master, a certain Otto von Adler, an old German engineer now living in Corumbá. I had seen Alba several times with this German before we had started on the expedition. I could now trace to these interviews my belief that Alba planned to go beyond, into the forbidden territory.

The witch-doctor, hidden in the forest, had given himself to making poisons, used until then only by his own people, but now furnished to warriors of any tribe. Timo confided this information, and told me he was going to find out whether the sorcerer had anything new to say. This confirmed beyond doubt my suspicions as to the motive for our presence in that neighbourhood of the Madera. I was allowed to go with him—which was fortunate for me. I did not enter the witch-doctor's hut, because I was white, but Timo came out with such news that even Lopez was startled out of his apathy when he heard it.

For generations the great stone of the Teotonio had been regarded by the sorcerers of certain tribes as a sacred object, and they called it *Huanac*, a word which, oddly enough, had been the name of an Inca, and meant "warning."

It was very unlikely that the Incas carved the signs which the stone bore:

They knew no writing, and their only means of transmitting their legends was by word-of-mouth, from generation to generation, the old to the young.

It was probable, therefore, that a race older than the Incas had been in the Madera, and had left the proof of their existence and culture, and that from them the Incas had perhaps inherited the secret of the stone. Ah, the Huanac! The Indian had not wanted to say much about it, because he had been told that it was sealed with the very name of the Maker; that only the high priest of the Montaña, who appeared at the end of every hundred moons, could divulge it to the new sorcerers of the Amazon. And these would allow to pass freely whoever should utter the word. The witch-doctor would not impart it, because he feared to be punished with thirst. Oh, the Huanac—the Warning!—the mysterious power it held! He had said that those who could read the inscription were immune among men and beasts by merely speaking its words, and whoever could do that was sent from above—from the Sun—a Tarpuntay! Tarpuntay was the sacrificial priest of the Incas. There was no doubt that their Empire had extended this far.

One day, now that I knew so many things, I went to the rock as I would on a pilgrimage. There I found Alba. He was still trying in vain to discover the origin of the inscription. What did the characters say? Mystery! "Another Sphinx's secret," he said. He had never seen anything like them. People would continue to think of them as pseudo-hieroglyphics; wise men would regard the stone as a problem without a solution—and the savages would always look upon it as the Huanac, the sesame to everything, the divine sentence. The Huanac that could make even the beasts quail, that revealed the name of God with which one could be safe among the fiercest tribes of the Amazon! The Huanac, the Huanac!

There was nothing that Alba would not have given to know its meaning.

"Are we going ahead?" I asked him.

"Going ahead, where?" He eyed me suspiciously.

"To the Montaña, of course."

"What makes you ask that?" Alba inquired, perturbed. And I told him what I knew. For a moment he appeared indignant, but then his anger subsided and he became thoughtful.

"Timo guessed right," said he at length. "That night I was so sick, Timo could not attribute my indisposition to anything but yagué. And he knew that you had given it to me—although he did not know

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why. You know now something that will make you very unhappy: the Montaña is fatal to every one save its own sons. Hundreds of explorers have gone in, but none has ever come out. Lopez' father went in. He, too, has remained. The Montaña lured and has killed my father, too. Yes, I may venture in its shadows. But if I do so, it will be alone—or at most with the guides. It is my intention to wait here for the gold-traders to show up, and then to follow them into their country, map out the road, and come back. There must be a great source of gold waiting for some white man in a nook of that territory. Is it in mines? Is it loose in a river? I should like to know! With maps and information I would invade the region—That's all!"

"Take me along, please!" I begged.

Alba cut me short with a gesture. "In a few days," he said, "you and Lopez will be on your way to Trinidad. You have done very well up to now, but what I intend doing requires a great deal more of pluck, cunning and exertion than you have shown yourself to possess. If I succeed, it will be through sheer luck, and I am going only because I can no longer live out of the forest; I have fallen prey to this fascinating lure of the gold and the Incas, who, to my knowledge, have survived there. I can do as I please with my own life, but not so with yours. Be satisfied with my toleration of you in the past, and never again suggest my taking you along with me."

I returned to the camp disheartened. I found Lopez shrouded in silence as usual, and walking around the tent. His walks consisted in this short exercise, whenever the weather allowed it. Alba had remained, hiding in a place he had discovered near the Huanac. Here he passed long observant hours, hoping to meet his Incas. He watched tirelessly, asking no one to relieve him.

Now, the facts that I had learned and the long anxious wait which followed excited me so that life seemed a mirage. I fell into revery and imagined that I had finally been admitted by Alba as one of the party to go into the Inca territory, and that I had even reached the goal. The pictures that my fancy painted were as realistic as they were beyond the compass of description. I wove the most fantastic dreams, and went to see Alba with such a joyful expression that each time he believed me possessed of some priceless discovery.

But then I grew normal again. The face of my friend had no sustenance for my world of illusions.

February came; my inactivity was about to be brought to an end. Alba let me know that I was due to depart the following day. I had been made really ill by the long wait, and the news of my return played havoc with my health. That night I went to Alba's hiding-place with the intention of forcing him to change his mind and to take me, too. He was not there. A savage fragrance was wafted to me from the other side of the river. More than ever I wanted to go there! Step by step I approached the bank and leaned forward over the water. Then, not knowing exactly why, I moistened my fingers and passed them across my brow.

Surprised by what I had just done, I remained for a long while, prey to some strange power, feeling the water as if it had been silk, and the sand as if it were water; breathing the night air longingly, enjoying my solitude as a child his freedom. My joy was unbounded.

Hearing a noise behind me, I turned. A man was there; he had not seen me; an Indian, tall, severe and magnificent in carriage. His arms were crossed. His body was covered by a cloth drawn diagonally over one shoulder. He wore a fillet on his forehead!

The moment could not have been more magnetic. I crawled into Alba's shelter and began to observe the stranger closely, watching him almost with adoration. Not because he appeared virile and beautiful, but because of what he represented. I had imagined a son of the Montaña to be precisely like this. I had wanted him to be like this! The son of the jungle, of *that* jungle, of that dark and colossal world that had instilled in me, just as I had been more intent than ever upon trespassing it, one of its deadly maladies—fever.

That is how my wonderful adventure ended.

Several months later, at a hospital in the interior of Bolivia, I came to the realization that I had lost my chance, through that sickness, of entering the unexplored territory west of the Madera. I was told that I had been found in delirium by Alba in his hiding-place near the Huanac. He had crossed the river with the guides. Lopez had never come back. Had he gone also? This is the reason why I have never been able to ascertain whether I had really seen an Inca, or if it was only a vision unreeled by my feverish state.

And in the years that have passed since then, nobody has ever heard of Alba again.

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Presidents as Authors

Literature in the White House has been the exception rather than the rule. Out of twenty-nine Presidents, only some ten have wandered a bit on Parnassus. But four of these have wooed the poetic Muse—Washington in boyhood, Jefferson in old age, John Quincy Adams professionally in retirement—at least he published his poems in book form for the public to buy, if not to read—and Lincoln, whose verse is said to be of a variety not admitted to chaste parlours. Washington's best prose appears to have had assistance from Hamilton and others; Adams, Madison and John Quincy Adams are sure of their places in anthologies; Monroe's fame probably rests on his Presidential message containing the Monroe Doctrine. After John Quincy Adams there follows a slump in Presidential literature,—that is to say, in literature by Presidents, those who became Presidents, or those who had been Presidents—from 1829, when Andrew Jackson stepped into the White House, until 1861, when James Buchanan stepped out of it.

Lincoln's place in literature is secure; Grant achieved a place in autobiography; Cleveland distinguished himself at the age of nine with an essay on "Time"; Theodore Roosevelt was a born story-teller; and Wilson won a name as historian and essayist. One published limerick stands as a bit of leaven to lighten the mass. GARDNER TEALL.

"SOCIAL MAXIMS"

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attac ment of friendship; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SPEECH TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, 1787

Let us raise a standard to which the honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God.

WASHINGTON.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS, 1796

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with public and private felicity. Let it simply be asked: where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. . . .

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct, and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation,

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to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature; alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? WASHINGTON.

MANIFEST DESTINY ANNOUNCES ITSELF

When, in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A PHRASE ON WHICH A NATION WAS BUILT

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. JEFFERSON.

A LETTER TO HUMBOLDT

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property. JEFFERSON.

AN ARCHITECTURAL PASSION

Here I am, Madam, gazing whole hours at the Maison quarrée, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking weavers and silk spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman, about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Château de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture, by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! it is out of all precedent. No, Madam, it is not without a precedent in my own history. While in Paris, I was violently smitten with the Hôtel de Salm, and used to go to the Tuileries almost daily, to look at it. The *loueuse des chaises*, inattentive to my passion, never had the complaisance to place a chair there, so that, sitting on the parapet, and twisting my neck round to see the object of my admiration, I generally left it a *torti-colli*.

Letter to Mme. la Comtesse de Tesse, March 20, 1787, from Nismes. JEFFERSON.

FINDING A RAISON D'ÊTRE FOR FICTION

A view of the second column in this catalogue would, I suppose, extort a smile from the face of gravity. Peace to its wisdom! Let me not awaken it. A little attention, however, to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written, every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility? asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored.

I answer, everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practice of virtue. When any original act of charity or of gratitude, for instance, is presented either to our sight or imagination, we are deeply impressed with its beauty, and feel a strong desire in ourselves of doing charitable and grateful acts also. On the contrary, when we see or read of any atrocious deed, we are disgusted with its deformity and conceive an abhorrence of vice. Now every emotion of this kind is an exercise of our virtuous dispositions; and dispositions of the mind, like limbs of the body, acquire strength in exercise. But exercise produces habit; and in the instance of which we speak, the exercise, being of the moral feelings, produces a habit of thinking and acting virtuously. We never reflect whether the story we read be truth or fiction. I appeal to every reader of feeling and sentiment, whether the fictitious murder of Duncan by Macbeth in Shakespeare does not excite in him as great a horror of villainy as the real one of Henry IV by Ravaillac, as related by Davila?

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And whether the fidelity of Nelson and generosity of Blandford in Marmontel do not dilate his breast and elevate his sentiments as much as any similar incident which real history can furnish? We are therefore wisely framed to be as warmly interested for a fictitious as for a real personage. The field of imagination is thus laid open to our use, and lessons may be formed to illustrate and carry home to the heart every moral rule of life. Thus a lively and lasting sense of filial duty is more effectually impressed on the mind of a son or a daughter by reading "King Lear" than by all the dry volumes of ethics and divinity that were ever written. This is my idea of well-written romance, or tragedy, comedy, and epic poetry. *Letter to Skipwith.* JEFFERSON.

PRESIDENTIAL VERSE

Shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
And favoured isles with golden fruitage crowned,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall medicine every wound.
There the stern tyrant that embitters life
Shall vainly suppliant spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billows' strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land.

JEFFERSON.

[*Although Jefferson was fond of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Shakespeare and Milton, it was probably Ossian that gave his verse its funereal tone. "To my own mortification," Jefferson once said, "I am of all men living the least who should undertake to decide as to the merits of poetry."*]

WHEN A REPUBLICAN AMBASSADOR SAW A QUEEN

Went to Versailles. . . . At nine o'clock at night went to the *grand couvert*, and saw the king, queen, and royal family at supper; had a fine seat and situation close by the royal family, and had a distinct and full view of the royal pair. . . .

The queen . . . was an object too sublime and beautiful for my dull pen to describe. . . . I was selected, and summoned indeed, from all my company, and ordered to a seat close beside the royal family. . . . It was not easy to make room for one more person. However, room was made, and I was situated between two ladies, with rows and ranks of ladies above and below me, and on the right hand and on the left, and ladies only. My dress was a decent French dress, becoming the station I held, but not to be compared with the gold, and diamonds, and embroidery, about me. I could neither speak nor understand the language in a manner to support a conversation, but I had soon the satisfaction to find it was a silent meeting, and that nobody spoke a word but the royal family to each other, and they said very little. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon me, and I felt sufficiently humble and mortified, for I was not a proper object for the criticisms of such a company. I found myself gazed at, as we in America used to gaze at the sachems who came to make speeches to us in Congress; but I thought it very hard if I could not command as much power of face as one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and therefore determined that I would assume a cheerful countenance, enjoy the scene around me, and observe it as coolly as an astronomer contemplates the stars. Inscriptions of *Fructus Belli* were seen on the ceiling and all about the walls of the room, among paintings of the trophies of war; probably done by the order of Louis XIV., who confessed in his dying hour, as his successor and exemplar Napoleon will probably do, that he had been too fond of war. The king was the royal carver for himself and all his family. His majesty ate like a king, and made a royal supper of solid beef, and other things in proportion. The queen took a large spoonful of soup, and displayed her fine person and graceful manners, in alternately looking at the company in various parts of the hall, and ordering several kinds of seasoning to be brought to her, by which she fitted her supper to her taste. JOHN ADAMS.

ARGUING FOR THE CONSTITUTION

Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this

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manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theater in favour of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered,—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might at this moment have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must at best have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race,—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabrics of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide. *The Federalist.* JAMES MADISON.

THAT MONROE DOCTRINE WE HAVE HEARD OF SINCE

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candour and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. *Presidential Message, December 2, 1823.* JAMES MONROE.

LOOKING BACK ON SUCCESSES

September 9, 1833.—Cold and cloudy day, clearing off toward evening. In the multitudinous whimseys of a disabled mind and body, the thick-coming fancies often come to me that the events which affect my life and adventures are specially shaped to disappoint my purposes. My whole life has been a succession of disappointments. I can scarcely recollect a single instance of success to anything that I ever undertook. Yet, with fervent gratitude to God, I confess that my life has been equally marked by great and signal successes which I neither aimed at nor anticipated. Fortune, by which I understand Providence, has showered blessings upon me profusely. But they have been blessings unforeseen and unsought. "Non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam!" I ought to have been taught by it three lessons:—1. Of implicit reliance upon Providence. 2. Of humility and humiliation; the thorough conviction of my own impotence to accomplish anything. 3. Of resignation; and not to set my heart upon anything which can be taken from me or denied. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"THE WANTS OF MAN"

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so;

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But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A PLAYFUL RHYMESTER

What though he plough the billowy deep
By lunar light, or solar,
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar!
On bog or quagmire deep and dank
His foot shall never settle;
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc
Or Popocatepetl . . .

Tangier nor Tunis never bred
An animal more crabbed;
Nor Fez, dry nurse of lions, fed
A monster half so rabid;
Nor Ararat so fierce a beast
Has since the days of Noah,
Nor stronger, eager for a feast,
The fell constrictor boa.
To Sally. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[*For a long period, following the presidency of John Quincy Adams until that of Abraham Lincoln, literature was not a product of the White House. The nine Presidents from Adams to Lincoln seem to have held pens uninspired by the Nine Muses, Clio notwithstanding, although Van Buren worked on his memoirs after his retirement.*]

A FUTURE PRESIDENT ON A FORMER ONE

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name an eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked deathless splendour leave it shining on.

Speech, February 22, 1842. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"RIGHT MAKES MIGHT"

Let us have faith that Right makes Might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. *Address, New York, February 21, 1859.* LINCOLN.

"THE CHORUS OF THE UNION"

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Inaugural Address. LINCOLN.

NORTH TO SOUTH

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

Inaugural Address. LINCOLN.

FREEDOM

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free,—honourable alike in what we give and what we preserve. *Message to Congress, 1862.* LINCOLN.

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The Inner Friend

I desire so to conduct the affairs of this administration that if at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.

Reply to the Missouri Committee of Seventy, 1864. Lincoln.

Perspective

When the spokesman of a deputation of Southerners said to Lincoln: "We trust, sir, that God is on our side," Lincoln replied: "It is more important to know that we are on God's side."

"Malice Toward None"

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Second Inaugural Address. Lincoln.

"I Cannot See You"

As President, I have no eyes but constitutional eyes; I cannot see you.

To the South Carolina Commissioners. Lincoln.

Where is "the Piece"?

Lincoln occasionally wooed the poetic muse. A letter, sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York a few years ago, from Lincoln to Andrew Johnson of Richmond, written at Springfield, Illinois, February 24, 1846, runs as follows:

Dear Johnson

Feeling a little poetic this evening, I have concluded to redeem my promise this evening by sending you the piece you expressed a wish to have. You find it included. I wish I could think of something else to say; but I believe I cannot. By the way, how would you like to see a piece of poetry of my own making? I have a piece that is almost done, but I find a deal of trouble to finish it.

Give my respects to Mr. Williams, and have him, together with yourself, to understand that if there is anything I can do in connection with your business in the courts I shall take pleasure in doing it upon notice.

Yours forever

A. Lincoln.

Grant and the Texas Wolves

I have never been a sportsman in my life; had scarcely ever gone in search of game, and rarely seen any when looking for it. . . . After the second night at Goliad [*Texas*], Benjamin and I started to make the remainder of the journey alone. We reached Corpus Christi just in time to avoid "absence without leave." We met no one, not even an Indian, during the remainder of our journey, except at San Patricio. A new settlement had been started there in our absence of three weeks, induced possibly by the fact that there were houses already built, while the proximity of troops gave protection against the Indians. On the evening of the first day out from Goliad we heard the most unearthly howling of wolves, directly in our front. The prairie grass was tall and we could not see the beasts, but the sound indicated that they were near. To my ear it appeared that there must have been enough of them to devour our party, horses and all, at a single meal. The part of Ohio that I hailed from was not thickly settled, but wolves had been driven out long before I left. Benjamin was from Indiana, still less populated, where the wolf yet roamed over the prairies. He understood the nature of the animal, and the capacity of a few to make believe there was an unlimited number of them. He kept on towards the noise, unmoved. I followed in his trail, lacking moral courage to turn back and join our sick companion.

I have no doubt that if Benjamin had proposed returning to Goliad, I would not only have "seconded the motion," but have suggested that it was very hard-hearted in us to

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leave Augur sick there in the first place; but Benjamin did not propose turning back. When he did speak it was to ask, "Grant, how many wolves do you think there are in that pack?"

Knowing where he was from, and suspecting that he thought I would over-estimate the number, I determined to show my acquaintance with the animal by putting the estimate below what possibly could be correct, and answered, "Oh, about twenty," very indifferently. . . . In a minute we were close upon them, and before they saw us. There were just *two* of them. Seated upon their haunches, with their mouths close together, they had made all the noise we had been hearing for the past ten minutes.

I have often thought of this incident since, when I have heard the noise of a few disappointed politicians who had deserted their associates. There are always more of them before they are counted. *Personal Memoirs.* ULYSSES S. GRANT

[*From Grant to Cleveland Presidents did not court the Muse. There is nothing from the pens of Hayes, Garfield, or Arthur that is likely to find its way into any anthology of American literature.*]

TIME

Time is divided into seconds—minutes, hours, days, weeks, month and centurys. If we expect to become great and good men and be respected and esteemed by our friends we must inprove our time when we are young. George Washington inproved his time when he was a boy and he was not sorry when he was at the head of a large army fighting for his country. A great many of our great men were poor and had small means of obtaining an education, but by improving their time when they were young and in school they obtained their high standing. Jackson was a poor boy but he was placed in school and by improving his time he found himself a presidend to the United States guiding and directing a powerful nation. If we wish to become great and usful in the world we must improve our time in school. *A Schoolboy Essay (at the age of nine).* S. G. (GROVER) CLEVELAND.

THE QUALITIES OF A MASTERFUL PEOPLE

Let those who have, keep, let those who have not, strive to attain, a high standard of cultivation and scholarship. Yet let us remember that these stand second to certain other things. There is need of a sound body, and even more need of a sound mind. But above mind and above body stands character—the sum of those qualities which we mean when we speak of a man's force and courage, of his good faith and sense of honour. I believe in exercise for the body, always provided that we keep in mind that physical development is a means and not an end. I believe, of course, in giving to all the people a good education. But the education must contain much besides book learning in order to be really good. We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are the qualities which mark a masterful people. Without them no people can control itself, or save itself from being controlled from the outside. I speak to a brilliant assemblage; I speak in a great university which represents the flower of the highest intellectual development; I pay all homage to intellect, and to elaborate and specialized training of the intellect; and yet I know I shall have the assent of all of you present when I add that more important still are the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues. . . .

Address Delivered at the Sorbonne, Paris, April 23, 1910. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE APPEAL OF PERSONALITY

The old chroniclers, whom we relish, were not dispassionate. We love some of them for their sweet quaintness, some for their child-like credulity, some for their delicious inconsequentiality. But our modern chroniclers are not so. They are, above all things else, knowing, thoroughly informed, subtly sophisticated. They would not for the world contribute any spice of their own to the narrative; and they are much too watchful, circumspect, and dutiful in their care to keep their method pure and untouched by any thought of theirs, to let us catch so much as a glimpse of the chronicler underneath the chronicle.

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Their purpose is to give simply the facts, eschewing art, and substituting a sort of monumental index and table of the world's events.

The trouble is that men refuse to be made any wiser by such means. Though they will readily enough let their eyes linger upon a monument of art, they will heedlessly pass by a mere monument of industry. It suggests nothing to them. The materials may be suitable enough, but the handling of them leaves them dead and commonplace. An interesting circumstance thus comes to light. It is nothing less than this,—that the facts do not of themselves constitute the truth. The truth is abstract, not concrete. It is the just idea, the right revelation of what things mean. It is evoked only by such arrangements and orderings of facts as suggest interpretations. The chronological arrangement of events, for example, may or may not be the arrangement which most surely brings the truth of the narrative to light; and the best arrangement is always that which displays, not the facts themselves, but the subtle and else invisible forces that lurk in the events and in the minds of men,—forces for which events serve only as lasting and dramatic words of utterance. Take an instance. How are you to enable men to know the truth with regard to a period of revolution? Will you give them simply a calm statement of recorded events, simply a quiet, unaccentuated narrative of what actually happened, written in a monotone, and verified by quotations from authentic documents of the time? You may save yourself the trouble. As well make a pencil sketch in outline of a raging conflagration; write upon one portion of it "flame," upon another "smoke"; here "town hall, where the fire started," and there "spot where fireman was killed." It is a chart, not a picture. Even if you made a veritable picture of it, you could give only part of the truth so long as you confined yourself to black and white. Where would be all the wild and terrible colours of the scene: the red and tawny flame; the masses of smoke, carrying the dull glare of the fire to the very skies, like a great signal banner thrown to the winds; the hot and frightened faces of the crowd; the crimsoned gables down the street, with the faint light of a lamp here and there gleaming white from some hastily opened casement? Without the colours your picture is not true. No inventory of items will ever represent the truth: the fuller and more minute you make your inventory, the more will the truth be obscured. The little details will take up as much space in the statement as the great totals into which they are summed up; and the proportions being false, the whole is false. Truth, fortunately, takes its own revenge. No one is deceived. The reader of the chronicle lays it aside. It lacks verisimilitude. He cannot realize how any of the things spoken of can have happened. He goes elsewhere to find, if he may, a real picture of the time, and perhaps finds one that is wholly fictitious. No wonder the grave and monk-like chronicler sighs. He of course wrote to be read, and not merely for the manual exercise of it; and when he sees readers turn away, his heart misgives him for his fellow men. Is it as it always was, that they do not wish to know the truth? Alas! good eremite, men do not seek the truth as they should; but do you know what the truth is? It is a thing ideal, displayed by the just proportion of events, revealed in form and colour, dumb till facts be set in syllables, articulated into words, put together into sentences, swung with proper tone and cadence. It is not revolutions only that have colour. Nothing in human life is without it. In a monochrome you can depict nothing but a single incident; in a monotone you cannot often carry truth beyond a single sentence. Only by art in all its variety can you depict as it is the various face of life. WOODROW WILSON.

WOODROW WILSON'S LIMERICK

For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
My face, *I* don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar!

CALVIN COOLIDGE AND POETRY

In his Life of Coolidge, William Allen White tells that one day the White House reporters asked the President why his visitors were always rich men and politicians, and why he never had as visitors representatives of the arts,—painters, sculptors, poets . . . "What poets?" the President asked. The reporters named over some of the important American poets of the day. Then the President paused a minute, reflected and drawled meditatively:

"When I was in college, a man by the name of Smith used to write some verses."

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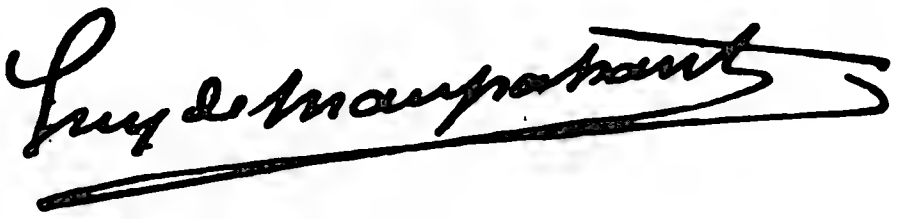
The Diamond Necklace

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



THE girl was one of those pretty and charming young creatures who sometimes are born, as if by a mistake of destiny, in a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married, by any rich and distinguished man; so she let herself be married to a little clerk at the Ministry of Public Instruction.

She dressed plainly because she could not dress well, but she was as unhappy as if she had really fallen from a higher station; since with women there is neither caste nor rank, but beauty, grace, and charm take the place of family and birth. Natural fineness, instinct for what is elegant, suppleness of wit, are the sole hierarchy, and often make from women of the people the equals of the very greatest ladies.

Mathilde suffered ceaselessly, feeling herself born for all delicacies and all luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her dwelling, from the wretched look of the walls, from the shabby chairs, from the ugliness of the curtains. All those things, of which another woman of her rank would never even have been conscious, tortured her and made her angry. The sight of the little Breton peasant who did her humble housework aroused in her despairing regrets and distracted dreams. She thought of silent antechambers hung with Oriental tapestry, illumined by tall bronze candelabra, and of two great footmen in knee-breeches who sleep in the big armchairs, made drowsy by the heavy warmth of the stove. She thought of long salons hung with ancient silk, of the delicate furniture bearing priceless curiosities, and of the coquettish perfumed boudoirs made for talks at five o'clock with intimate friends, with men famous and sought after, whom all women envy and whose attention they all desire.

When she sat down to dinner, before the round table covered with a table cloth three days used, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup-tureen, and declared with a delighted air, "Ah, the good soup! I don't know anything better than that," she thought of dainty dinners, of shining silverware, of tapestry that peopled the walls with ancient personages and with strange birds flying in the midst of a fairy forest; and she thought of delicious dishes served on marvelous plates, and of the whispered gallantries to which you listen with a sphinx-like smile, while you are eating the pink flesh of a trout or the wings of a quail.

She had no gowns, no jewels, nothing. And she loved nothing but that; she felt made for that. She would have liked so much to please, to be envied, to be charming, to be sought after.

She had a friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, who was rich, and whom she did not like to go to see any more, because she suffered so much when she came home.

But one evening her husband arrived home with a triumphant air, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"There," said he, "there is something for you."

She tore the paper quickly, and drew out a printed card which bore these words:

"The Minister of Public Instruction and Madame Georges Ramponneau request the honour of M. and Madame Loisel's company at the palace of the Ministry on Monday evening, January 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

"What do you wish me to do with that?"

"Why, my dear, I thought you would be glad. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity. I had great trouble to get it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invi-

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tations to clerks. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him with an irritated glance and said impatiently:

"And what do you wish me to put on my back?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered:

"Why, the gown you go to the theater in. It looks very well to me."

He stopped, distracted, seeing that his wife was weeping. Two great tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" he answered.

By a violent effort she conquered her grief, and replied, with a calm voice, while she wiped her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no gown, and, therefore, I can't go to this ball. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better equipped than I."

He was in despair. He resumed:

"Come, let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable gown, which you could use on other occasions—something very simple?"

She reflected several seconds, making her calculations and wondering also what sum she could ask without drawing on herself an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk.

Finally she replied hesitatingly:

"I don't know exactly, but I think I could manage it with four hundred francs."

He grew a little pale, because he was laying aside just that amount to buy a gun and treat himself to a little shooting next summer on the plain of Nanterre, with several friends who went to shoot larks there of a Sunday.

But he said:

"Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. And try to have a pretty gown."

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, uneasy, anxious. Her frock was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What is the matter? Come, you have seemed very queer these last three days."

And she answered:

"It annoys me not to have a single jewel, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look poverty-stricken. I should almost rather not go at all."

"You might wear natural flowers," said her husband. "They're very stylish at this time of the year. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not convinced.

"No; there's nothing more humiliating than to look poor among other women who are rich."

"How stupid you are!" her husband cried. "Go look up your friend Madame Forestier, and ask her to lend you some jewels. You're intimate enough with her to do that."

She uttered a cry of joy:

"True! I never thought of it."

The next day she went to her friend and told of her distress.

Madame Forestier went to a wardrobe with a glass door, took out a large jewel box, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel:

"Choose, my dear."

She saw first some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold and precious stones, of admirable workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the mirror, hesitated, but could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

"Haven't you any more?"

"Why, yes. Look further; I don't know what you like."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb diamond necklace, and her heart throbbed with an immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, outside her high-necked waist, and was lost in ecstasy at the sight of herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, filled with anxious doubt:

"Will you lend me this, only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

She threw her arms round her friend's neck, kissed her passionately, then fled with her treasure.

The night of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel made a great success. She was prettier than any other woman present, elegant, graceful, smiling, and intoxicated with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, endeavoured to be introduced. All the attachés of the Cabinet wished to waltz with her. She was remarked by the Minister himself.

She danced with rapture, with passion, made drunk by pleasure, forgetting all, in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of cloud of happiness composed of all this homage, admiration, these awakened desires, and of that sense of triumph which is so sweet to woman's heart.

She left the ball about four o'clock in the

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morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight, in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying the ball.

He threw over her shoulders the wraps he had brought, the modest wraps of common life, the poverty of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball-dress. She felt this, and wished to escape so as not to be remarked by the other women, who were enveloping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back, saying: "Wait a bit. You will catch cold outside. I will call a cab."

But she did not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they reached the street they could not find a carriage, and began to look for one, shouting after the cabmen passing at a distance.

They went toward the Seine, in despair, shivering with cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient night cabs which, as if they were ashamed to show their shabbiness during the day, are never seen round Paris until after dark.

It took them to their dwelling in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly they climbed up homeward. All was ended, for her. As to him, he reflected that he must be at the Ministry at ten o'clock that morning.

She removed her wraps before the glass so as to see herself once more in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace around her neck!

"What is the matter with you?" demanded her husband, already half undressed.

She turned madly toward him.

"I have—I have—I've lost Madame Forestier's necklace," she cried.

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how?—Impossible!"

They looked among the folds of her skirt, of her cloak, in her pockets, everywhere, but did not find it.

"You're sure you had it on when you left the ball?" he asked.

"Yes, I felt it in the vestibule of the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, probably. Did you take his number?"

"No. And you—didn't notice it?"

"No."

They looked, thunderstruck, at each other. At last Loisel put on his clothes.

"I shall go back on foot," said he, "over the whole route, to see whether I can find it."

He went out. She sat waiting on a chair in her ball-dress, without strength to go to bed, overwhelmed, without fire, without a thought.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; he went to the cab companies—everywhere, in fact, whither he was urged by the least spark of hope.

She waited all day, in the same condition of mad fear before this terrible calamity.

Loisel returned at night with a hollow, pale face; he had discovered nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to turn round."

She wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope. Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must consider how to replace that ornament."

The next day they took the box that had contained it, and went to the jeweler whose name was found within. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, Madame, who sold that necklace; I must simply have furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweler to jeweler, searching for a necklace like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with chagrin and anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds that seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six.

So they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days yet. And they made a bargain that he should buy it back for thirty-four thousand francs, in case they should find the lost necklace before the end of February.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, took up ruinous obligations, dealt with usurers and all the race of lenders. He compromised all the rest of his life, risked his signature without even knowing whether he could honour it; and, frightened by the trouble yet to come, by the black misery that was about to fall upon him, by the

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prospect of all the physical privations and moral tortures that he was to suffer, he went to get the new necklace, laying upon the jeweler's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took back the necklace, Madame Forestier said to her, with a chilly manner:

"You should have returned it sooner; I might have needed it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had so much feared. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought, what would she have said? Would she not have taken Madame Loisel for a thief?

Thereafter Madame Loisel knew the horrible existence of the needy. She bore her part, however, with sudden heroism. That dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed their servant; they changed their lodgings; they rented a garret under the roof.

She came to know what heavy housework meant and the odious cares of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, using her dainty fingers and rosy nails on greasy pots and pans. She washed the soiled linen, the shirts, and the dishcloths, which she dried upon a line; she carried the slops down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping for breath at every landing. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer, the grocer, the butcher, a basket on her arm, bargaining, insulted, defending her miserable money sou by sou.

Every month they had to meet some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

Her husband worked evenings, making a fair copy of some tradesman's accounts, and late at night he often copied manuscript for five sous a page.

This life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything, everything, with the rates of usury and the accumulations of the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the woman of impoverished households—strong and hard and rough. With frowsy hair, skirts askew, and red hands, she talked loudly while washing the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window, and she thought of that gay evening of long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows? who knows? How strange and changeful is life! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or saved!

But, one Sunday, having gone to take a walk in the Champs Elysées to refresh herself from the labours of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman who was leading a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel felt moved. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all about it. Why not?

She went up.

"Good day, Jeanne."

The other, astonished to be familiarly addressed by this plain good-wife, did not recognize her at all, and stammered:

"But—Madame!—I do not know— You must have mistaken."

"No. I am Mathilde Loisel."

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! How you are changed!"

"Yes, I have had days hard enough, since I have seen you, days wretched enough—and that because of you!"

"Of me! How so?"

"Do you remember that diamond necklace you lent me to wear at the ministerial ball?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What do you mean? You brought it back."

"I brought you back another exactly like it. And for this we have been ten years paying. You can understand that it was not easy for us, us who had nothing. At last it is ended, and I am very glad."

Madame Forestier had stopped.

"You say that you bought a necklace of diamonds to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then! They were very like."

And she smiled with joy that was at once proud and naïve.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste! It was worth at most only five hundred francs!"

I do not believe in doing for pleasure things I do not like to do.

DON HEROLD.

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The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

NOTICE!

Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves. They will let you know when she improves. *Ononcock (Va.) News.*

BROWN purse lost on bus or K car by working woman; contains tax money, snake rattles; union card; sick husband. Return to 200 Judson St. *San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner.*

THE ST. PAUL STORE

Challenge Sale Starts Friday

In announcing our Challenge Sale to the public we defy mail order and local competition. We have cut the prices beyond the point where they can not be met by competition. *St. Paul (Minn.) Newspaper.*

FOR SALE—Duroc boars and girls. Cassell Bros. Phone 2036-R. *Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Republican News.*

HAMBURGER Store—5c; for sale; wife hurt in auto wreck; will sell cheap if taken soon; communicate with W. W. Simpson, Polo, Mo. *Kansas City (Kan.) Star.*

ON TUESDAY Floridog will open their new shop for dog service at No. 6 Lakeview Arcade. Meals will be served to dogs who are not housekeeping. Shampooing, dipping, grooming, toggery, beach coats, etc. *Palm Beach (Fla.) Post.*

FOR SALE—HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, including $10 equity in grand piano. Three boxes poker chips and 14 I. O. U.'s. All as good as new, never been collected. High class automobile with several extra attachments including one from the sheriff's office. Owner must sell immediately. Going to Buckshoodle. Address Box 124. *Lima (Ohio) News.*

WHY NOT—A nice dressed pig for Christmas? Will sell half or hole. Phone 730-F5. *Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.*

1926 DODGE COACH—Used just 1 year; has the original finish, the original tires; they leek like new; has had exceptional care.....$495 *Cincinnati (Ohio) Post.*

HOUSE APRONS

50c

Will operate efficiently on either direct or alternating current. Complete with cord and attachments. Basement. *Youngstown (O.) Paper.*

ESTRAYED—From my place, near Frederick Junction, a bay horse, painted; new trunk. 424 N. Mar-F-6. O. W. Waltz. *Frederick (Md.) Post.*

A GOOD cook, maid or nurse, willing to love on premises. Please call at 1040 Union St. *Florida Times.*

WANTED—White man for housekeeper and maid. Hotel Breakers. *Corpus Christi (Texas) Times.*

Our own make Pure
Legs Spring Lamb, lb.....35c *Orange (Cal.) Daily News.*

I am prepared to do your washing, mending and dying. Mrs. Mary Kari. *Hinsdale (Mont.) Tribune.*

CHRISTMAS SALE OF INDUSTRIAL GIRLS *Springfield (Mass.) Daily News.*

DEMOCRATIC TOWN COMMITTEE
FOR SALE—Concord wagon, nearly new; and heavy farm harness.
D. E. DONOVAN.
Washington County (N. Y.) Post.

To a Thief: The person who stole a copy of Harold Bell Wright's "God and the Groceryman" from our store Monday is not known. We don't know who you are and care less. We only ask that you read the book with the hope that it may reform you. If it does not, we suggest that the next time you are in our store you steal a Bible. *Kansas City (Mo.) Paper.*

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!
A Woman's Magazine.

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WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

The Admiral was to speak to-night of the Navy and its needs of a private dinner in Philadelphia.
Phila. Evening Bulletin.

PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO STATE ENGINEERS GIVE EXPERIENCES IN HANDLING SEWAGE AT BANQUET
Durham (N. C.) Herald.

DEATH NOTICES

Sincere friends extend deep sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John Doe. It is a time of deep meditation. The silver thread is loosened and the golden bowl is broken at the cistern of hard problems before the water of life's recompense is drawn.
"Peace be unto this house." *Denver Post.*

Plummer was taken to Erlanger hospital, where his stomach was pumped out and then removed to police headquarters to be charged with public drunkenness. *Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.*

DEATH OF PULLETS

We are raising about 200 pullets. They seem lively at night and in the morning we find some of them dead. We have lost about 8 or 10 in the last two weeks. . . . They are April pullets. Do you think it could be lice? We clean and spray the cook two or three times a week with carbolic acid.
H. B. S., New York. *Rural New Yorker.*

Thirty girls who are in Miss Geneva Harper's English classes in high school executed a complete surprise on her last Saturday evening, this date being her 7th birthday. They came with refreshments and presents, a large box of choice candy, a dozen carnations and a fountain pen and other things. Miss Harper's father furnished the candy and the chewing gum with questions. The girls stayed until 11:30 p. m., and had the "time of their lives." They caught her in the bath tub.
Bloomington (Ill.) Bulletin.

The house was very beautifully decorated with cut flowers sent to Mrs. Head by her husband who is in Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Head's sixth wedding anniversary.
Vandalia (Mo.) Mail.

Thousands of sportsmen from the United States and many from foreign countries have visited the lake every year. A conservative estimate of the number killed on the first day of the open season was 10,000. *St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.*

Dr. Frank Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, said recently in reporting the activities of the station for the study of wild life at Barro Colorado Island in Gatun Lake, . . .: "On a single morning I observed passing before my door any number of coati (a small animal about the size of a raccoon), a little flock of peccaries, a procession of howling monkeys and the Duke and Duchess of York."
As a result of his observations on the island, Dr. Chapman has reached the conclusion that the turkey buzzard's unerring instinct for locating carrion is due to a phenomenally keen sense of smell as much as to the sense of sight. *Science.*

Mrs. Annabelle Compton and son William entertained at their home with a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shore and daughter. The other guests were:
1 Gallon Cow Spray, 50c at Hornung's.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Shore, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lemert. *Dresden (Ohio) Transcript.*

The following claims were presented to the board for payment. After due and careful consideration, said claims were by the board allowed and approved, and the County Auditor was authorized and instructed to issue warrants in payment thereof:
There shall be no other Gods before Robt. S. McCrea, salary..... $166.67
Priest River (Idaho) Times.

The *Jeff Booster* will be glad to hear of the death of any alumni.
Lafayette (Ind.) high school paper.

A great treat is in store for the people at this service. Miss Mabel Mullins will give a rendition of Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "The Mansion" in place of the sermon.
Kingston (N. Y.) Daily Freeman.

A number of reinforced concrete Jewish labourers left Haifa for Noblus.
Palestine (Jerusalem) Bulletin.

Chicken owners also are protesting against raids by raccoons which have things all their own way under present conditions. One man at North River lost twenty-nine hens in one night. Another lost eight. Both will have to swallow their losses.
New York World.

At the hospital the wounded man refused while alive to make any statement concerning the stabbing affray or to give out the name of his assailant. He made no post-mortem statement.
Pana (Ill.) Palladium.

Mrs. M. Holland of Lonoke spent a week here Sunday. *England (Ark.) Democrat.*

Gerald Fitzmorris, of Barbados and Annie Brown, both colored young people who up to a few days ago had planned matrimony were plaintiff and accused in two cases before Stipendiary Cluney this morning, the lady alleging that her former fiance had picked up a knife and threatened to kill her.
Miss Brown said she had taken three rooms with defendant in anticipation of a nearly marriage.
Halifax (Nova Scotia) paper.

It had gone to pieces, like so many others on those shoals. Then news came that it was seen cruising along in the gulf stream, big as life, with sails bellowing in the wind. *Editorial in Boston Traveler.*

Miss Wilma Hamsher of 316 West Fort Wayne Street, is confined to her home by severe bruises and a dislocated shoulder. Her head caught on a stair step Friday evening and she fell, striking on her shoulder. *Warsaw (Ind.) Daily Times.*

William Thomas Tucker, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clay Tucker, of St. Louis, was kicked in the fact Friday by a horse.
Miller County (Mo.) Autogram.

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The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

CHAPTER IV

BELUS

MADAME DE LA MOTTE was not wrong in thinking that the cabriolet which she saw going away contained the two sisters of charity. They had, in fact, found waiting for them near the house a cabriolet, of the style common at that period,—that is to say, with high wheels, a light body, elevated dasher, and convenient seat for the groom who rode behind.

This cabriolet, drawn by a magnificent bay horse of Irish breed, short-tailed and plump, had been brought to the Rue Saint Claude by the same servant who had driven the sledge, and whom the sister of charity had called Weber, as we have stated above.

Weber was holding the horse by the bit when the ladies arrived, and was trying to restrain the impatience of the spirited animal, who with nervous foot pawed the snow, gradually hardening since the coming on of night. When the two ladies appeared,——

"Matame," said Weber, "I hat intented to pring Scibio, who is ferry gentle and eassy to manage. But Scibio hort von of his legs last efening. Only Pélus vas left, and Pélus, he pe hart to manage."

"Oh, for me, Weber," said the elder of the two ladies, "you know that is of no consequence; I have a strong hand, and am used to driving."

"I know dat Matame trives ferry vell, but de roats be ferry pad. Vere is Matame going?"

"To Versailles."

"Py de poolfards, den?"

"By no means, Weber. It freezes, and the boulevards will be covered with ice. The streets will be better, thanks to the thousands of pedestrians who keep the snow from freezing. Come, quick, Weber, quick!"

Weber held the horse for the ladies to get in, then jumped up behind, and they set off at a rapid pace.

"Well, Andrée, what do you think of the countess?" asked the elder lady.

"I think, Madame," she replied, "that Madame de La Motte is poor and unfortunate."

"She has good manners, has she not?"

"Yes, doubtless."

"You are somewhat cold about her, Andrée."

"If I must speak sincerely, there is a look of cunning in her face that does not please me."

"Oh, you are always difficult to please, Andrée; to please you, one must have every good quality. Now, I find the little countess interesting and simple both in her pride and in her humility."

"It is fortunate for her, Madame, that she has succeeded in pleasing your——"

"Take care!" cried the lady, at the same time endeavouring to check her horse, which nearly ran over a street porter at the corner of the Rue Saint Antoine.

"Dake gare!" shouted Weber with the voice of a stentor, and the cabriolet continued its course, followed by the imprecations of the man who had so narrowly escaped; and several other voices being added to his, a furious clamour was raised. But in a few seconds Bélus placed between his mistress and these blasphemers all the distance between the Rue Sainte Catherine and the Place Baudoyer.

There the street divides, and the skilful driver continued her rapid course down the Rue de la Tixéranderie, a narrow street, crowded, and not at all aristocratic. And therefore, notwithstanding her often repeated, "Take care!" notwithstanding Weber's loud roars of warning, one could hear only the furious cries of the foot-passengers, "Oh, the cabriolet! Down with the cabriolet!"

Bélus kept his course, and his driver, though her hand was delicate as a child's, urged him, rapidly and skilfully, through the pools of melted snow or over the more dangerous ice. And yet not the slightest accident had happened. A brilliant lantern threw its light forward upon the course, though this was an excess of precaution which the police had not yet required. No accident, we say, had happened. No passing carriage had been hit, not a post grazed, not a foot-passenger hurt. It was wonderful driving, and yet cries and threats were constantly vociferated.

The cabriolet passed with the same rapidity and the same good fortune through the Rue Saint Médéric, the Rue Saint Martin, and the Rue Aubry-le-Boucher.

It may seem to our readers that in the more civilized quarters of the city the hatred shown toward the aristocratic equipage would become less ferocious. On the contrary, Bélus had but just entered the Rue de la Ferronerie when Weber, always pursued by the vociferations of the populace,

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noticed that groups were formed as the cabriolet went by. Some had even the appearance of running after it as if to stop it.

But Weber was unwilling to disturb his mistress. He observed her steadiness and skill, and how adroitly she glided through among all those obstacles animate and inanimate, which are at once the despair and the triumph of the Parisian coachman. As to Bélus, steady on his limbs of steel, he had not once slipped, so careful was the guiding hand in directing his course among the inequalities of the surface.

The vociferations of the people increased. The lady who held the reins, attributing that hostility to some trivial cause, such as the severity of the weather and the general discontent, resolved to get through with the annoyance as soon as possible. She clicked with her tongue, and on that signal Bélus jumped, and changed his pace to a rapid trot. The shops seemed to fly by them; the foot-passengers leaped aside. The warning shouts, "Take care! Take care!" were continued.

The cabriolet had almost reached the Palais-Royal, and had just passed the end of the Rue du Coq-Saint Honoré, where one of the finest of the snow obelisks still proudly stood, though its top was narrowed by the thaw,—it was like a stick of candy which children draw to a sharp point by sucking. This obelisk was surmounted by a glorious ornament of ribbons,—somewhat faded, to be sure, —which supported a placard on which the scrivener of that quarter had written in large characters the following quatrain, hung between two lanterns ——

"Queen, whose beauty is beyond thy grace,
Near a good king take here thy proper place.
If this frail structure be of snow and ice,
Our love for thee is not at all like this."

It was there that Bélus encountered the first serious obstacle. The obelisk, which they were just then lighting up, had attracted a crowd of spectators, who had massed themselves so that it was impossible to go through them at a trot. Bélus was obliged to walk.

But the crowd had seen Bélus coming on at lightning speed; they had heard the pursuing cries; and although in presence of this obstacle he had stopped short, the sight of the cabriolet seemed to produce upon the crowd the worst possible effect. However, this time the crowd opened and gave way.

The next obstacle was at the gates of the Palais-Royal, where, in a court-yard which had been thrown open, were a host of beggars crowding round fires which had been lighted there, and receiving soup, which the servants of Monsieur le Duc d'Orléans were distributing to them in earthen basins. But as in Paris a crowd collects to see everything, the number of the spectators of this scene far exceeded that of the actors.

The cabriolet, having surmounted the first obstacle, was obliged to stop at the second, like a ship in the midst of breakers. At the same time the cries which till then the two women had heard only as a vague, confused noise came to them distinctly from the midst of the mob: "Down with the cabriolet! Down with those that crush the poor!"

"Can it be that those cries are addressed to us?" said the elderly lady to her companion.

"Indeed, Madame, I fear so," replied the latter.

"Have we, then, run over any one?"

"I am sure we have not."

"Down with the cabriolet! Down with the crushers!" cried the mob, furiously.

A crowd soon gathered round them, and some even seized Bélus by the reins, who, but little pleased by the touch of those rude hands, pawed the ground and foamed with rage.

"To the commissary! to the commissary!" cried a voice.

The two ladies looked at each other in terror. Then a thousand voices repeated: "To the commissary! to the commissary!"

Curious heads peeped under the hood of the cabriolet. Remarks began to circulate through the crowd.

"Hold! they are women," said one.

"Yes; Soubise's dolls, D'Hennin's mistresses."

"Opera girls, doubtless," said others, "who think they have a right to crush the poor, because they receive ten thousand francs a month to pay hospital expenses."

A general shout hailed these words.

The two ladies manifested different emotions in that confusion.

The younger lady sank back trembling with fear; the other bent resolutely forward, with frowning brows and compressed lips.

"Oh, Madame!" cried her companion, drawing her back, "for Heaven's sake, take care!"

"To the commissary! to the commissary!" the mob continued crying furiously. "Let us know who they are."

"Ah, Madame, we are lost!" said the younger to her companion.

"Courage, Andrée! courage!" replied the other.

"But they will see you, will recognize you, perhaps."

"Look through the windows, and see if Weber is still there."

"He is trying to get down, but the mob surrounds him. Ah, here he comes."

"Weber," said the lady, in German, "help us to get out."

The man vigorously pushed aside those nearest the carriage, and opened the door. The ladies sprang lightly to the ground. Meantime the mob gave its attention to the horse and the cabriolet, the body of which they began to destroy.

"What, in Heaven's name, does it all mean? Do you understand it, Weber?" said the elder lady, still in German.

"Upon my word, no, Matame," he replied, much more at ease while speaking in his native tongue, and struggling to free a passage for them to pass.

"But they are not men, they are wild beasts," continued the lady; "with what can they reproach me?"

She was answered by a voice, whose polite and gentlemanly tone contrasted strangely with the savage murmurs of the people, and which said, in excellent German, "They reproach you, Madame, with having braved the police order which appeared this morning, and which prohibited, until spring, the use of cabriolets, which are always dangerous, but are especially fatal in this frost, when people can hardly escape being run over."

The lady turned around to see whence came that courteous voice in the midst of all those threatening cries. She perceived a young officer, who, in order to approach her, must have battled as valiantly as Weber had done to maintain his position. The graceful and distinguished appearance, the lofty stature and the martial air of the young man pleased the lady, who hastened to reply, in German, "Oh, *mon Dieu!* Monsieur, I was entirely ignorant of this order."

"You are a foreigner, Madame?" inquired the young officer.

"Yes, Monsieur; but tell me what I must do? They are destroying my cabriolet."

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"You must let them destroy it, Madame, and take advantage of that time to escape. The people are furious just now against the rich, who display their luxury in presence of the general misery; and on the pretext of your breaking this regulation, would conduct you before the commissary."

"Oh, never!" cried Andrée.

"Then," said the officer, laughing, "profit by the space which I shall make in the crowd, and vanish."

These words were spoken in an easy manner which enabled the strangers to understand that the officer had heard the remarks made about the mistresses of Soubise and D'Hennin. But it was not a time to be punctilious.

"Give us your arm, then, Monsieur, to the nearest place where we can hire a carriage," said the elder lady, in a voice full of authority.

"I was going to make your horse rear, and thereby clear you a passage," said the young man, who did not much wish to take the charge of escorting them through the crowd; "the people will become yet more enraged if they hear us speaking in a language unknown to them."

"Weber," cried the lady, in a firm voice, "make Bélus rear to disperse the crowd."

"And then, Matame?"

"Remain till we are gone."

"Bud dey vill destroy de garriage."

"Let them; what does that matter? Save Bélus if you can, but yourself above all."

"Yes, Matame;" and at the same moment he tickled the irritable Irish horse, who sprang into the midst of the crowd, and overturned the most eager among them, who were clinging to the bridle and to the shafts. At that moment the terror and confusion were very great.

"Your arm, Monsieur!" again said the lady to the officer. "Come on, little one," turning to Andrée.

"Let us go then, courageous woman," murmured, in a low voice, the young officer, who immediately gave his arm, with real admiration, to her who asked for it.

In a few minutes he had conducted them to a cab-stand; but the men were all asleep on their seats, and the horses, with drooping heads and half-closed eyes, were awaiting the meager evening rations.

CHAPTER V

THE ROAD TO VERSAILLES

THE ladies were free from the crowd for the present; but there was some danger that they might be followed and recognized, when the same tumult would doubtless be renewed, and escape a second time more difficult. The young officer knew this, and therefore hastened to awaken a coachman, held to his seat by the cold even more than by sleep. The cold was so intense that, contrary to the custom of coachmen generally on the alert to rob one another of customers, not one of the automatons at twenty-four sous an hour made any movement,—not even the one to whom the officer addressed himself. He seized the coachman by the collar of his poor overcoat, and shook him so violently that at last he roused him from his stupor.

"Holloa! Ho!" cried the young man in his ear, seeing that he gave signs of life.

"Here, Master, here," said the coachman, dreaming still, and reeling on his box like a drunken man.

"Where do you wish to go, ladies?" asked the officer.

"To Versailles," said the elder lady, still speaking German.

"To Versailles!" cried the coachman; "you said 'to Versailles?'"

"Certainly."

"Oh, to Versailles!" repeated the coachman; "four miles and a half over this ice. No, I would rather not."

"We will pay well," said the lady.

This was repeated to the coachman, in French, by the young officer.

"But how much?" said the coachman; "you see it is not only going, I must come back again."

"A louis; is that enough?" said the younger lady, to the officer, who, turning to the coachman, said, "These ladies offer you a louis."

"Well, that will do, though I risk breaking my horses' legs."

"Why, you rascal, you are entitled to only three francs for going from here to the Château de la Muette, which is half-way. You can see by a little calculation that if you are paid for going and for returning you are entitled to only twelve francs, and you are offered twenty-four."

"Oh, do not stop to bargain!" said the elder lady; "two louis, three louis, twenty louis, provided he will start at once and go on without stopping."

"One is enough, Madame," replied the officer; and then, turning to the coachman, "Come down, you rogue, and open the door."

"I will be paid first," said the man.

"You will!" said the officer, fiercely.

"It is my right."

The officer made a forward movement.

"Oh, let us pay!" said the lady, putting her hand in her pocket. She turned pale. "Oh, *mon Dieu!*" she said, in a low tone, "I have not my purse!"

"Really?"

"And you, Andrée, have you yours?"

The young woman searched, in her turn, with the same anxiety.

"I—I have not mine either!"

"Search all your pockets."

"It is useless!" cried the young woman, with vexation, for she saw that the officer was observing them, and that the coachman was opening his big mouth in a grin of self-congratulation over his precaution. The two ladies searched themselves in vain. Neither of them could find a sou. The officer saw them get impatient, turn red, and grow pale. The situation was becoming complicated.

The ladies were about to offer a gold chain as a pledge, when the young officer, to spare them that humiliation, drew out a louis and offered it to the man, who thereupon got down and opened the door.

The ladies thanked him warmly, and got in.

"And now, you rascal, drive these ladies carefully and honestly."

The ladies looked at each other in terror; they could not bear to see their protector leave them.

"Oh, Madame!" said Andrée, "do not let him go away."

"But why not? We will ask for his address, and return him his louis to-morrow, with a little note of thanks, which you shall write."

"But, Madame, suppose the coachman should not keep faith with us, and should turn us out half-way, what would become of us?"

"Oh, we will take his number!"

"Yes, Madame, I do not deny that you could have him punished afterwards; but meanwhile you would not reach Versailles, and what would they think?"

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The elder of the two ladies reflected. "It is true," she said.

The officer advanced to take leave.

"Monsieur," said Andrée, "one word more, if you please."

"At your orders, Madame," replied the officer, visibly annoyed, but maintaining in his manner, in his tone, and even in the accent of his voice, the most exquisite politeness.

"Monsieur," Andrée continued, "you cannot refuse us one more favour after serving us so much?"

"What is it, Madame?"

"We are afraid of the coachman, who seems so unwilling to go."

"You need not fear," replied he; "I have his number, and if does not behave well, apply to me."

"To you, Monsieur?" said Andrée, in French, forgetting herself; "we do not even know your name."

"You speak French!" exclaimed the young man, stupefied; "and you have been condemning me all this time to blunder on in German. Oh, really, Madame, that was unkind!"

"Excuse us, Monsieur," said the other lady, coming to Andrée's rescue; "but you must see that, though not perhaps foreigners, we are strangers in Paris, and above all, out of place in a hired carriage. You are sufficiently a man of the world to see that we are in an unfamiliar situation. To oblige us halfway would be only to disoblige us. To be less discreet than you have been up to the present moment would be indiscreet. We judge well of you, Monsieur; be pleased not to judge us unkindly. If you can do us a service do it without reserve, or permit us to thank you and apply elsewhere."

"Madame," said the officer, struck with the tone of the unknown lady, at once charming and noble, "dispose of me."

"Then, Monsieur, have the kindness to get into the carriage with us and accompany us to Versailles."

The officer instantly placed himself opposite to them, and directed the man to drive on.

After proceeding in silence for some little time he began to feel himself surrounded with delicate and delicious perfumes, and gradually began to think better of the ladies' position. "They are," thought he, "ladies who have been detained late at some rendezvous, and are now anxious to regain Versailles, a little frightened and a little ashamed. But, then, how does it happen that these ladies," continued the officer, speaking to himself, "if indeed they are ladies of some distinction, are found riding in a cabriolet, and driving? Oh, to that there is an answer! The cabriolet was too narrow for three persons, and two ladies would not incommode themselves to place a lackey between them. But no money upon either of them!—a serious objection which calls for reflection. However, there was a servant behind, and probably he carried the purse. The carriage, which by this time is broken in pieces, was certainly a very elegant one; and the horse could not have been worth less than one hundred and fifty louis,—therefore they must be rich, so that the accidental want of money proves nothing. But why speak a foreign language when they must be French? However, that at least shows a good education. It is not common for women of intrigue to speak such pure German, and French like native Parisians; besides, there is an air of distinction about them. The supplication of the younger one was touching, and the request of the other was nobly imperious. Indeed, I begin to feel it dangerous to pass two or three hours in a carriage with two such pretty women,—pretty and discreet also; for they do not speak, but wait for me to begin."

On their part the ladies were doubtless thinking of the young officer as he was thinking of them; for just as he had arrived at these conclusions, the elder lady said to her companion, but this time in English,——

"Really, my dear, this coachman crawls along; we shall never reach Versailles. Our poor companion must be bored to death."

"Particularly," answered Andrée, smiling, "as our conversation has not been very amusing."

"Do you not think he has a most distinguished air?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Besides, he wears the uniform of a naval officer, and all naval officers are of good family. He looks well in it too, for he is very handsome, is he not?"

The young lady was about to reply, and doubtless in the same flattering strain, when she was stopped by a gesture of the officer, who said, in excellent English, "Your pardon, ladies, but I must tell you that I understand English perfectly. I do not however, know Spanish; therefore if you are acquainted with and like to speak in that language, you at least will be sure of not being understood."

"Oh, Monsieur," replied the elder lady, laughing, "we had no harm to say of you, as you must have perceived; we will therefore not be too ceremonious, and if we have anything to say we will say it in French."

"Thanks, Madame; but if my presence be irksome to you——"

"You can not suppose that, Monsieur, since we begged you to accompany us."

"Exacted it, even," said the younger of the two ladies.

"Oh, Madame, you make me ashamed. Pardon me my momentary hesitation; but you know Paris, do you not? Paris is full of snares and deceptions."

"You, then, took us for— Come, be frank."

"Monsieur took us for snares, that is all."

"Oh, ladies!" said the young man, quite humiliated, "I assure you, no such thought entered my mind."

"But what is the matter? The coach stops."

"I will see, Madame."

"Oh! I think we are overturning; take care, Monsieur!"

And the hand of the younger lady, suddenly extended, fell on the young man's shoulder. The pressure of the hand thrilled him, and by a movement quite natural, he tried to take hold of it; but Andrée, who had yielded to a momentary impulse of fear, had already thrown herself back again in the carriage. He therefore got out and found the coachman engaged in raising one of his horses, which had fallen on the ice.

The horse, with his aid, was soon on its legs again, and they pursued their way. It seemed, however, that this little interruption had destroyed the intimacy which had begun to spring up, for after the ladies had asked and been told the cause of their detention, silence again fell upon the trio of travelers.

The officer, moved by the touch of that warm and palpitating hand, wished at least to have a foot as a substitute; he therefore extended his leg, but with all his skill he encountered nothing, or rather he had the mortification of perceiving that what he touched was withdrawn from him. Once when he had barely grazed the foot of the elder lady, she said to him, with the greatest coolness, "Pardon me, Monsieur, I am very much in your way, am I not?"

He coloured up to the ears, and felt thankful to the darkness, which hid his blushes. After this he desisted, and remained perfectly still, as if he were

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in a church, fearing even to breathe, and shrinking back into the corner of the carriage. But by degrees, and in spite of himself, a strange impression invaded his thought, his whole being. He felt the presence of the two charming women without touching them; he saw them without looking at them. Gradually becoming accustomed to their proximity, it seemed to him that a portion of their existence had united with his. He would have given the world to renew the conversation; which, however, he did not dare to do, for he was afraid of uttering platitudes,—he, who on their departure from Paris even disdained to utter one of the commonplace phrases current in the language of society. He was afraid of appearing simple or impertinent in the eyes of these women, whom but an hour before he thought he was honouring too much by giving them a louis and showing them ordinary politeness.

In a word, as all sympathies in this life are explained by the affinities of fluids brought into contact at the right time, a powerful magnetism, emanating from the perfumes and youthful warmth of those three bodies brought together by chance, controlled the young man, and filled his thoughts while dilating his heart. Thus sometimes the most real, the sweetest, the most ardent passions are born, live, and die in the space of a few moments. They have charm because ephemeral; they have strength because they are restrained.

The officer said not another word. The ladies conversed in whispers.

However, as he was all the time listening, he now and then caught a word to which his imagination lent some sort of meaning. This was what he heard: "The late hour . . . the gates . . . pretext for the journey——"

The carriage stopped again. This time it was not on account of a fallen horse or a broken wheel. After three hours of courageous efforts the worthy coachman had succeeded in warming his hands,—that is to say, he had lashed his horses into a foam and had reached Versailles, whose long avenues appeared gloomy and deserted under the reddish rays of the street-lamps, which, whitened by the frost, looked like a double file of ghosts.

The young man understood that they had reached the end of their journey. By what magic, then, had the time seemed to him so short?

The coachman bent down to the front window. "Master," said he, "we are at Versailles."

"Where do you wish to go, ladies?" asked the officer.

"To the Place d'Armes."

"To the Place d'Armes!" the young man called out to the coachman.

"I must drive to the Place d'Armes?" said the latter.

"Yes, certainly, since you are so directed."

"There will be a little tip for that?" asked the Auvergnese, sniggering.

"Go on."

The cracking of the whip-lash was heard again.

"I must certainly say something," thought the officer. "I shall be taken for an imbecile, after having been considered impertinent."

"Ladies," he said, with some hesitation still, "you have reached home."

"Thanks to your generous aid."

"What trouble we have given you!" said the younger of the two ladies.

"Oh, I have more than forgotten it, Madame."

"Well, Monsieur, we shall not forget. Your name, if you please, Monsieur."

"My name? Oh!"

"It is the second time you have been asked for it. Take care! And you do not mean to bestow a louis upon us, do you?"

"Oh, Madame, if that is it," said the young man, rather piqued, "I yield; I am the Comte de Charny, and as Madame has already remarked, a naval officer."

"Charny," repeated the elder lady, in a tone that meant, "Very good; I shall not forget it."

"Georges, Georges de Charny," the officer added.

"Georges!" the younger lady murmured.

"And you live——"

"Hôtel des Princes, Rue de Richelieu."

The coach stopped. The elder lady opened the door and jumped out quickly, holding out a hand to her companion.

"But at least," said he, preparing to follow them, "take my arm, ladies; you are not yet at your own home, and the Place d'Armes is not a residence."

"Do not stir!" said both ladies, speaking together.

"What! I must not stir?"

"No; remain in the coach."

"You can not walk alone at this time of night; it is impossible!"

"Now, you see," said the elder lady, gayly, "after almost refusing to oblige us, you wish to be too obliging."

"But, Madame——"

"Monsieur, remain to the end a loyal and gallant cavalier. We thank you, Monsieur de Charny, with all our hearts; and since you are, as I just said, a loyal and gallant cavalier, we will not even ask your word——"

"To do what, Madame?"

"To shut the door, and order the man to drive back to Paris; which you will do,—will you not?—without even looking back at us."

"You are right, ladies, and my word would be useless. Driver, we will return, my friend"; and he put a second louis into the coachman's brawny hand.

The worthy Auvergnese trembled with joy. "*Morbleu!*" said he, "the horses may founder if they choose!"

"To be sure; they are paid for," murmured the officer.

The carriage rolled on, and rapidly. The noise of the wheels covered the young man's sigh,—a voluptuous sigh; for the sybarite had stretched himself on the cushions still warm with the contact of the two lovely, unknown ladies.

As to them, they remained motionless till the carriage was out of sight, and then took their way toward the castle.

CHAPTER VI

LAURENT

Just at the moment when the travelers were starting on their way, gusts of wind bore to their ears, from the church of Saint Louis, the striking of a clock.

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* a quarter to twelve," they both cried out together.

"See, all the gates are shut," said the younger.

"Oh, that is nothing, dear Andrée; for if they were open, we would not go in here. Come, quick! quick! Let us go by way of the reservoirs." And they turned to the right, where there was a private entrance to the gardens.

When they arrived there, "The door is shut, Andrée," said the elder lady, rather uneasily.

"Let us knock, Madame."

"No, we will call. Laurent must be waiting for me; I told him that perhaps I should return late."

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"Well, then, I will call," said Andrée, approaching the door.

"Who is there?" said a voice from inside.

"Oh, that is not Laurent's voice!" said the younger lady, in alarm. "No, indeed!"

The other lady advanced, and called softly, "Laurent!"

No answer.

"Laurent!" again she called, knocking.

"There is no Laurent here," replied the voice rudely.

"But," said Andrée, peremptorily, "whether you are Laurent or not, open the gate."

"I will not open it."

"But, my friend, you should know that Laurent always opens to us."

"I have nothing to do with Laurent; I have my orders."

"Who are you, then?"

"Who am I?"

"Yes."

"Who are you?" said the voice.

The question was rudely put, but it was no time for ceremony; they must answer.

"We are ladies of her Majesty's suite; we lodge in the castle, and we wish to get home."

"Well, I, mesdames, am a Swiss of the Salischamade company, and I shall do just the opposite of what Laurent would do; for I shall leave you outside the gate."

"Oh!" murmured the ladies, one of whom pressed the hands of the other, with a movement of anger. Then making an effort over herself, she said, "My friend, I understand that you are obeying orders, and I do not quarrel with you for that,—it is a soldier's duty; only, do me the favour to call Laurent. He can not be far away."

"I must not leave my post."

"Then send some one."

"I have no one to send."

"For pity's sake!"

"Eh, *mordieu!* Madame, sleep in the town. That is no great matter. Oh, if they should shut the door of the barracks in my face I should soon find a sleeping-place, you may be sure."

"Grenadier, listen," said the elder of the two ladies, with resolution; "twenty louis for you if you open."

"And ten years in irons. No, I thank you; forty-eight francs a year are not enough for that."

"I will have you appointed sergeant."

"Yes; and he who gave me the order will have me shot, I thank you!"

"Who, then, gave you the order?"

"The king."

"The king!" both ladies exclaimed, with terror; "oh, we are lost!" The younger lady seemed almost distracted.

"Let us see, let us see," said the elder, "is there no other gate?"

"Oh, Madame! if they have closed this one they have closed the others. And if we do not find Laurent here, at his usual post, where do you think we can find him? Oh, no! it has been all arranged."

"It is true. You are right. Andrée, Andrée, this is a frightful trick on the part of the king. Oh! oh!" To these last words the lady gave an accent of scorn and threatening.

This gate of the reservoirs was built so far into the thick wall as to make of the recess a sort of vestibule, and on each side of this vestibule there was a stone-bench. The ladies sank down on one of these benches, in a state of agitation bordering on despair. They could see the light under the gate, and could hear the steps of the sentinel, and the noise he made with his gun as he carried it to his shoulder or rested it on the ground. Beyond that thin obstacle of oak, safety; on the outside, shame, scandal, almost death.

"Oh, to-morrow, to-morrow, when all will be discovered!" murmured the elder lady.

"But you will need only to state the truth."

"Will any one believe it?"

"You have proofs. Madame, the soldier will not stay here all night," said the younger lady, who seemed to gain courage in proportion as her companion lost it; "at some time during the night he will be relieved, and his successor will perhaps be more considerate. Let us wait."

"Yes, but the patrol will come at midnight, and I shall be found waiting outside the gates,—hiding myself. It is infamous! See, Andrée, the blood mounts to my face; I am suffocating!"

"Oh, take courage, Madame!—you who are always so brave. I, just now so weak, I am supporting you."

"There is some plot under all this, Andrée, and we are the victims of it. This never happened before; this gate has never been closed. It will kill me, Andrée; I am dying!" And she threw herself back as if she were really suffocating.

At this moment a step resounded upon the dry, white pavement of Versailles, so little trodden in these days. At the same time the gay and joyous voice of a young man was heard singing one of those songs the affected style of which belongs particularly to the period we are endeavouring to describe.

"That voice!" cried the two ladies, at the same time.

"I recognize it," said the elder.

"It is that of——"

The young man continued his song.

"It is he!" whispered the lady who had been so much agitated, into the ear of Andrée; "it is he! he will save us."

A young man, wrapped up in a fur riding-coat, came quickly up, and without noticing them knocked at the door and called, "Laurent."

"Brother," said the elder lady, touching him on the shoulder.

"The queen!" cried he, starting back and taking off his hat.

"Hush! Good-evening, brother."

"Good-evening, Madame; good evening, sister. You are not alone?"

"No; I am with Mademoiselle de Taverney."

"Ah! Good-evening, Mademoiselle."

"Monseigneur," murmured Andrée.

"Are you going out, ladies?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you are going in?"

"We would go in if we could."

"Have you not called Laurent?"

"Certainly we have."

"Well?"

"Just call Laurent and you will see."

The young man, whom the reader has perhaps already recognized as the Comte d'Artois, approached and again called "Laurent," at the same time knocking on the door.

"Good! the play begins again. I warn you," answered the voice of the guard from within, "that if you trouble me any more, I will go and call my commanding officer."

"Who is this?" asked the count, turning round in astonishment to the queen.

"A guard who has been substituted for Laurent, that is all."

"By whom?"

"By the king."

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"The king?"

"Certainly, the man told us so himself."

"And with special instructions?"

"Most strict, apparently."

"*Diable!* we must capitulate."

"How can we?"

"We will give the fellow some money."

"I have already offered it, and he has refused to take it."

"Offer him promotion."

"I have offered that also, but he would not listen."

"Then there is but one way."

"What?"

"I must make a noise."

"You will compromise us; my dear Charles, I entreat you!"

"Not the least in the world; you keep in the background. I will knock like a deaf man, I will cry out like a blind man; they will open at last, and you can slip in after me."

"Try, then."

The young prince began calling Laurent, knocking at the door and striking with his sword, until at last the guard cried out in rage, "Ah, well! if you are going to carry on like that, I will call my officer."

"Eh, *pardieu!* call, you rascal, that is just what I want."

They soon heard other steps approaching on the other side of the door. The queen and Andrée kept close behind the Comte d'Artois, ready to slip in if the door should open; then they heard the guard explain the cause of the noise. "Lieutenant," he said, "there are some ladies with a gentleman who has just called me a rascal. They insist on entering."

"Well, as we belong to the palace," said the count, "what is there surprising in that?"

"It is no doubt a natural wish, Monsieur, but it is forbidden," replied the officer.

"Forbidden! by whom? *morbleu!*"

"By the king."

"I beg pardon; but the king would not wish an officer of the palace to sleep outside."

"Monsieur, it is not for me to scrutinize the intentions of the king; I must obey his orders, that is all."

"Come, Lieutenant, open the door; we cannot talk through this oak."

"Monsieur, I repeat to you that my orders are to keep it shut; and if you are an officer, as you say you are, you ought to know what an order is."

"Lieutenant, you are speaking to the colonel of a regiment."

"Excuse me then, Colonel, but it is a formal one."

"But it can not concern a prince. Come, Monsieur, a prince can not sleep outside, and I am a prince."

"My prince, I am in despair; but the king has ordered——"

"The king has ordered you to turn away his brother like a beggar or a robber? I am the Comte d'Artois, Monsieur. *Mordieu!* you run a great risk by keeping me freezing at the gate."

"Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois," said the lieutenant, "God is my witness that I would shed every drop of my blood for your Royal Highness; but the king did me the honour to tell me, when he confided to me the care of this gate, to open it to no one, not even to himself, the king, if he presented himself after eleven o'clock. Therefore, Monseigneur, I ask your pardon humbly; but I am a soldier, and if, instead of you, I should see behind this gate her Majesty the queen benumbed with cold I should answer her Majesty as I have just had the pain of answering you."

Having said this, the officer, after respectfully bidding the prince good-night, turned away, and went back to his post.

As for the soldier who was standing against the gate itself, he did not dare to breathe, and his heart beat so violently that the Comte d'Artois, by putting his back against the gate, might have felt the pulsations.

"We are lost!" said the queen.

"Do they know that you are out?" asked the count.

"Alas! I know not."

"Perhaps, then, this order is directed against me; the king knows I often go out at night, and stay late. Madame la Comtesse d'Artois must have heard something, and complained to him; hence this tyrannical order."

"Ah, no, brother! I thank you with all my heart for the delicacy with which you try to reassure me; but I feel that it is against me that these precautions are taken."

"Impossible, sister! the king has too much esteem——"

"Meanwhile, I am left at the door; and to-morrow a frightful scandal will be the result of a most innocent affair. I know well I have an enemy near the king."

"It may be so; however, I have an idea."

"An idea? tell it quickly."

"An idea which will make your enemy look more stupid than an ass hung by his own halter."

"Oh, if you can but save us from the ridicule of this position, it is all I ask!"

"If I can save you! of course I can. Oh, I am not more foolish than he, although he is more learned than I!"

"Than who?"

"Ah, *pardieu!* the Comte de Provence."

"Ah, then, you also see that he is my enemy!"

"Is he not the enemy of all who are young and beautiful, of all who can do—what he is not able to do?"

"Count, I believe you know something about this order!"

"Perhaps; but do not let us stop here, or we shall perish with the cold. Come with me, dear sister."

"Where?"

"You shall see; to some place where at least you will be warm. Come, and on the way I will tell you what I know about this closing of the gate. Ah, Monsieur de Provence, my dear and unworthy brother! Take my arm, sister, and you the other, Mademoiselle de Taverney, and let us turn to the right;" and they began their walk.

"You were saying of Monsieur de Provence——" said the queen.

"Well, this evening, after the king's supper, he came into the grand cabinet. He had been talking all day to the Comte de Haga, and you had not been seen——"

"At two o'clock I left to go to Paris."

"I knew that well. The king, allow me to tell you, dear sister, was thinking no more of you than of Haroun-al-Raschid, or his Vizier Giaffar, and was talking geography. I listened with some impatience, for I also wanted to go out. Ah, pardon me! we probably did not go out for the same purpose; so that I am wrong——"

"Go on; say what you please."

"Let us turn to the left."

"Where are we going?"

"Oh, close by; take care, there is a heap of snow! Mademoiselle de Taverney, if you leave my arm

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you will certainly fall! But to return to the king; he was thinking of nothing but latitude and longitude, when Monsieur de Provence said to him, 'I should like to pay my respects to the queen.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette.

"'The queen has supper in her own apartments,' replied the king. 'Oh, I thought she was at Paris,' added my brother. 'No, she is in her apartments,' said the king, quietly. 'I have just come from there, and been denied to her,' said Monsieur de Provence. Then I saw the king frown. He dismissed my brother and me, and doubtless went to make inquiries. Louis is jealous by fits, you know; he must have asked to see you, and when they refused him admission he suspected something."

"Yes; Madame de Misery had orders to do so."

"That is it; and to assure himself of your absence, the king has given that strict order which turns us out of doors."

"Oh, it is shameful treatment. Confess, is it not?"

"Indeed, I think so; but here we are."

"This house?"

"Does it displease you, sister?"

"Oh, I do not say that,—it is charming, on the contrary. But your servants?"

"Well!"

"Should they see me,——"

"Come in, sister, and I will guarantee that no one sees you."

"Not even the one who will open the door?"

"Not even that one."

"Impossible!"

"We will try," said he, laughing. And he stretched out his hand to the door.

The queen caught his arm. "I beg you, brother, take care."

The prince pressed with his other hand upon an elegantly sculptured panel. The door opened.

The queen could not repress a movement of fear.

"Enter, I pray you," said he; "there is no one near."

The queen looked at Andrée with the expression of one who faces a danger; then she crossed the threshold, with one of those gestures so charming among women, and whose meaning was, "God have mercy!" And the door closed after them.

She found herself in a stuccoed vestibule with marble columns, small, but in perfect taste. The floor was of mosaic work, representing bouquets of flowers, while numerous rose-trees on marble brackets scented the air with a perfume as delicious as at that time of the year it was rare.

A gentle heat and delicate odours so captivate the senses that when they reached the vestibule, the two ladies forgot not only a portion of their fears but also a portion of their scruples.

"So far well; we are under shelter," said the queen; "and it must be confessed the shelter is quite commodious. But there is one thing, brother, you had better attend to at once."

"What is that?"

"The removal of your servants."

"Oh! nothing easier." And the prince, seizing a bell-pull placed in the fluting of a column, a single stroke was immediately heard, which vibrated mysteriously through the lower part of the house.

The two ladies uttered a cry of terror.

"Is that the way in which you send away your servants, brother?" asked the queen. "On the contrary I should think that you were calling them."

"If I should ring a second time, yes, some one would come; but as I touched the bell only once, be easy, sister, no one will come."

The queen began to laugh.

"Well, you are a man of precaution," said she.

"Now, dear sister," continued the prince, "you can not live in a vestibule; will you take the trouble to walk up stairs?"

"We obey," said the queen; "the genius of the house does not seem very malevolent." And she followed the prince upstairs.

Their steps could not be heard on the Aubusson carpet which covered the stairs. Having reached the first story the prince touched another bell, the sound of which again startled the queen and Mademoiselle de Taverney, who were taken by surprise. But they were doubly astonished when they saw the doors of this story open of their own accord.

"Really, Andrée," said the queen, "I am beginning to tremble; how is it with you?"

"Oh, Madame, I shall follow fearlessly wherever your Majesty goes."

"Nothing can be more simple, sister, than that which is happening," said the young prince; "the door opposite you is the door of your apartment. See." And he pointed out to the queen a charming apartment of which we can not avoid giving a description.

A little antechamber finished in rosewood, with two dressing-tables by Boule, ceiling painted by Boucher, and a floor of rosewood, led to a boudoir hung with white cashmere embroidered in flowers by the most skilful artists. The furniture of this boudoir was a tapestry worked in silk, and shaded with that art which rendered a Gobelins tapestry of that period equivalent to a picture by a master. Beyond the boudoir was a beautiful bedchamber in blue, hung with curtains of lace and silk, a sumptuous bed in a dark alcove, a bright fire in the fireplace of white marble, twelve perfumed candles burning in the candelabra of Clodion, a screen of blue lacquer with Chinese figures in gold,—such were the marvels which met the eyes of the ladies as they timidly entered this elegant apartment.

Not a living being was to be seen; everywhere warmth, light, without their being able to discover the cause of such delightful effects.

The queen, who had entered the boudoir with reserve, now paused a moment on the threshold of the bedchamber.

The prince apologized in a very polite manner for the necessity which required him to confide to his sister a secret unworthy of her.

The queen replied by a half-smile, which expressed more than any words she could have spoken.

"Sister," added the Comte d'Artois, "this apartment is my bachelor home; I alone enter here, and I always enter alone."

"Almost always," said the queen.

"No, always."

"Ah!" said the queen.

"Moreover," he continued, "there are in this boudoir a sofa and an easy-chair upon which many times, when night overtakes me at the chase, I have slept as well as in my bed."

"I understand now," said the queen, "why Madame la Comtesse is sometimes uneasy."

"Confess, however, that if she is uneasy about me to-night, it will be without reason."

"Of to-night I say nothing, but other nights——"

"He who is wrong once is always wrong."

"Let us stop talking," said the queen, sitting down in an easy-chair. "I am very tired," she said, "are not you, Andrée?"

"Oh! I can scarcely stand, and if your Majesty permits——"

"Indeed, you look pale, Mademoiselle," said the count.

"Do not stand on ceremony, my dear," said the

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queen; "sit down, or even go to bed. Monsieur le Comte gives us up this room,—do you not, Charles?"

"For your exclusive use, Madame."

"One moment, Count. If you go away, how can we recall you?"

"You will not need me, sister; once established, you are mistress of this house."

"But there are other rooms?"

"Certainly, there is a dining-room which I advise you to visit."

"With a table ready spread, doubtless."

"Why, certainly; and Mademoiselle de Taverney, who seems to me to need it much, will find there soup, the wing of a chicken, and a glass of wine,—and you, my sister, a collection of those preserved fruits you like so much."

"And all this without servants?"

"Not one."

"We will see; but afterwards?"

"Well?"

"Why, our return to the palace."

"You must not think of returning to-night. At six o'clock the gates will be opened, and you must leave here at a quarter before six. You will find in these drawers mantles of all colours and all shapes, if you wish to disguise yourselves. Return, then, to the palace, regain your rooms, go to bed, and all will be right."

"But you, what will you do?"

"Oh, I am going away."

"What! we turn you out, my poor brother?"

"It would not be proper for me to remain in the same house with you, sister."

"But you must sleep somewhere."

"Do not fear; I have three other houses like this."

The queen laughed. "And he pretends Madame la Comtesse has no cause to be anxious! Oh, I will tell her," said she, with a charming gesture.

"Then I will tell the king everything," replied the prince, in the same tone.

"He is right, we are in his power."

"Entirely. It is humiliating; but what can you do?"

"Submit. So you say that in order to go away to-morrow morning without seeing any one——"

"A single pull at the bell-cord on the column below——"

"On which,—the one on the right hand or on the left?"

"It makes no difference."

"The door will open?"

"And will close again."

"Of itself?"

"Of itself."

"Thanks. Good-night, brother."

"Good-night, sister." He bowed and disappeared, Andrée closing the door after him.

CHAPTER VII

THE QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER

THE next day, or rather the same morning, for our last chapter brought us to two o'clock, King Louis XVI, in a violet-coloured morning dress, wearing no orders, and with no powder in his hair, knocked at the door of the queen's antechamber.

A waiting-woman partly opened the door, and recognizing the king, "Sire!" said she.

"The queen?" asked Louis XVI, in a brusque manner.

"Her Majesty is asleep, Sire."

The king made a sign to the woman to move, but she did not stir.

"Well!" cried the king, "will you move? You see very well that I wish to pass."

The king had at times a promptness of action which his enemies called brutality.

"But the queen is asleep, Sire," objected the woman, timidly.

"I told you to let me pass," answered the king, going in as he spoke.

When he reached the door of the bedroom the king saw Madame de Misery, first lady-in-waiting to the queen, reading in her prayer-book.

This lady rose on perceiving the king. "Sire," she said, in a low voice and with profound reverence, "her Majesty has not yet called me."

"Really!" said the king, in a mocking tone.

"But, Sire, it is only half-past six o'clock, and her Majesty never rings before seven."

"And you are sure that her Majesty is asleep in bed?"

"I cannot affirm that she is asleep, Sire, but I am certain that she is in bed."

"She is there, then?"

"Yes, Sire."

The king could contain himself no longer, but went straight to the door, and turned the gilded door-knob with obstreperous haste.

The queen's chamber was as dark as in the middle of the night; shutters, blinds, and curtains, hermetically closed, shut out the light of day. A night-lamp, burning on a small table in the most remote corner of the room, left the queen's alcove in shadow, where the large white silk curtains embroidered with *fleurs de lis* in gold, fell in waving folds around her.

The king walked rapidly toward the bed.

"Oh, Madame de Misery!" said the queen, "how noisy you are! You have awakened me!"

The king stopped, astounded.

"It is not Madame de Misery," he murmured.

"Ah, it is you, Sire!" added Marie Antoinette, raising herself on one elbow.

"Good morning, Madame," said the king, rather sharply.

"What good wind brings you, Sire?" asked the queen. "Madame de Misery! Madame de Misery! come and open the windows."

The woman came in, and in accordance with the custom the queen had made them adopt, they opened both doors and windows to admit the fresh air, which Marie Antoinette took pleasure in breathing on first awaking.

"You sleep well, Madame," said the king, sitting down near the bed, after casting scrutinizing glances round the room.

"Yes, Sire; I read late, and consequently, if your Majesty had not awakened me, I should be asleep still."

"How was it that you did not receive yesterday, Madame?"

"Receive, and whom,—your brother, Monsieur de Provence?" said the queen, with presence of mind, anticipating the suspicions of the king.

"Precisely,—yes, my brother; he wished to pay his respects to you, and was refused."

"Well?"

"They told him you were away."

"Did they say that?" asked the queen, carelessly. "Madame de Misery! Madame de Misery!"

The first lady-in-waiting appeared at the door, bringing on a golden salver a number of letters addressed to the queen. "Did your Majesty call me?" asked Madame de Misery.

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"Yes. Was Monsieur de Provence told yesterday that I was away from the palace?"

Madame de Misery, in order not to pass before the king, went behind him, and held out the salver on which were the letters to the queen. She kept under her thumb one of these letters, the handwriting of which the queen recognized.

"Tell his Majesty," continued Marie Antoinette, with the same indifferent manner, "what reply was given Monsieur de Provence yesterday when he presented himself at my door. I do not remember myself what it was."

"Sire," said Madame de Misery, while the queen was opening the letter, "Monseigneur le Comte de Provence called yesterday to pay his respects to her Majesty, and I told him that her Majesty was not receiving."

"And by whose order?"

"By order of the queen."

"Ah!" said the king.

Meantime the queen had opened the letter, and read these two lines: "You returned from Paris yesterday, and entered the palace at eight o'clock in the evening. Laurent saw you."

With the same air of indifference the queen had opened a half-dozen notes, letters, and petitions, which were scattered over the quilt of eiderdown. "Well?" she said, turning to look at the king.

"I thank you, Madame," said the latter to Madame de Misery, who withdrew from the room.

"Pardon, Sire!" said the queen, "but will you answer me one question?"

"And what is that, Madame?"

"Am I, or am I not, at liberty to see Monsieur de Provence only when it pleases me?"

"Oh, perfectly at liberty, Madame; but——"

"Well, his conversation wearies me; besides, he dislikes me, and I certainly return the compliment. I expected his visit, and went to bed at eight o'clock to avoid it. But you look disturbed, Sire."

"Nothing, nothing!"

"One would imagine that you doubted."

"But——"

"But what?"

"I believed you to be in Paris, yesterday."

"At what time?"

"At the time at which you pretend to have gone to bed."

"Doubtless, I went to Paris. Well, do not people return from Paris?"

"Of course. But all, Madame, depends on what time they return."

"Ah, ah! you wish to know at what time exactly I returned from Paris, then?"

"Why, yes."

"Nothing can be more easy, Sire. Madame de Misery!"

The lady reappeared.

"What time was it when I returned from Paris yesterday?" asked the queen.

"About eight o'clock, your Majesty."

"I do not believe it!" said the king; "you are mistaken, Madame de Misery. Inquire."

The lady-in-waiting, erect and unmoved, turned toward the door, "Madame Duval!" said she.

"Yes, Madame," replied a voice.

"At what time did her Majesty return from Paris yesterday?"

"About eight o'clock, Madame," replied the second lady-in-waiting.

"You must be mistaken, Madame Duval," said Madame de Misery.

Madame Duval put her head out of the window of the antechamber and cried, "Laurent!"

"Who is Laurent?" asked the king.

"The porter at the gate where her Majesty entered," said Madame de Misery.

"Laurent," said Madame Duval, "what time was it when her Majesty came home last evening?"

"About eight o'clock," answered Laurent, from the terrace below.

The king bent his head.

Madame de Misery dismissed Madame Duval, who dismissed Laurent.

The king and queen were left alone.

Louis XVI. felt very much ashamed, and was making every effort to conceal this feeling.

But the queen, instead of triumphing over the victory she had just won, said coldly, "Well, Sire, is there anything else you wish to know?"

"Oh, nothing," cried he, taking her hand in his, "forgive me; I do not know what came into my head. See my joy; it is as great as my repentance. You will not be angry, will you? I am in despair at having annoyed you."

The queen withdrew her hand from that of the king.

"Well! what are you doing, Madame?" asked Louis.

"Sire, a queen of France must not tell a falsehood."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished king.

"I mean that I did not return at eight o'clock last evening."

The king drew back in surprise.

"I mean," continued the queen, in the same cold manner, "that I returned only at six o'clock this morning."

"Madame!"

"And that but for the kindness of Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, who gave me an asylum, and lodged me, out of pity, in one of his houses, I should have been left all night at the gate of the palace like a beggar."

"Ah, you had not then returned!" said the king, gloomily; "then I was right."

"I beg your pardon, Sire; but you are drawing from what I have just said an arithmetical conclusion, not the conclusion of a gentleman."

"In what, Madame?"

"In this,—that if you wish to know whether I return late or early, you have no need to close the gates, with orders not to open them, but simply to come to me and ask, 'Madame, at what time did you return?'"

"Oh!" cried the king.

"You are no longer permitted to doubt, Monsieur. Your spies have been deceived, your precautions nullified, and your suspicions dissipated. I saw you ashamed of having used violence toward a woman in the exercise of her right, and I might have continued to triumph in my victory; but I think your proceedings shameful for a king, and unworthy of a gentleman, and I would not refuse myself the satisfaction of telling you so.

"Oh, do what you will, Sire," she continued, seeing the king about to speak; "nothing can excuse your conduct toward me."

"On the contrary, Madame," he replied, "nothing is more easy. Not a single person in the château suspected that you had not already returned; therefore no one could think that my orders referred to you. That they may have been attributed to the dissipations of Monsieur le Comte d'Artois—for that I care nothing."

"Go on, Sire."

"Well, then, I recapitulate, and I say: If I have been careful of appearances with regard to you, Madame, I am right, and I tell you that you are wrong in not having done the same with regard to

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me; and if I wished simply to give you a private lesson, if you profit by this lesson as you will, to judge from your irritation,—well, I am still right, and I am not sorry for what I have done."

The queen had listened to the reply of her august husband, by degrees becoming calm; not that she was the less irritated, but she wished to reserve all her strength for the struggle which, in her opinion, instead of being finished, had scarcely begun.

"Then, Sire," she said, "you think you need no excuse for keeping outside your palace-gate the daughter of Maria Theresa, your wife and the mother of your children? No! it is in your eyes a pleasantry worthy of a king, the morality of which doubles its value. It is nothing to you, to have forced the queen of France to pass the night in a house where the Comte d'Artois receives the ladies of the Opera and the adventurous women of your court. Oh, no; that is nothing! A king—a philosopher-king, especially—is above all such considerations. And you are a philosopher,—you, Sire. But on this occasion I have reason to thank Heaven that my brother-in-law is a dissipated man, as his dissipation has saved me from disgrace, and his vices have sheltered my honour."

The king coloured and moved uneasily on his chair.

"Oh, yes!" continued the queen, with a bitter laugh, "I know that you are a moral king; but your morality produces strange effects. You say that no one knew that I was out. Will you tell me that Monsieur de Provence, your instigator, did not know it, or Monsieur le Comte d'Artois; or my women, who, by my orders, told you falsehoods this morning; or Laurent,—bought by Monsieur d'Artois and myself? Let us continue this habit, Sire,—you, to set spies and guards; and I, to buy them over, and cheat you,—and in a month we will calculate together how much the dignity of the throne and of our marriage has gained by it."

It was evident that these words had made a great impression on him to whom they were addressed.

"You know," said the king, in an altered voice, "that I am always sincere, and willing to acknowledge if I have been wrong. Will you prove to me that you were right to go into Paris in a sledge attended by a gay party of gentlemen, which in the present unhappy state of things is likely to give offense? Will you prove to me that you were right to disappear with them in Paris, like maskers at a ball, and only to reappear scandalously late at night, when every one else was asleep? You have spoken of the dignity of the throne, and of marriage, and of your position as a mother; think you that it befits a queen, a wife, and a mother, to act thus?"

"I will reply in a few words, Sire; for it seems to me that such accusations merit nothing but contempt. I left Versailles in a sledge, because it is the quickest way of going to Paris at present. I went with Mademoiselle de Taverney, whose reputation, thank God! is certainly one of the purest in our court. I went to Paris, I repeat, to verify the fact that the king of France,—that father of the great family, that royal philosopher, that moral support of all consciences, who takes care of the poor, warms the beggars, and earns the gratitude of the people by his charities,—that the king leaves dying of hunger, exposed to every attack of vice and misery, one of his own family, one who is as much as himself a descendant of the kings who have reigned in France."

"What!" cried the king, in surprise.

"I mounted," continued the queen, "into a garret, and there saw, without fire, almost without light, and without money, the granddaughter of a great prince; and I gave one hundred louis to this victim of royal forgetfulness and neglect. Then as I was detained late there, reflecting on the vanity of all our grandeurs,—for I also am a philosopher sometimes,—and as the cold was severe, and horses go slowly over ice, particularly the horses of a fiacre——"

"The horses of a fiacre!" cried the king. "You returned in a fiacre?"

"Yes, Sire,—in number one hundred and seven."

"Oh, oh!" said the king, with every sign of vexation.

"Yes, and only too happy to get it," said the queen.

"Madame!" interrupted the king, "you have done well; you always have noble impulses,—too easily excited, perhaps, but the fault belongs to the warmth of generosity for which you are distinguished."

"Thank you, Sire," said the queen, ironically.

"Observe," continued the king, "I never suspected you of anything that was not perfectly pure and honest; it is the expedition itself and the queen's adventurous spirit which annoy me. You have, as usual, been doing good; but the way you set about it makes it injurious to yourself. This is what I reproach you with. You say that I have faults to repair,—that I have failed in my duty to a member of my own family. Tell me who the unfortunate is, and he shall no longer have reason to complain."

"The name of Valois, Sire, is sufficiently illustrious, I should imagine, not to have escaped your memory."

"Ah!" cried Louis, with a shout of laughter, "I know now whom you mean. The little Valois, is it not?—a countess of something or other."

"De La Motte, Sire."

"Precisely, de La Motte;" said the king, "her husband is a gendarme?"

"Yes, Sire."

"And the woman is an intriguer? Oh, don't get angry. She moves heaven and earth; she worries my ministers; she teases my aunts; she overwhelms me with supplications, memorials, and genealogies."

"Eh, Sire! that proves that until now she has applied in vain."

"I do not deny it."

"Is she, or is she not, a Valois?"

"Oh, I believe she is, really."

"Well, then, I ask an honourable pension for her, and a regiment for her husband,—in short, a decent position for this branch of a royal family."

"Oh, gently, Madame. *Diable!* how fast you get on! The little Valois is well able to pluck feathers from me without your help. She has a good beak, I can tell you."

"Oh, I have no fear for you, Sire; your feathers are hard to pluck!"

"An honourable pension? *Mon Dieu!* what are you thinking of, Madame? Do you know what a terrible hole this winter has made in my funds? A regiment for this little gendarme who speculated in marrying a Valois? Why, I have no regiments to give, even to those who deserve them, or who can pay for them. An income befitting a Valois for these people?—when we, monarchs as we are, have not one befitting a rich gentleman! Why, Monsieur d'Orléans has sent his horses and mules to England for sale, and has cut off a third of his establishment. I have put down my wolf-hounds, and given up many things. We are all on the privation list,—great and small, my dear."

"But, nevertheless, Sire, these Valois must not die of hunger!"

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"Have you not just given them one hundred louis?"

"And what is that?"

"A royal gift."

"Then give another like it."

"I shall be very careful not to; what you have given is enough for both of us."

"Then a small pension."

"No, I will not bind myself to anything fixed; they will not let us forget them,—they belong to the rodent species. I will give when I have money to spare, but without committing myself to anything for the future. I do not think much of this little Valois."

Saying these words, Louis held out his hand to the queen, who, yielding to her first impulse, began raising it to her lips. Then suddenly pushing it away, "No," she said.

"You bear malice against me?" said the king, "you? Well, I, on the contrary——"

"Oh, yes; say that you are not angry with me,—you, who order the gates of Versailles to be closed against me! you, who come to my room at half-past six in the morning, and force open the door in a passion, furiously rolling your eyes."

The king laughed. "No," said he; "I am not angry with you."

"You are not now, you mean."

"What will you give me if I prove that I was not, even when I came in?"

"Let me see the proof, in the first place."

"Oh, it is very easy; I have it in my pocket."

"Bah!" said the queen,—but curious, nevertheless. She sat up on the bed. "You have brought something to give me? Oh, really! you are, then, very kind. But I warn you I shall not believe you, unless you show it to me at once. Oh, no subterfuge. I will wager that you are about to give me another promise."

Then with a smile full of kindness, the king began searching in his pockets, with that slowness which makes the child doubly impatient for his toy, the animal for his food, and the woman for her present. At last he drew out a box of red-morocco leather, artistically ornamented with gold.

"A casket!" cried the queen.

The king laid it on the bed. The queen eagerly pounced upon it, and drew it toward her. She opened the casket, and intoxicated, dazzled by the sight, she exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful it is! *mon Dieu!* how beautiful it is!"

The king smiled with delight. "Do you think so?" said he.

The queen could not answer; she was breathless with admiration. Then she drew out of the box a necklace of diamonds so large, so pure, so glittering, and so skilfully assorted that it seemed to her as if a stream of phosphoric flame glided over her beautiful hands. The necklace undulated like the rings of a serpent, emitting flashes of light from every scale.

"Then you are pleased?" said the king.

"Enchanted, Sire! You make me too happy."

"Really?"

"See this first row; the diamonds are as large as filberts, and so equal in size you could not tell one from another. Then how beautifully the gradation of the rows is managed! The jeweler who made this necklace is an artist."

"They are two."

"Then I wager it is Boehmer and Bossange."

"You have guessed right."

"Indeed, no one but they would risk making such a thing. How beautiful it is, Sire! how beautiful it is!"

"Madame, take care," said the king, "you are paying too much for this necklace!"

"Oh, Sire!" cried the queen,—all the delight fading from her countenance.

That change came so quickly, and was effaced so suddenly, that the king did not have time to notice it. "Come," said he, "grant me a pleasure."

"What is it?"

"That of putting this necklace around your neck."

The queen stopped him, saying, in a tone of sadness, "But, Sire, it is very costly, is it not?"

"Faith, yes!" said the king, laughing. "I have just told you that you were paying for it more than it is worth; and it will attain to its full value only when in its place,—that is, around your neck."

In saying these words Louis approached the queen, holding in his hands the two ends of the magnificent necklace, to fasten it by the clasp, which was made of a large diamond.

"No, no!" said the queen, "let us not be childish. Put the necklace in your casket, Sire."

"You refuse, then, to allow me to be the first to see it on you?"

"God forbid that I should refuse you that pleasure, Sire, if I were to take the necklace; but——"

"But—" said the king, surprised.

"Neither you, nor any one else, shall see a necklace of this price round my neck."

"You will not wear it?"

"Never!"

"You refuse me?"

"I refuse to wear a million, or a million and a half, of francs around my neck; for this necklace cost fifteen hundred thousand francs, did it not?"

"I do not say it did not," said the king.

"Then I refuse to wear around my neck a million and a half when the king's coffers are empty, when he is forced to stint his charities, and to say to the poor, 'God help you! for I have no more to give.'"

"Are you serious in saying this?"

"Listen, Sire! Monsieur de Sartines told me a short time since that with that sum we could build a ship of the line; and in truth, Sire, the king of France has more need of a ship of the line than the queen of France has need of a necklace."

"Oh!" cried the king, joyfully, and with his eyes full of tears, "what you have just done is sublime! Thanks, thanks, thanks, Antoinette! you are a good woman"; and to worthily crown this cordial and commonplace demonstration, the good king threw his arms round her neck and kissed her. "Oh, how France will bless you!" he continued, "when it shall hear what you have said."

The queen sighed.

"You regret," said he; "it is not too late."

"No, Sire; it was a sigh of relief. Shut this case, and return it to the jewelers."

"But listen, first; I have arranged the terms of payment, and I have the money. Come, now, what shall I do with it? Do not be so disinterested, Madame."

"No; I have decided. I will not have the necklace; but I want something else."

"*Diable!* then my sixteen hundred thousand francs are gone, after all."

"Sixteen hundred thousand francs! See, now, was it really so costly as that?"

"Faith, Madame! I let the word slip, but I will not take it back."

"Reassure yourself; what I ask is much less costly."

"What do you wish for?"

"That you will permit me to go again to Paris."

"Oh, that is easy enough, and not costly."

"But wait——"

"*Diable!*"

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"To Paris, to the Place Vendôme."

"Oh, the deuce!"

"To the house of Monsieur Mesmer."

The king scratched his ear. "Well, as you have denied yourself a trifle of sixteen hundred thousand francs, I suppose I must let you go,—but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"You must be accompanied by a princess of the blood."

The queen reflected. "Shall it be Madame de Lamballe?" said she.

"Yes, if you like."

"It is agreed."

"Then I consent."

"Thanks, Sire."

"And now," said the king, "I shall order my ship of the line, and call it 'The Queen's Necklace.' You shall stand godmother, and then I will send it out to Lapeyrouse"; and kissing his wife's hand, he went away very happy.

CHAPTER VIII

THE QUEEN'S MORNING HOUR

No sooner was the king gone than the queen rose and went to the window to breathe the pure and frosty morning air. The day advanced, brilliant and full of that charm which the coming of spring imparts to certain days in April. To the frost of the night had succeeded the pleasing warmth of the sun, already to be felt. The wind had gone round to the east during the night, and if it remained in that quarter this terrible winter of the year 1784 was at an end. Already, in fact, could be seen on the rosy horizon that grayish vapour which is only moisture fleeing before the sun. In the gardens the frost was falling from the branches, and the little birds began to light upon the buds.

"If we wish to profit by the ice," cried the queen, "I believe we must make haste; for look, Madame de Misery, the spring seems to have begun."

"Your Majesty has long purposed to make up a party for the Swiss Lake."

"Very well, this very day we will make that party, for to-morrow it may be too late."

"Then at what hour will your Majesty wish to dress?"

"Immediately; I will take a light breakfast and then go."

"Are there any other orders, Madame?"

"See if Mademoiselle de Taverney has risen, and tell her I wish to speak to her."

"She is already waiting for you in the boudoir, Madame."

"Already?" said the queen, who knew at what time Andrée had gone to bed.

"She has been there more than twenty minutes, Madame."

"Ask her to come in."

Andrée entered as the clock was striking nine. She was dressed with care, as was required of every lady of the court in presence of her sovereign, and presented herself smiling, though somewhat anxious.

The queen's answering smile quite reassured her.

"Go, my good Misery," said the queen, "and send me Léonard and my tailor."

When the door had closed behind Madame de Misery, the queen said to Andrée, "The king has been charming; he has laughed, and is quite disarmed."

"But does he know, Madame?"

"You understand, Andrée, that a woman does not tell falsehoods when she has done no wrong and is the queen of France."

"Certainly, Madame."

"Still, my dear Andrée, it seems we have committed an error."

"An error, Madame? Oh, more than one, no doubt!"

"Possibly; but this is the first,—the error of pitying Madame de La Motte; the king dislikes her, but I confess she pleased me."

"Oh, your Majesty is too good a judge for me not to agree with you."

"Here is Léonard," said Madame de Misery, returning. The queen seated herself before her silver-gilt toilet-table and the celebrated hairdresser began his operations. She had the most beautiful hair in the world, and was especially pleased with those who admired it. Léonard knew this, and therefore with her was always slow in his movements, that she might have time to look at herself.

That morning Marie Antoinette was pleased, even happy, and was more beautiful than usual. Her hair finished, she turned again to Andrée. "You have not been scolded," she said; "you are free and proud,—you, of whom every one is a little afraid, because, like Minerva, you are too wise."

"I, Madame?" stammered Andrée.

"Yes, you, the kill-joy of the court; but oh, *mon Dieu!* how happy you are to be unmarried, and especially in being contented that you are so."

Andrée blushed and tried to smile. "It is a vow that I have made," said she.

"And which you will keep, my beautiful vestal?"

"I hope so."

"By the way," said the queen, "I remember that, although unmarried, you have a master since yesterday morning."

"A master, Madame?"

"Yes, your dear brother; what do you call him? Philippe, is it not?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Has he arrived?"

"He came yesterday, as your Majesty did me the honour to say."

"And have you not yet seen him? I took you away to Paris,—egotist that I was; it was unpardonable."

"Oh, Madame!" said Andrée, smiling,' 'I pardon you heartily, and so does Philippe."

"Are you sure?"

"I answer for both of us."

"How is he?"

"As usual, beautiful and good, Madame."

"How old is he now?"

"Thirty-two years."

"Poor Philippe! Do you know that it is fourteen years since I first met him? But I have not seen him now for nine or ten."

"Whenever your Majesty pleases to receive him, he will be but too happy to assure you that this long absence has not altered the sentiments of respectful devotion which he has ever felt for his queen."

"Can I see him immediately?"

"In a quarter of an hour he will be at your Majesty's feet."

"Very well, I permit it,—I even wish it."

The queen had hardly finished speaking when some one entered, bounded in a lively manner over the carpet, and placed his face, laughing and mocking, before the same mirror where Marie Antoinette was smiling at her own. "My brother

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D'Artois!" cried the queen; "how you frightened me!"

"Good-morning, your Majesty!" said the young prince; "how did your Majesty pass the night?"

"Very badly, thank you, brother."

"And the morning?"

"Very well."

"That is the important point. I guessed that all had gone right, for I have just met the king, and he smiled on me most graciously. What a good thing is confidence!"

The queen laughed, and he, knowing no more than she had told him, laughed also, but from a different cause.

"But how thoughtless I am," he said; "I did not even ask Mademoiselle de Taverney how she had passed her time."

The queen was looking in her mirror, and nothing could happen in the room without her seeing it. Léonard having finished his work, she exchanged her dressing-gown of India muslin for a morning-dress.

The door opened.

"Stay!" said the queen to the Comte d'Artois; "if you have anything to say to Andrée, here she is."

Andrée entered at that moment, leading by the hand a handsome man, with a brown complexion, noble black eyes profoundly expressive of melancholy, and a soldier-like carriage. He looked like one of Coypel's or Gainsborough's admirable portraits.

Philippe de Taverney was dressed in a dark-gray coat embroidered in silver, a white cravat, and a dark waistcoat; and this rather somber style of dress seemed to suit the manly energy expressed in his complexion and his features.

Philippe advanced, one hand in his sister's, the other holding his hat.

"Your Majesty," said Andrée, "here is my brother."

Philippe bowed gravely and deliberately. When he raised his head the queen was still looking in her mirror. It is true that she saw him there as plainly as if she were looking at him face to face.

"Good-day, Monsieur de Taverney!" said the queen; and she turned toward him. She was beautiful, with that royal beauty which made all around her not only partisans of the throne, but adorers of the woman. She possessed the power of beauty; and if we may make use of the inversion, the beauty of power. Philippe, seeing her smile, and feeling those limpid eyes, at once soft and proud, fixed upon him, turned pale, and could hardly restrain his emotion.

"It appears, Monsieur de Taverney," continued the queen, "that you pay me your first visit. I thank you for it."

"Your Majesty deigns to forget that it is I who should give thanks."

"How many years have passed since we last met, Monsieur! Alas, the most beautiful part of life!"

"For me, Madame; but not for your Majesty, to whom all days are happy days."

"You must have been pleased with America, Monsieur de Taverney, since you remained there after every one else returned."

"Madame," answered Philippe, "Monsieur de Lafayette, when he left the New World, had need of an officer in whom he could place confidence to take command of the French auxiliaries. He proposed me, therefore, to General Washington, who was pleased to accept me."

"It seems," said the queen, "that this New World, of which you speak, sends us home many heroes."

"Your Majesty does not mean that for me?" asked Philippe, laughing.

"Why not?" Then turning to the Comte d'Artois, "See, brother," she said, "has not Monsieur de Taverney a fine bearing and a martial air?"

Philippe seeing himself thus introduced to Monsieur le Comte d'Artois, whom he did not know before, advanced a step toward him, asking of the prince permission to salute him.

The count making a sign with his hand, Philippe bowed.

"A fine officer!" cried the young prince; "a noble gentleman, whose acquaintance I am happy to make. What are your intentions in returning to France?"

Philippe looked at his sister.

"Monsieur," said he, "my sister is my first consideration; whatever she wishes, I shall do."

"But she has a father, I believe?" said the count.

"Never mind him!" said the queen, quickly; "I prefer Andrée under her brother's protection, and he under yours, Count. You will take charge of Monsieur de Taverney, will you not?"

The count bowed an assent.

"For, do you know," continued she, "that very strong ties bind me to Monsieur de Taverney?"

"Very strong ties,—you, sister? Oh, tell me about that!"

"Yes, Monsieur de Taverney was the first Frenchman who presented himself to my eyes when I arrived in this country; and I had made a very sincere vow to promote the happiness of the first Frenchman I should meet."

Philippe felt the blood rush to his face. He bit his lips to control himself, and Andrée looked at him sadly.

The queen observed this interchange of glances between the brother and sister. But what could she know of all the sorrowful secrets concealed in that look,—not being aware of the events narrated in the previous chapters of this history?

She attributed the apparent sorrow which she perceived to another cause. And why was it not probable that Monsieur de Taverney had suffered a little from the epidemic of love for her which had pervaded all France when she was dauphiness, in 1774? There was nothing to render this supposition improbable, not even her reflection in the glass, which still reminded her of the beauty of the young girl, though she was now a wife and queen.

Marie Antoinette, therefore, attributed Philippe's sigh to some confidence of this kind which the brother had made to the sister; and therefore she smiled still more upon him, and redoubled her kindness toward Andrée. She had not divined everything, neither was she altogether mistaken; and let no one see a shadow of crime in this innocent coquetry. The queen was a true woman, and gloried in being loved. The most generous souls feel the most deeply these aspirations for the love of all who surround them. Alas! a time is coming for thee, poor queen, when those smiles toward those who love thee, with which thou hast been reproached, thou shalt vainly bestow on those who love thee not!

The Comte d'Artois approached Philippe, while the queen consulted Andrée about the trimming for a hunting dress, and said, "Do you think Monsieur Washington a great general?"

"Certainly a great man, Monseigneur."

"And what effect did the French produce out there?"

"As much good as the English did harm."

"Granted. You are a partisan of the new ideas, my dear Monsieur Philippe de Taverney; but have you reflected on one thing?"

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"What, Monseigneur? I assure you that out there, encamped in the fields and in the savannas on the borders of the great lakes, I had plenty of time for reflection on many things."

"On this,—that in making war out there, it was neither against the Indians nor against the English, but against us that you were fighting."

"Ah, Monseigneur, I do not deny that that is possible."

"You admit——"

"I admit the unlucky reaction of an event by which the monarchy was saved."

"Yes; but to those who have survived the first attack of the disease, a reaction might be fatal."

"Alas! Monseigneur."

"Therefore I do not admire so much these victories of Monsieur Washington, and of the Marquis de Lafayette. It is egotism, perhaps, but excuse me, it is not egotism for myself alone."

"Oh, Monseigneur!"

"But do you know why I will still aid you with all my power?"

"Monseigneur, whatever may be your reason, I shall feel the most lively gratitude toward your Royal Highness."

"It is, my dear Monsieur de Taverney, because you are not one of those whose heroism has been trumpeted forth in public places. You have done your duty bravely, but your name has not incessantly flowed from the trumpet's mouth; you are not known in Paris, that is why I like you, unless—ah! upon my word, Monsieur de Taverney—unless—but I am an egotist you see."

The young prince then, kissing the queen's hand and bowing to Andrée with an affable and more respectful manner than he generally showed to ladies, left the room.

Then the queen turned again to Philippe, saying, "Have you seen your father, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Madame, I found him in the antechamber; my sister had sent for him."

"Why did you not go to see him in the first place?"

"I had sent home my valet and my luggage; but my father sent the servant back again, with orders for me to present myself first to the king or to your Majesty."

"And you have obeyed?"

"With joy, Madame, for it gave me a chance to embrace my sister."

"It is a lovely morning," said the queen, with a gesture of delight. "Madame de Misery, to-morrow the ice will be melted; I must have a sledge instantly,—and send my chocolate to me here."

"Will not your Majesty take breakfast? You had no supper last night."

"You mistake, my good Misery; we had supper last night. Had we not, Andrée?"

"A very good one, Madame."

"It shall not prevent me from taking my chocolate," added the queen. "Quick, quick, my good Misery; this fine weather tempts me, and the Swiss Lake will be crowded."

"Your Majesty is going to skate?" asked Philippe.

"Ah, you will laugh at us, Monsieur American,—you who have traversed lakes that are measured by miles, while ours here are measured by feet."

"Madame," replied Philippe, "here your Majesty amuses yourself with the cold, but there they die of it."

"Ah, here is my chocolate; Andrée, take a cup with me."

Andrée bowed, colouring with pleasure.

"You see, Monsieur de Taverney, I am always the same, with the same horror of etiquette as in old times. Do you remember those old days? Are you changed since then, Monsieur Philippe?"

These words went to the young man's heart. Often the regret of a woman is like the thrust of a knife to one who is interested.

"No, Madame," replied the young man; "I am not changed, at least not in heart."

"Then if your heart is the same," said the queen, playfully, "and as the heart was a good one, we will thank you in our own way; a cup for Monsieur de Taverney, Madame de Misery."

"Oh, Madame!" cried Philippe, overwhelmed; "you can not mean it; such an honour for a poor, obscure soldier like me!"

"An old friend," said the queen. "This day seems to remind me of my youth; I am again happy, free, proud, and yet foolish. This day recalls to me that happy time at my dear Trianon, and all the frolics we had there, Andrée and I. This day brings back to my memory my roses, my strawberries, and my birds that I was so fond of,—all, even to my good gardeners, whose happy faces often announced to me a new flower or a delicious fruit; and Monsieur de Jussieu, and that original old Rousseau, who is since dead. But what is the matter, Andrée? You are red. What is the matter, Monsieur Philippe? You are pale."

The faces of the brother and sister plainly expressed the effect of these bitter recollections; but at the last words of the queen they regained their self-control.

"I have burned my mouth with the chocolate," said Andrée; "excuse me, Madame."

"And I," said Philippe, "can not reconcile myself to the fact that your Majesty honours me as if I were the greatest nobleman in France."

"Come," interrupted Marie Antoinette, pouring the chocolate into his cup, "you are a soldier, and accustomed to fire; so burn yourself gloriously with this chocolate, for I am in a hurry."

She laughed, but Philippe, taking the matter seriously, heroically swallowed the hot chocolate.

The queen saw him, and, laughing still more, said, "You have a perfect character, Monsieur de Taverney." She then rose, and her women brought her bonnet, ermine mantle, and gloves. Andrée's toilet was completed with the same rapidity. Philippe took his hat under his arm and followed them.

"Monsieur de Taverney, I do not mean you to leave me," said the queen. "Come round to my right."

They went down the great staircase; the drums were beating, the clarions of the body-guard were playing, and this whole scene, together with the enthusiasm everywhere shown toward the beautiful queen by whose side he was walking, completed the intoxication of the young man. The change was too sudden,—after so many years of exile and regret,—to such great joy and honour.

Standing in the crowd outside was a little old man, who, forgetting all etiquette, kept his eyes fixed upon the queen and Taverney. When they had passed from view, and the crowd began to break up, he was seen to run off as fast as his little legs, which had supported him for seventy years, would permit.

CHAPTER IX

THE SWISS LAKE

EVERY one knows that rectangular body of water, greenish and changeable in summer, white and rough in winter, which still goes by the name of the Swiss Lake. An avenue of linden-trees skirts each

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bank, and these avenues are on this day thronged with pedestrians, of all ranks and ages, who have come to enjoy the sight of the sledges and the skating. The toilets of the ladies present a brilliant spectacle of luxury and gayety. Their high coiffures, gay bonnets with the veils half-down, fur mantles, and brilliant silks with deep flounces, mingling with the orange or blue coats of the gentlemen, form an interesting scene.

Gay lackeys also, in blue and red, pass among the crowd, looking like poppies and blue-bells waving in the wind among ears of corn or in a field of clover.

Now and then a cry of admiration bursts from the crowd as Saint-Georges, the celebrated skater, executes some circle so perfect that a geometrician could scarcely have found a fault in it.

While the banks of the lake are thus crowded, the ice itself presents a scene not less gay, and much more animated. Here may be seen a sledge drawn by three enormous bloodhounds. These dogs, caparisoned with velvet that is richly emblazoned with armorial bearings, and wearing flowing plumes upon their heads, somewhat resemble those chimerical animals in the extravagant creations of Callot or of Goya. Their master, Monsieur de Lauzun, carelessly seated in the sledge, which is lined with tiger-skins, leans over the side to breathe more freely than he perhaps could do facing the wind.

Here and there sledges of less striking appointments appear to seek retirement. A lady, masked, probably on account of the cold, is seated in one of these sledges, while a handsome skater, in a velvet riding-coat, hangs over the back, to assist and direct her progress. Whatever they may be saying to each other is quite inaudible amid this busy hum of voices; but who can blame a rendezvous which takes place in the open air and under the eyes of all Versailles? As to what they are saying, how can it concern any one else, since they are in sight; and what is it to them that they are in sight, since no one can hear what they say? It is evident that in the midst of the crowd they are alone by themselves; they pass through the multitude like two migratory birds. Whither go they?—to that unknown world which every soul is seeking, and which is called Happiness.

Suddenly there is a general movement which quickly becomes a great tumult. The queen has appeared upon the border of the lake, and has been recognized. All are preparing to leave the place to her, when she makes a sign with her hand for them to remain. The cry, "Long live the queen!" resounds, and, taking advantage of the permission given, the skaters and the sledge-drivers, as if by an electric movement, form a great circle around the place where the august visitor has paused. The general attention is fixed upon her. Then the men draw near by skilful maneuvers, and the women stand with respectful bearing; there is a general endeavour to mingle with the groups of noblemen and officers of rank who hasten to pay homage to the queen.

Among the principal personages noticed by the public, there is one of high distinction who, instead of following the general impulse and drawing near to the queen, immediately on recognizing her and her companions, leaves his sledge and, throwing himself into a by-path, disappears, together with his suite.

The Comte d'Artois, who had been remarked as one of the most elegant and accomplished among the skaters, hastened to the queen, and while kissing her hand said to her in a low tone: "Do you see how our brother Monsieur de Provence flies from you?" And he pointed with his finger toward a thicket, through which Monsieur de Provence was hastening to his carriage.

"He does not wish me to reproach him," said the queen.

"Oh, as to the reproaches he expects, that is my affair; it is not on that account he fears you."

"It is his conscience, then," said the queen, gayly.

"Not even that, sister."

"What then?"

"I will tell you. He has just learned that Monsieur de Suffren, the glorious conqueror, will arrive this evening, and as the news is important he wishes to leave you in ignorance of it."

The queen observed that some curious persons in the crowd, forgetting their respect, had drawn so near as to overhear their conversation.

"Monsieur de Taverney," said she, "will you have the kindness to order my sledge? and if you find your father, I give you leave of absence for a quarter of an hour to pay your respects to him."

The young man bowed and made way through the crowd to execute the order of the queen. The crowd had understood,—it has sometimes marvelous instincts; it drew back, and the queen and the Comte d'Artois were left to themselves.

"Brother," then said the queen, "explain to me what my brother would gain by trying to keep from me the news of the arrival of Monsieur de Suffren."

"Oh, sister! is it possible that you, a woman, a queen, and an enemy, do not immediately see the intention of this scheming politician? Monsieur de Suffren arrives; no one at court knows it. Monsieur de Suffren is the hero of the Indian seas and consequently is entitled to a magnificent reception at Versailles. Well, Monsieur de Suffren arrives; the king is ignorant of his arrival; the king neglects him without knowing it, and therefore without intention; you do the same, sister. Meantime, on the contrary, Monsieur de Provence, who knows of the arrival of Monsieur de Suffren, welcomes the admiral, smiles upon him, courts him, makes verses in his honour, and, by attaching himself to the hero of the Indies, becomes himself the hero of France."

"That is clear," said the queen.

"*Pardieu!*" said the count.

"You forget one single point, my dear gazetteer."

"What is that?"

"How do you know all about this fine project of our dear brother and brother-in-law?"

"How do I know it? As I know everything that he does. It is very simple: having seen that Monsieur de Provence keeps a watch on all my notions, I have agents who keep me informed as to his. Oh, this will be useful to us both, sister."

"Thank you for your alliance, brother; but the king?"

"Oh, the king is forewarned."

"By you?"

"Oh, not at all; but by his Minister of the Navy, whom I have sent to him. I have nothing to do with this, you understand; I am too frivolous, too dissipated, too wild, to be interested in things of such importance."

"And was the Minister of the Navy also ignorant of the arrival in France of Monsieur de Suffren?"

"Ah, good Heavens! my dear sister, have you not learned enough of ministers during the fourteen years you have lived here, as dauphiness and queen, to know that they are always ignorant of precisely what they ought to know? However, I have told him about this, and he is extravagant in his expressions of gratitude."

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"I should think so," said the queen.

"You see, dear sister, that this man will be grateful to me all his life; and I have need of his grateful service."

"And for what?"

"To negotiate a loan."

"Oh," cried the queen, laughing, "how disinterested you are!"

"Sister," said he, "you must want money. On the word of a son of France I offer you half of what I am going to receive."

"Oh, no, brother, keep it, keep it; thank Heaven! I want nothing just now."

"*Diable!* do not wait too long to claim the fulfilment of my promise."

"Well, in that case I must endeavour to find out some state secret for myself."

"Sister, you are taking cold," said the prince, "your cheeks are blue."

"Well, here is Monsieur de Taverney returning with my sledge."

"Then you do not want me any longer?"

"No."

"Then send me away, I beg."

"Why, do you imagine you will be in my way?"

"No; it is I, on the contrary, who want my liberty."

"Adieu, then."

"Au revoir, dear sister."

"Until when?"

"Until this evening."

"What takes place this evening?"

"Nothing, but something *will* take place."

"Well, then, what *will* take place?"

"Everybody will be at the king's card-party."

"And why so?"

"Because this evening the minister will bring Monsieur de Suffren there."

"Very well, then,—till this evening;" and the young prince, bowing with his habitual elegance, disappeared among the crowd.

The elder Taverney, who was one of the nearest spectactors of all this, had been watching his son eagerly, and felt almost chagrined at this conversation between the queen and her brother-in-law, as it interrupted the familiar intercourse which his son had before been enjoying; therefore, when the young man returned with the queen's sledge, and, seeing his father, whom he had not met for ten years, advanced toward him, the latter motioned him away, saying, "We will talk afterward, when you have left the queen."

Philippe, therefore, moved away, and the baron saw with joy that Monsieur le Comte d'Artois had taken leave of the queen.

The latter entered her sledge, and made Andrée get in with her, and as two tall attendants approached to push it, she said, "No, no; I do not wish to go in that way. You skate, Monsieur de Taverney, do you not?"

"Pardon me, Madame," replied Philippe.

"Give some skates to the chevalier," ordered the queen; then turning to him, "I do not know what gives me the idea that you skate as well as Saint-Georges," she said.

"Philippe used to skate with much elegance," said Andrée.

"And now you acknowledge no rival; is it not so, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I will do my best to justify your Majesty's opinion," said he; and putting on his skates he placed himself behind her sledge, and they started on their course.

Then might have been seen a curious spectacle.

Saint-Georges, the king of gymnasts; Saint-Georges, the elegant mulatto, the man who was the fashion, the man superior to all in bodily exercises,—Saint-Georges saw a rival in this young man who dared to compete with him. So he began immediately to fly about the queen's sledge with salutations so respectful, so full of charm, that no courtier upon the floor at Versailles could have executed them more skilfully; he described around the sledge the most rapid and most perfect circles, weaving them into a wonderful chain of rings joined together in such a way that each new curve always preceded the arrival of the sledge which left him behind; then, with a vigorous stroke of his skate he elliptically regained what he had lost. No one could observe this manoeuvre without being dazzled and wonderstruck.

Then Philippe, moved to emulation, adopted a measure full of boldness: he pushed the sledge with such fearful rapidity that twice Saint-Georges, instead of finding himself in advance, finished his circle behind him; and as the velocity of the sledge was so great that many of the spectators uttered cries of terror which might alarm the queen, Philippe said, "If your Majesty desires it, I will stop, or at least go more slowly."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the queen, with that impetuous ardour with which she entered into everything, business as well as pleasure; "no, I am not afraid; faster, if you can. Chevalier, faster!"

"Oh, so much the better; thanks for the permission, Madame. I hold you firmly,—rely on me."

And as his strong hand closed again upon the back of the sledge, it trembled throughout with the vigorous motion. He seemed to have raised it with his extended arm. Then placing upon the sledge his other hand, which he had disdained to use before, he drove forward the machine, which was a toy in his hands of iron.

From that moment he crossed each one of the circles of Saint-Georges by circles larger still, so that the sledge moved like the most agile man, turning again and again, notwithstanding its length, as quickly as could Saint-Georges upon his plain skates. In spite of its size and weight, it lived, it flew, it whirled like a dancer. Saint-Georges, more graceful, more adroit, more correct in his windings, soon began to be anxious. He had already been skating an hour. Philippe, noticing the perspiration on his face, and the efforts of his trembling knees, determined to conquer him through fatigue. He changed his method, and abandoning the circles, the making of which compelled him to lift the sledge, he pushed the equipage straight before him. The sledge flew forward with the rapidity of an arrow.

Saint-Georges with a single effort would have overtaken it at once, but Philippe seized the moment when the second stroke of the skate multiplies the velocity gained by the first, and pushed the sledge over a bit of ice as yet unmarred, with such force that he himself was left behind. Saint-Georges darted forward to catch the sledge, but Philippe, mustering all his strength, glided so skilfully on the outer edge of his skate that he passed before Saint-Georges and placed his hands on the sledge. Then by an herculean effort he turned the sledge quickly, and sent it forward in another direction, while Saint-Georges, carried on by his momentum, and unable to check his speed, lost an irrecoverable space and remained completely distanced.

The air resounded with such acclamations that Philippe blushed in confusion. But he was much surprised when the queen, after clapping her hands, turned toward him, and with the accent of a painful excitement, said to him, "Oh, Monsieur de Taver-

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ney! now that the victory is yours, mercy! mercy! you will kill me."

CHAPTER X

THE TEMPTER

PHILIPPE, at this order, or rather this request of the queen, compressed his muscles of steel, and the sledge stopped abruptly.

"And now rest yourself," said she, coming out of the sledge, trembling all over. "Indeed, I never could have believed there was such intoxication in speed. You have nearly driven me out of my senses"; and she leaned for support on Philippe's arm. A shudder of stupefaction which ran through that gilded and decorated company warned her that she had again committed one of those breaches of etiquette so culpable in the eyes of jealousy and servility.

As for Philippe, overwhelmed by this great honour, he felt more ashamed than if his sovereign had insulted him publicly; he lowered his eyes, and his heart beat as though it would burst.

A singular emotion, arising no doubt from her rapid ride, agitated the queen also; for she withdrew her arm almost immediately, taking that of Mademoiselle de Taverney, and asked for a seat. They brought her one.

"Thanks, Monsieur de Taverney," said she; then in a lower tone, "*mon Dieu!* how disagreeable it is to be always surrounded by spying fools!"

A number of ladies and gentlemen soon crowded round her, and all looked at Philippe with no little curiosity, who, to hide his confusion, stooped to take off his skates, and then fell into the background.

The queen remained thoughtful a few moments; then raising her head, "Oh!" said she, "I shall take cold if I sit here,—I must take another turn"; and she remounted her sledge.

Philippe waited, but in vain, for another order.

Twenty gentlemen soon presented themselves, but she said, "No, I thank you; I have my attendants."

Then when the servants had taken their places, "Gently," she said, "gently"; and closing her eyes she gave herself up to meditation.

The sledge moved away slowly, as the queen had ordered, followed by an eager crowd of the curious and the jealous.

Philippe remained alone, wiping drops of perspiration from his face. He looked about for Saint-Georges to console him for his defeat by some compliment; but he had received a message from his patron the Duc d'Orléans, and had left the place.

Philippe, therefore, rather tired, somewhat melancholy, and half-frightened at all that had occurred, remained stationary, following with his eyes the queen's sledge, which was now at some distance, when he felt some one touch him; he turned round and saw his father.

The little old man, more shrunken than ever, enveloped in furs like a Laplander, had touched his son with his elbow, that he might not be obliged to take his hands out of the muff that hung from his neck.

"Will you not embrace me, my son?" said he; and he pronounced these words in the tone in which the father of a Greek athlete would thank his son for a victory gained on the arena.

"My dear father, I do it with all my heart"; but there was not harmony between the tone in which these words were spoken and their actual meaning.

"And now," said the old man,—"now that you have embraced me, go,—go quickly"; and he pushed him away.

"Where do you wish me to go, Monsieur?"

"Why, *morbleu!* over there."

"Over there?"

"Yes, to the queen."

"Oh, no, father! no, I thank you."

"What! No, I thank you! Are you mad? You will not go after the queen?"

"My dear father, it is impossible!"

"Impossible to join the queen, who is expecting you?"

"Who is expecting me,—me?"

"Yes; who wishes for you."

"Wishes for me? Indeed, father," added he, coldly, "I think you forget yourself."

"It is astonishing!" said the old man, stamping his foot. "Ah, bah, Philippe! do me the pleasure to inform me whence you have come."

"Monsieur," said his son, sadly, "I fear to reach either one of two conclusions."

"What?"

"Either that you are laughing at me, or else—excuse me—that you are losing your senses!"

The old man seized his son by the arm so energetically that he made him start. "Listen, Monsieur Philippe!" said he; "America is, I am aware, a country distant a long way from here."

"Yes, father, very distant," replied Philippe; "but I don't know what you mean. I beg you to explain."

"A country where there is neither king nor queen."

"Nor subjects."

"Nor subjects, Monsieur Philosopher. I do not deny it; that point does not interest me. But what does interest me, what pains me, what humiliates me, is that I also fear to reach a conclusion."

"What is it, father? In any case, I think our conclusions must be very different."

"Mine is that you are a simpleton, my son! Just trouble yourself to look over there."

"Well, Monsieur?"

"Well, the queen looks back, and it is the third time she has done so. There! she turns again; and whom do you think she is looking for but for you, Monsieur Simpleton, Monsieur Puritan, Monsieur American— Oh!" and the old man, in his rage, bit his glove, which would have enclosed two such withered hands as his.

"Well, Monsieur," said the young man, "if it were true, which it probably is not, that the queen is looking for me——"

"Oh!" interrupted the old man, angrily, "he says, 'if it were true'! Why, the fellow is not of my blood; he is not a Taverney!"

"I am not of your blood?" murmured Philippe; then, in a low voice, raising his eyes toward heaven, "Ought I not to thank God for it?"

"Monsieur," said the old man, "I tell you that the queen wants you! Monsieur, I tell you that the queen is looking for you!"

"You have good sight, father," said his son, dryly.

"Come," said the old man, more gently, and trying to moderate his impatience, "trust my experience; are you, or are you not, a man?"

Philippe lightly shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

The old man, seeing that he would receive no answer, hazarded a contemptuous look at his son, and perceived, for the first time, all the dignity, impenetrable reserve, and steadfast will that his face expressed.

He suppressed his sense of disappointment, ap-

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plied his muff to the end of his red nose, and with a voice as sweet as that with which Orpheus addressed the Thessalian rocks, "Philippe, my son," said he, "listen to me!"

"Eh!" replied the young man, "it seems to me that I have done nothing else the last quarter of an hour, father."

"Oh!" thought the old man, "I will draw you down from your majesty, Monsieur American. You have your weak side, Colossus; let me, with my old claws, get hold of you on that side, and you will see!" Then aloud, "You have overlooked one thing, Philippe."

"What is that?"

"A matter that it is creditable to your simplicity not to have suspected."

"Come, speak, Monsieur."

"It is a simple matter. You have come from America. You left here at a time when there was only a king,—no queen except the Dubarry, whose majesty was not very imposing. You come back; you find we have a queen, and you say, 'Let us respect her person.'"

"Doubtless."

"Poor child!" said the old man, stifling with his muff the outbreak of a cough and a burst of laughter.

"What, Monsieur! you pity me for respecting the monarchy,—you, a Taverney-Maison-Rouge, one of the real noblemen of France!"

"Mark you, I do not speak of the monarchy, but of the queen."

"And you make a distinction?"

"I should think so! What is royalty? A crown; *peste!* that must not be touched. What is the queen? A woman; oh, it is different with a woman,—she may be touched."

"She may be touched?" cried Philippe, blushing with anger and contempt; and he accompanied these words with a gesture so superb that no woman could have seen him without loving him; no queen, without adoration.

"You do not believe me," continued the old man, almost fiercely; "well, ask Monsieur de Coigny, ask Monsieur de Lauzun, ask Monsieur de Vaudreuil."

"Silence, father!" cried Philippe; "or for these three blasphemies, not being able to strike you three blows with my sword, I swear to you I will pierce my own body, and that immediately."

Taverney recoiled a step, turned on his heel as Richelieu might have done at thirty years of age, and shaking his muff, "Oh, verily!" he said, "the animal is stupid. The horse is an ass, the eagle a goose, the cock a capon. Good-by; you have made me happy. I thought I was the old man, the Cassandra; but it seems that it is I who am Adonis, it is I who am Apollo. Good-by." And he pirouetted again upon his heels.

Philippe had become gloomy. He stopped the old man.

"You did not speak seriously, did you, father?" said he. "It is impossible that a gentleman of good blood like you should give ear to these calumnies, spread by the enemies, not only of the woman, not only of the queen, but of royalty itself."

"He will not believe, the double brute!" cried Taverney.

"You have spoken to me as you would speak before God?"

"Yes, truly."

"Before God, to whom you draw nearer every day?"

The young man had continued the conversation which he had himself so disdainfully interrupted. This was a point gained by the old man and he came toward him.

"It seems to me, my son," replied he, "that I am a gentleman, and that I do not lie—always."

That "always" was slightly humorous, but Philippe did not smile.

"It is, then, your opinion that the queen has had lovers?"

"Certainly."

"Those whom you have named?"

"And others, for aught I know. Ask all the town and the court. One must have just returned from America, to be ignorant of all that is said about the queen."

"And who says this, Monsieur, — vile pamphleteers?"

"Oh! do you, then, take me for a pamphleteer?"

"No; and therein lies the evil,—that men like you repeat such calumnies, which but for that would melt away like the unwholesome vapours which sometimes obscure the most brilliant sunshine; but you and others like you, repeating them, give them a terrible stability. Oh, Monsieur! in the name of religion, do not repeat such things!"

"I do repeat them, however."

"And why do you repeat them?" cried Philippe, stamping his foot.

"Eh!" said the old man, seizing his son's arm and leering at him with his devilish smile, "to prove to you that I was not wrong when I said, 'Philippe, the queen looks back; she is looking for you. Philippe, the queen wishes for you; run to her.'"

"Oh!" cried the young man, hiding his face in his hands, "for God's sake, not another word, father; you will drive me mad."

"Really, Philippe, I do not understand you. Is it a crime to love? It shows that one has a heart; and in the eyes of this woman, in her voice, in her motions,—is not her heart to be perceived? She loves, she loves, I tell you. But you are a philosopher, a Puritan, a Quaker, an American; you do not love. Well, then, let her look; let her turn around; let her wait,—insult her, despise her, repulse her, Philippe, that is to say, *Joseph*, de Taverney."

Having spoken these words, accentuated with a savage irony, the little old man, seeing the effect he had produced, fled like the serpent who was the first tempter into crime.

Philippe remained alone, his heart swelling and his blood boiling. He was hardly aware that he remained for half an hour fixed to one spot; that the queen had finished her ride upon the lake; that she was returning; that she looked at him, and from the midst of her cortège called out in passing, "You must be rested now, Monsieur de Taverney; come, then, for there is no one like you to guide a queen royally. Make way, gentlemen."

Philippe ran to her, dazzled, stunned, intoxicated. He placed his hand on the back of the sledge, but started as though he had burned his fingers; the queen had thrown herself negligently back in the sledge, and the fingers of the young man touched the locks of Marie Antoinette.

(*To be continued*)

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Ethics in a Business Suit

By LOREN PALMER

DOCTOR, lawyer, merchant, chief; rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief. The old rhyme didn't suggest that there is a common denominator in this professional and business list outside the basic fellowship in homo sapiens, but there is. All seek a code of ethics that they may pursue their various callings with a maximum of safety and profit.

Perhaps because they most needed it, the ethical code gained earliest recognition among the thieves. In a day when *caveat emptor* was the slogan of the Roman chamber of commerce, it became an accepted saying that "there is honour among thieves." More latterly realists—policemen, reporters and police-court lawyers—have objected. Thieves have no honour, they say. They are wrong. None of the members of the group that marches in the first sentence on this page could exist without some code of conduct toward his fellows.

But the thief's code is confined to thieves; and in a somewhat different sense the codes of doctor, lawyer, merchant, rich man, poor man and beggarman are inside stuff, built of necessity to protect members of a group, but careless of or inimical to interests outside the group. Such codes have little to do with ethical conduct as an ideal; they are an empirical philosophy, and Diogenes, climbing out of his old wine-vat to pester his townsmen with impertinent inquiry, would find no comfort in them.

There is, to be sure, one code of ethics which sweeps over class barriers and includes all the list. "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," has been quoted widely and often with approval. But men before and after this pronouncement have been wary of it. They have even tried to bolster up wavering conviction with another widely-circulated statement: "Honesty is the best policy." There you have it! On this rock are founded the modern codes of ethics for doctor, lawyer, merchant and all the rest. "Integrity in business," said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., "means a trade as good for one party as for the other." And he added significantly, "A man may get the better of you in a bargain once, but you continue to do business with only those people who you know are looking out for your interests as well as their own."

Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins, practising advertising man, has recently stated the same point in an article on the responsibility of the advertiser to the public:

"No code of ethics is effective until backed by public opinion, and when public opinion backs it, the code is no longer necessary. The most powerful motive we can have is self-interest. We must learn, we are learning, that the confidence of the public is weakened if it is abused, that no immediate profit can compensate for the ultimate loss of confidence. This applies all along the line, what you say to your consumers, what you say to your distributors, and what we, as advertising men, say to you."

That is the code of "enlightened selfishness." It is a reassertion of the principle that honesty is the best policy, and it has gone far toward replacing the dictum of *caveat emptor*.

There are, perhaps, planes of intelligence whose inhabitants are entirely honest, whose selfishness is always enlightened; but those are heights still reserved for the few. It might be set down as an axiom that most men are honest, but that all men are dishonest in spots. Much of the spottiness is doubtless due to lack of definition as to what is and what is not honest. Here again the doctor, lawyer, merchant—and the fourth estate unknown to our rhymester—are busy trying to formulate codes or adjust codes that will be touch-stones of professional or business conduct.

So aggressively honest a man as William Allen White has within the year admitted his professional puzzlement as to what is and what is not good newspaper publishing ethics. Serving on a committee appointed by the Editors' Society to consider the matter of ethical standards for newspapers, he said:

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"The committee cannot report. It has no idea what the ethics of this business is. The subject is too broad."

But Mr. White had many questions to ask. He wanted to know if it was ethical to accept amusement passes, since such acceptance might affect the sincerity of writers whose function was critical; he wanted to know where the publisher's duty lay in case the interests of subscribers and advertisers conflicted; he wanted to know what were the ethics of the publisher who maintained high standards in the news and editorial columns but bought and printed "a lot of syndicate stuff which is addressed to morons"; and, turning from question to assertion, he maintained that it is unethical for newspaper men to accept, for pay or without pay, offices, memberships in boards of directors, or other employment which might lead to a divided allegiance.

Mr. White's questions brought few answers, but the Editors' Society will keep at it in the search for the elusive newspaper ethic.

In book and magazine publishing, ethical questions in the past most frequently were concerned with copyrights. The day is long gone when publishers stole when and how they could, and the foreign author not infrequently had the experience of making many dollars for someone on the other side of the water and not a cent for himself. International copyright laws did much to bolster up a wavering ethic here, but the cinema brought in new problems, and the Authors' League still finds work for its legal department.

As might be supposed, the ethical code of the better publishing houses has always been enlightened, and so long ago as the first publication of "Trilby" there was a pretty instance of this. Harper & Brothers bought the novel for $5,000, but when "Trilby" became the sensation of its day, they gave George du Maurier 20 per cent. of the profits in addition to the $5,000. Many similar cases could be named.

The growth of large companies and corporations has created ethical problems which concern the individual's honesty in dealing with an organization. Here is no hunting-ground for Diogenes. How many of us are there present who would seek out and inform the conductor of his failure to collect our fare? The question is purely academic; we won't press for answers. But the thought leads naturally into the insurance field, where more frequently, perhaps, than elsewhere the opportunity arises to split the ethical hair. We offer two examples. The first is a clear case of difficult ethical distinction in business; the second concerns largely the ethics of the individual.

The Tale of the Insured Publisher

A certain publisher ordered plates made for the reprinting of an old book, and insured the plates for $2,000. While the plates were being carried by truck the vehicle caught fire and the plates were destroyed. Various factors made it possible to manufacture a new set of plates for $1,500, and it happened that there was no loss incident to the delay. The insuring company proposed to settle for $1,500, the amount of the loss, but the insured held out for $2,000. The adjuster suggested that the insured had not intended to make a profit, but merely to safeguard against loss. In rebuttal the insured insisted that a bargain was a bargain, and demanded the full pound of flesh.

From one point of view the insured was quite within his rights, but how about the ethical side?

We have no answer, but reserve a private opinion.

The Disappearing Overcoat

The second was the case of the disappearing overcoat. It was an expensive fur coat, and its owner had insured it for $750. One morning, after a harried day of taxicab travel through rain and sleet, the man looked in vain for his coat in its accustomed closet. The usual investigation by the insurance company brought no trace of the coat, and in a few days the man received a check for $750, commended the prompt payment of his claim and banked the check. Preparing to go to the theater with his wife that night, he went to the closet for his second best coat. To his amazement, there hung the missing fur! He exclaimed, and his wife explained. As she was leaving home for a railway journey early on the day her husband had missed his coat, she had observed the bedraggled condition of the garment and had sent it to the cleaner's. It got back the day the insurance company

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settled. The moral has nothing whatever to do with attentive wives; it rests on the fact that the man promptly sent back the $750. Just plain honesty? Well?

We have said that the code of enlightened selfishness which insists that honesty *is* the best policy has gone far towards wiping out plain dishonesty, and in bolstering up wobbly ethics in business. This is attested by the fact that the chief investigating agencies report that the percentage of dishonesty in the national commercial field does not exceed 2½, and that the blot on the scutcheon does not extend entirely over it, but is confined to a few trades and groups, and may even be said to be largely geographical. Yet the need for ethical policemen is shown in the annual expenditure of more than $1,000,000 by the National Association of Credit Men to protect its members from the weak or wily brother.

The records of the Association are replete with instances of voluntary restoration of large sums in bankruptcy cases where the individual or firm making the restitution could readily have defended their holdings in court, but felt that they were not morally entitled to the money. Many or most of these cases fall in the "enlightened selfishness" class; it would have been bad business to keep the money, but not a few are examples of a high sense of business ethics. Perhaps the classic instance of an ethic soaring above ordinary business procedure is that of Mr. Donnelly of Chicago, which wrote its final chapter on New Year's Day, 1928.

The Man Who Had an Ideal That Business Needs

In 1905 Mr. Robert H. Donnelly, then a stock broker in New York, failed, together with his associates, for $300,000. The receiver for the bankrupt firm settled with the creditors for twenty-seven cents on the dollar. The law was satisfied, and there was no doubt about Mr. Donnelly's business honesty.

Later, Mr. Donnelly inherited his father's printing business in Chicago, expanded it, and waxed exceedingly prosperous. He began a search for his creditors. Some were dead, most had moved, but he sought out heirs and discovered new addresses until he had them all. And on New Year's Day he mailed checks aggregating $645,000. His creditors of twenty-two years ago were paid in full, principal and interest, on debts that had no legal standing.

We suggest to the official attention-caller of the trans-Stygian regions that he show this item to Diogenes. It should cheer him up.

[We should be glad to have from our readers short true stories which illustrate some point of actual "working ethics" in America to-day—especially any that present a question which would be decided differently by different people, like the case above of the publisher who insured his book plates.

The facts must be as they happened, but names need not be given. Anything used will be paid for at regular rates. The Editor.]

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